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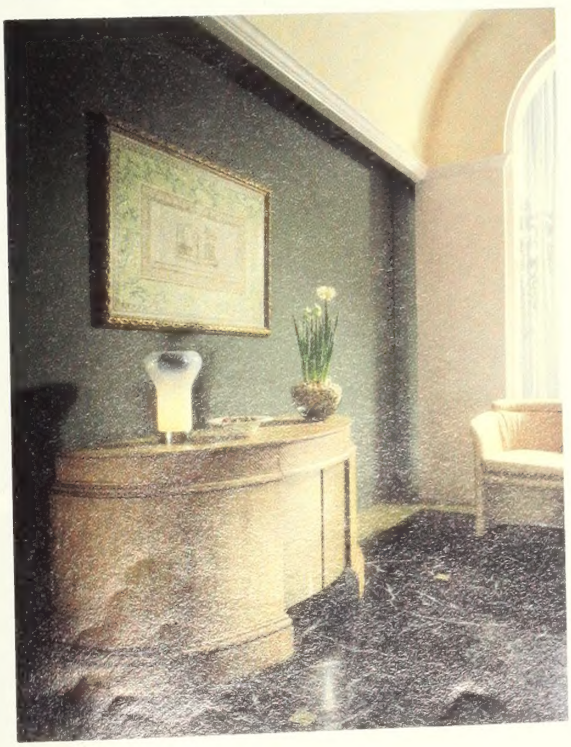


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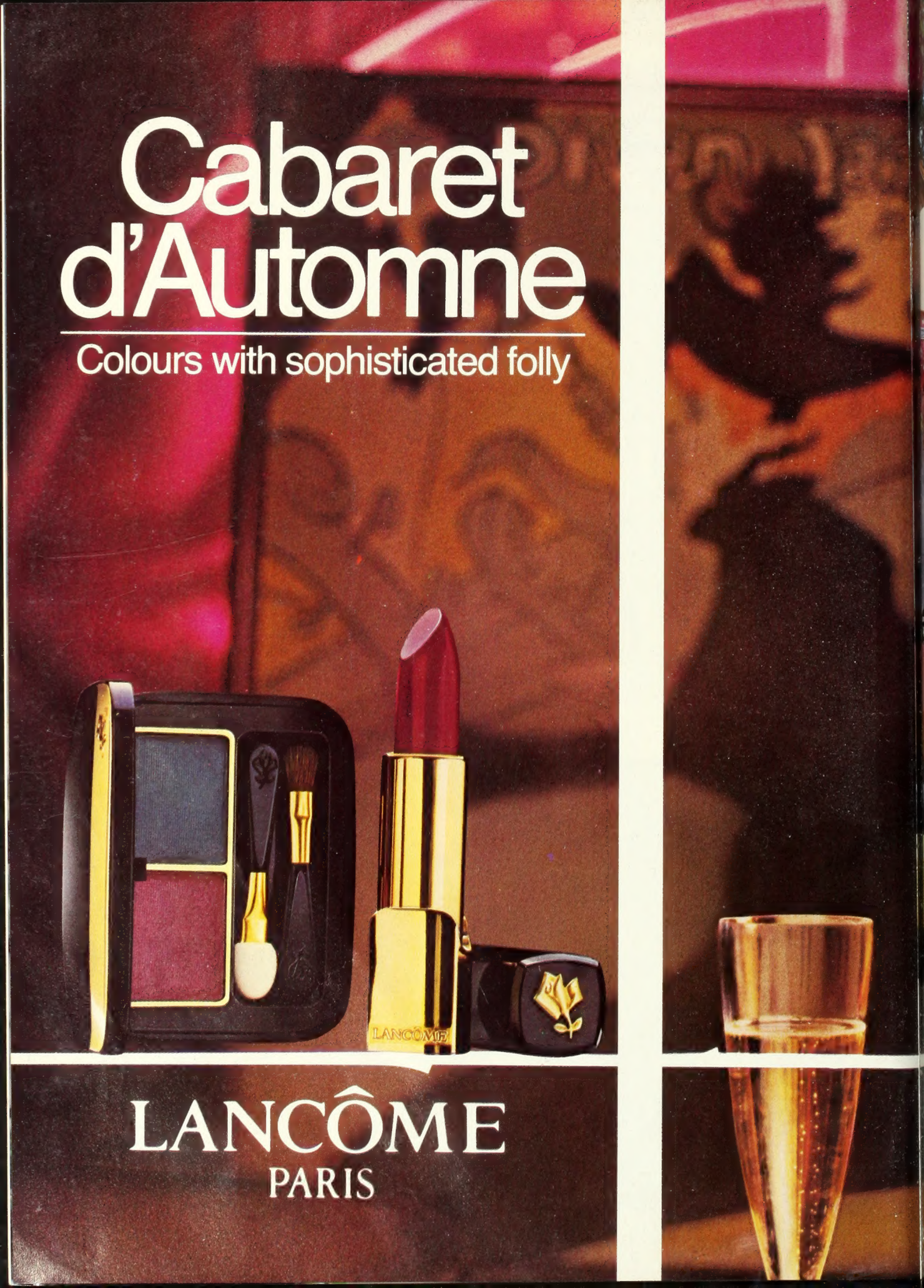
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

We were in Chicago recently playing host at a House & Garden party, and everything conspired to help me remember what a special city it is—particularly for people who approach urban places in terms of their art and architecture. Helmut Jahn's new State of Illinois Center had just opened, adding its fantastic Dubuffet sculpture to the city's growing collection of public art, and our party took us to The Arts Club of Chicago, one of many projects Mies van der Rohe contributed to the texture of the city.

From the Arts Club it is a quick walk over to the Mies towers on Lake Michigan, where I made a call on architect Don Powell, whose apartment is a near-perfect exercise in Mies design consciousness. (You will see what I mean in a future issue.) Among the Mies designs furnishing the apartment is some wonderful wood furniture based on drawings by the famous architect and now built for the first time. From Powell's windows I could look out over Lake Michigan and one of the world's loveliest beaches, as the photograph here, taken from the window of another Chicago apartment, gives witness.



Capturing part of Chicago's magic, Adam Bartos's photograph of the Oak Street beach on Lake Michigan.

Designed by architect Marvin Herman and designer Bruce Gregga, this apartment (see page 206) is a handsome mix of early-twentieth-century furniture and late-twentieth-century art. I know the couple who live there will read our story on Paul Magriel, page 166, with more than casual interest, for all three are collectors who use early-twentieth-century furniture as a stage for art.

Paul Magriel is a special friend of House & Garden, and one of the things I'm going to do in the next few weeks is join him for an hour at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. A follower of art for many years, he has promised to show me—as he has many others—his choices of the fifty best pieces among the Met's collection of more than three million works of art. Now that's the kind of personal authority that makes New York New York.

I don't think I've been in a more beautiful apartment than the one Sister Parish has just decorated for Enid Haupt in New York, page 120. This collaboration by two of the great tastemakers of this century has resulted in a marvelous group of rooms that manage to bring together rare and beautiful things in a veritable flowe garden of a penthouse, emi nently suitable for New York's first lady of natura beauty—especially the beauty of roses and orchids.

Roses abound elsewhere in this issue, thanks to a collaboration between garden photographer Marina Schinz and garden writer Susan Littlefield. Both women are frequent contributors to House & Garden and we're pleased to have an excerpt from their new book, *Visions of Paradise* (Stewart, Tabori, & Chang), starting on page 158.

Another collaboration is a loft created by architect Fred Fisher and sculptor Eric Orr, page 134, in an industrial building near Little Tokyo in Los Angeles. Their use of frosted glass is as artful as it is useful in editing one's view of the world outside one's walls, a highly original solution to a common problem: the dismal surroundings of most loft buildings.

This issue gives us an unusual opportunity to contemplate the changes in taste reflected in art, artists, and their studios over the past fifty years or so. On page 172, we show the home and studio of contemporary painter Jim Howell, who lives and works in the San Juan Islands off the coast of Washington; on page 180, we begin our story on sculptor Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, who lived and worked on Long Island about fifty or sixty years earlier. The constants seem to be a love of light and the search for beauty, and we're always happy to join in that quest.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson





Above: Details from Mme. Lanvin's apartment, 1920–22. *Below left:* Hoentschel salon, c. 1900. *Below right:* Boiserie, c. 1840.



■ BLOCKBUSTER RENOVATION For most of our era the use of the phrase *decorative arts* was taboo. *Design* was the word everyone wanted in a world where the architect was king. It refers to the mainstream of taste for the last sixty years and its course is often charted in museums of contemporary art. And even now museums or departments of museums devoted to the decorative arts tend only to deal with the history of taste from the end of the middle ages until the end of the nineteenth century. Oddly enough during the period when the idea of decoration was intellectually indefensible, the role of the decorator—in America at least—was becoming more and more important. A few decorators had a background in architecture, some had attended schools of fine arts, others were introduced to a society commissioning state-of-the-art work both at home and for various institutions. What these decorators were exposed to seemed to be education enough. And so the history of decoration was little sought after and for years major collections of decorative arts were so many sleeping princesses visited by a small specialized public. The Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris was just such a richly endowed sleeper of a place until the eighties. A group of collections of the decorative arts begun in the second half of the nineteenth century to reinforce the standards of French craftsmen of the time, the museum was always associated with a school of decoration, and its collections left open late in the day to suit the schedules of artisan/craftsmen. Housed in a wing of the Louvre that ends in the Pavilion Marsan, bounded on one side by the Tuileries gardens and on the other by the rue de Rivoli, the museum for years has had the atmosphere of a house closed up for the summer. Its best collections were in storage and many period rooms sat in a stylish disrepair. For the last four years, however, the museum has been virtually closed to accommodate a redoing of over a hundred period rooms and reinstallation of various collections—eighteenth-century bronzes, nineteenth-century opaline, silver, wallpapers, passementerie. Both decorative arts and design are presented as a grand continuum. Much of the twentieth-century furniture and many objects have been acquired since 1980, and most of it is being exhibited for the first time. American visitors will want to see a suite of rooms done for Jeanne Lanvin in 1920–22 to get an impression of how radical but highly luxurious a period the Art Deco was in France. The installation of the Second Empire rooms are a reminder that many rich American households looked to France for inspiration at that period. François de Mathey is the head





Above: Panoramic wallpaper, The Incas, by Dufour and Leroy, 1926.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS, COURTESY MUSÉE DES ARTS DECORATIFS, OTHERS BY RICHARD DAVIES



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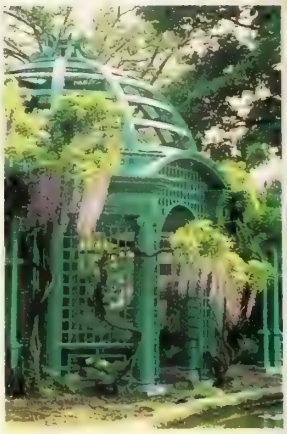
Manet's *The Balcony*, 1868

curator of the museum, and if one were to get to know him and his staff and hang around the museum for a few months studying its rooms and collections, it might be easy to feel adequately self-taught in the major episodes of French taste. The Musée des Arts Decoratifs is closed on Mondays and Tuesdays. ■ WHITE IS TOO BRIGHT Growing out of the tradition of the white picket fence and a general conviction that almost anything is improved by a coat of white paint, it has been long accepted that architectural trim and outdoor furniture—shutters, railings, treillage, tubs for trees, garden benches—ought to be painted white. Recently, however, readers of the reprints of Gertrude Jekyll's books are being exposed to an opposing view. Gertrude Jekyll always maintained that white, and for that matter, a crude, bright green were unsuitable for garden furniture and outdoor elements since the results were conspicuous and stood out against the various garden greens. "It would be better if the seats and gates, ironwork and all, were painted either a grey like the colour of old weather boarding or some very quiet tone of green that is less green than the leaves of the plants they contain," she remarked in 1918 in her volume *Garden Ornament* (Antique Collectors' Club). Taking Miss Jekyll's advice and applying it to treillage used to create an architectural illusion, the most successful color is often a gray-green. As used by Henri Samuel in his city garden in Paris, it is a sober color that would allow the treillage to look well even without ivy. Visitors to Monet's Giverny will see the use of a different green, popular in French gardens at the end of the nineteenth century. The shutters and other architectural trim on the house, the metal frame that supported a tunnel of climbing roses leading up to the door, as well as the Japanese footbridge were all painted a pale, vivid bluish green, which appears over and over in Monet's work. Manet records the same green on the shutters and railing of his picture *The Balcony*. The color works well enough to be picked up for Berthe Morisot's neck ribbon and Fanny Claus's parasol. ■ HIP-POCKET TREAT The ground-floor galleries at the Metropolitan Museum in New York are cool, virtually deserted, and packed with treasures of European porcelain, faience, majolica, silver, glass, and metal from the museum's collections—the finest assemblage of this sort of thing in our country. In a museum of decorative arts these cases would be set up under a skylight of an uppermost floor where their visual appeal, so apparent in real daylight, would be evident. But at the Metropolitan, a fine-arts institution, paintings get first crack at daylight and these many quiet masterpieces of the decorative arts must seduce the viewer without benefit either of enhancing installation or of daylight. Not, mind you, that Philippe de Montebello, the Met's director, doesn't have a plan for the entire department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts



Austrian glass screen, c. 1820, E. Grabscheid Collection. *Below:* Austrian sweetmeat dish, c. 1730–40, R. T. Wilson Collection

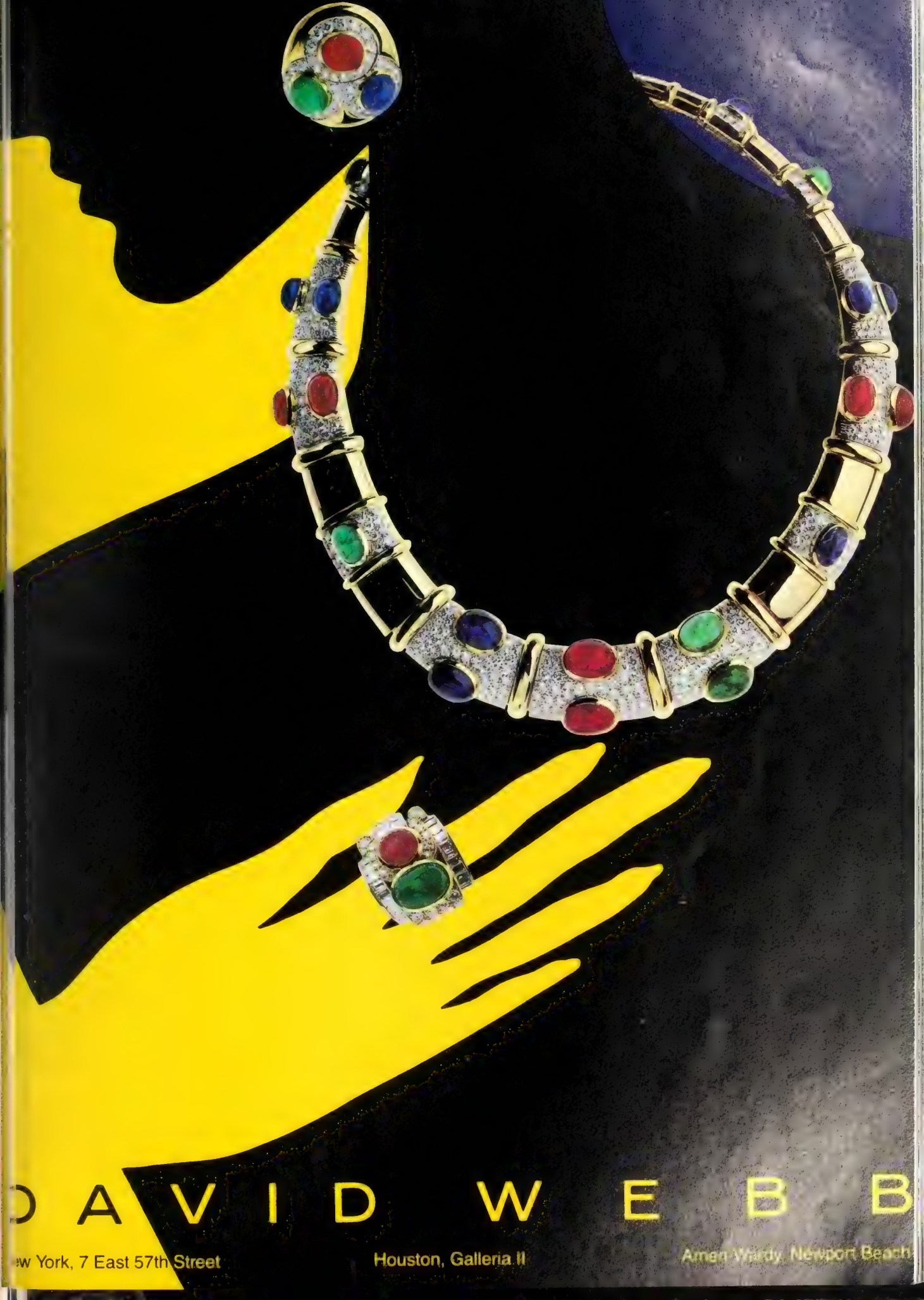






Top: Arbor at Old Westbury Gardens, Long Island. *Above:* Treillage at Henri Samuel's garden, Paris.

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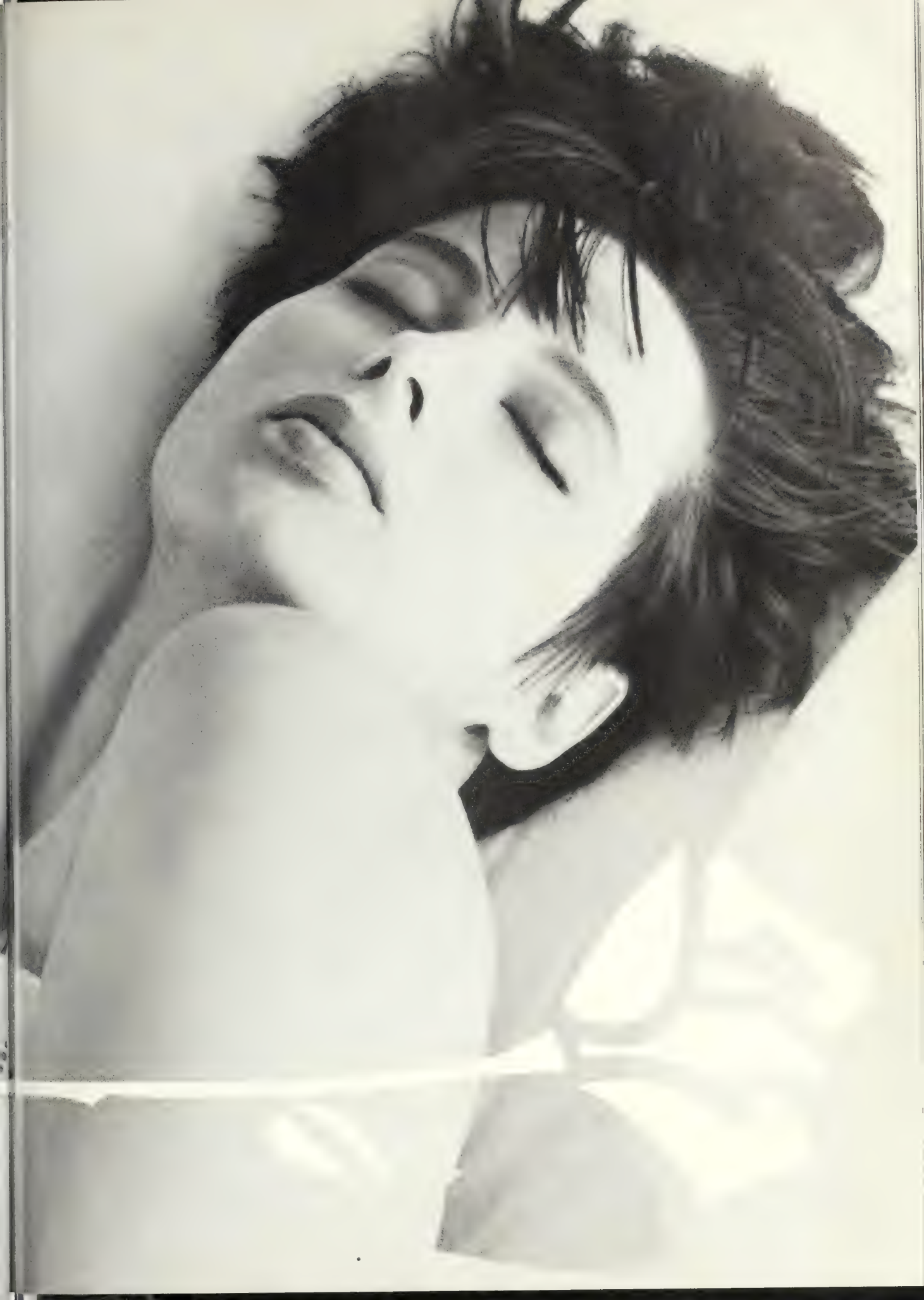
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Tazza from an Asprey desk set, London, 1851. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Many people basically loyal to decorative arts made before 1800 are now prepared to say that 19th-century material is amusing and gutsy

to be reinstalled in a new wing. But in the meantime, Olga Raggio, the department's chairman, juggles themes and examples from the Morgan, Sheafer, Untermeyer, Wentworth, Wilson, and Grabscheid collections in a series of galleries delightfully off the beaten track. (The Wrightsman and Linsky collections are upstairs.) Especially rewarding are a series of mini-exhibitions that focus on recent scholarship and the reassessment of material as taste changes. One of these little displays made up of four cases with thirty carefully chosen objects is called "Revivals and Explorations: Decorative Arts of England and France, 1850–1900" and focuses on the period of the great international exhibitions at the end of the century. James Draper, the exhibit's curator, points out that these big fairs first occurred in the aftermath of the French Revolution when the luxury trades in Europe were in danger of going bankrupt. Early in the nineteenth century Napoleon had hosted a trade fair that also included the decorative arts. By the time of the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1851 these fairs had become international in scope, which reflected both the growth of the British Empire and the wonders and novelties of industrialization. Mr. Draper's exhibition displays several objects made especially for these world's fairs. An Asprey desk set made of gilt bronze and malachite is a romantic evocation of a blend of barbaric, medieval, and Renaissance design but with proportions and colors totally of its own era. A Sèvres coffee service adapts the sort of pierced work typical of Indian architecture and most famously executed in marble at the Taj Mahal to a completely innovative form of porcelain. There are several ceramic objects by Albert-Ernest Carrier-Belleuse or his son-in-law. A cachepot, whose rim is curiously formed by clusters of not eighteenth-century putti but nineteenth-century babies, and a white porcelain Maltese dog remind us that it was not beneath famous sculptors to work at the head of ateliers of sculpture at Minton and Sèvres in the second half of the century. Many people basically loyal to the motifs, colors, and proportions of decorative arts made before 1800 are now prepared to say that nineteenth-century material is amusing and gutsy and that the revivals of historic styles at the end of the century can even be intelligent—or admirable—assimilations of prior influences. And therein lies the importance of Mr. Draper's selection with its avoidance of the bizarre and the outlandish. Through his choices the visitor begins to get, as one expects to at the Met, a sense of the best of a period still in the process of reevaluation. On view until the end of the year. □

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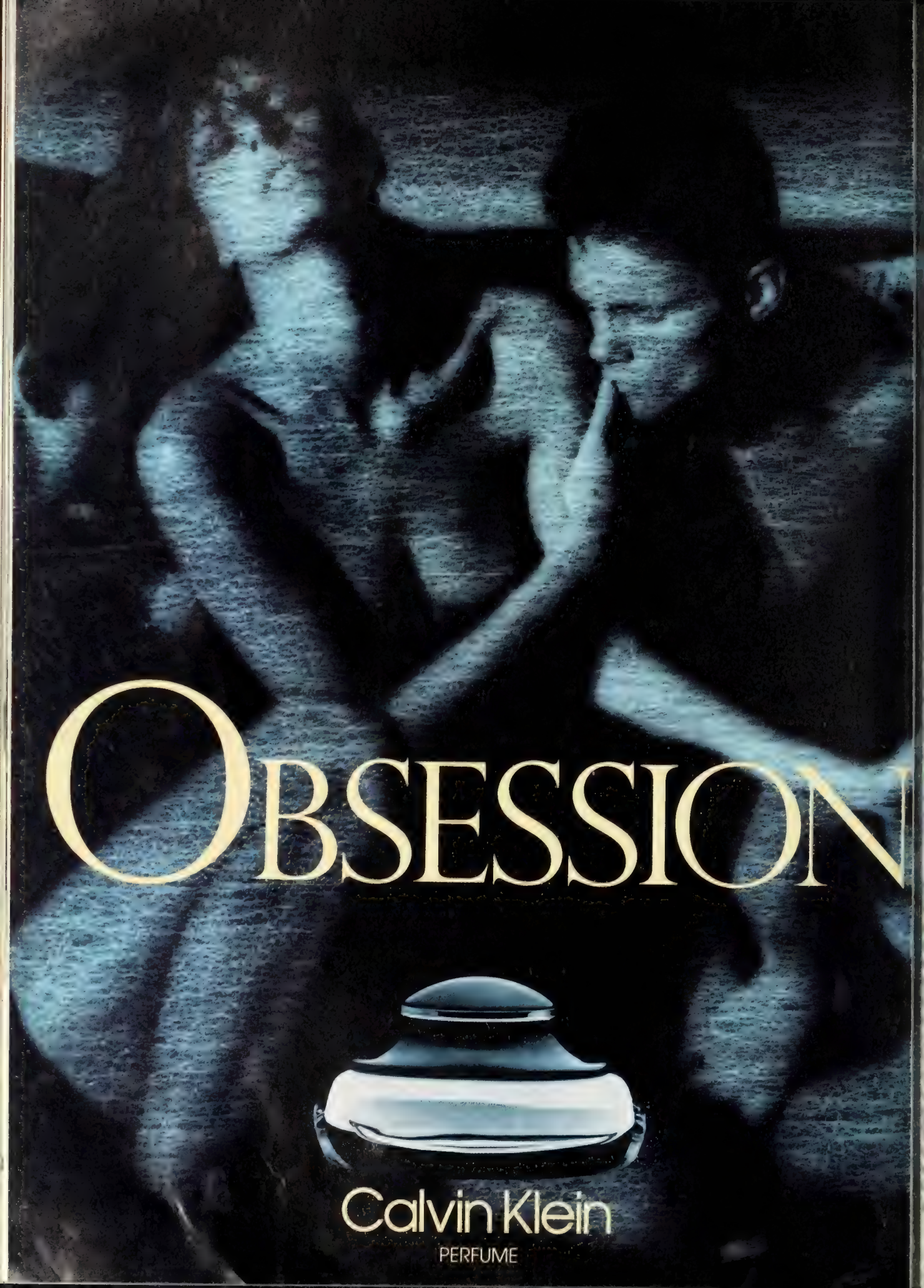
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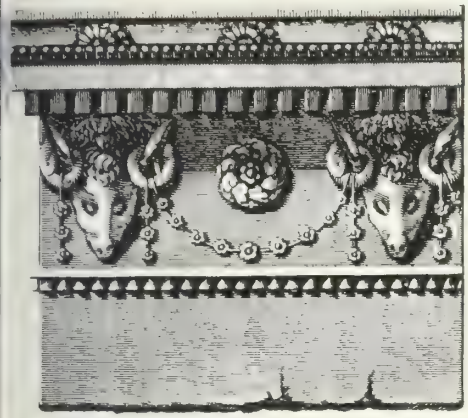
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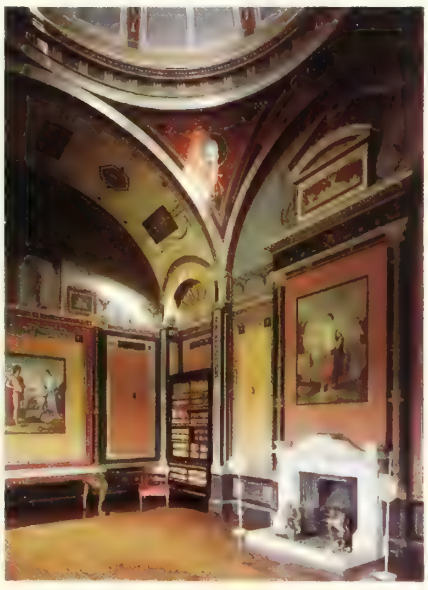
By Joseph Rykwert

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During the reign of the Georges from 1714 to 1830, the English entry were affected by a great build- ıg fury. Every few miles up and down ıe country, mansions of rivaling opu- ence and refinement like Holkham nd Houghton in Norfolk were built in pite of intermittent wars and econom- crisis. Now, they no longer shelter ıe idyllic way of life for which they ere designed, but television serials try reenact it and crowds stream through uch houses as are now open to the ublic. No one knew these houses ıore intimately than the late Christo- her Hussey: over the half a century of is association with the magazine *ountry Life,* he wrote some two thousand articles, mostly descriptions of single country houses. Like his predecessor H. Avray Tipping, he gathered the most important of them into volumes, about ninety houses in all.

As a style, Georgian is a useful blanket term: George one, two, three, and four it covers, with a sort of bald patch for the Regency; and seems to take in the usually forgotten William-and-Adelaide reign before Queen Victoria. It gets applied chiefly to the architecture of the period, particularly house building: three volumes on English country houses (early, middle, and late) should not, therefore, contain anything to ruffle expectations. And yet as you look through these books, it becomes clear that there is a false comfort about the term. It is curious, for instance, that you do not hear of the major painters of the period, say Reynolds or Hogarth, referred to as "Georgian" artists. And again, the label also had a short literary life, just before World War I when the young poets of a new reign adopted it (as being of the time of George V) to distinguish themselves from the older Edwardians; although they had meant the word to have a brittle, formalist tinge (back to Pope and Gay), nowadays it has a homely, comforting kind



Top left: Detail of Adam drawing for frieze. *Top right:* Harewood House, built by Carr of York, decorated by Adam. *Left:* The Pompeian room, circa 1850, from Ickworth, designed by Francis Sandys.

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f bread-and-butter feel to it. The re-ent association has to do with the state f Georgia, and further back with farmer George," which was a com-ıon sobriquet of George III. And it choes the title of the *Georgics,* that fa-ıiliar series of Vergil's poems of rural fe which were about the most popular terary model in the eighteenth centu-y. It has been used recently to invoke a evivalist strain: meaning a homely and ound kind of building, based on fa-ıiliar pattern books, with no jarring xcesses, and none of the pretensions f the more "advanced" architecture. lassical, in fact. Yet a quick look at Hussey's three volumes would soon isperse that bland idea. True, he tarts off by maintaining the period as marked by "the most consistent at-empt to conform the English tempera-ıent to classical principles of thought nd design," but even that he had to odify carefully.

Hussey was one of the few English riters on eighteenth-century matters ho were well aware of contemporary uropean scholarship, and had noth-ıg of the amateur's xenophobia about



The rotunda of Ickworth from the garden with its double tier of columns.

ıim. His own essay on "The Pictur-esque," first published in 1927 and still available, has, although he hardly had to alter anything in it, remained the best general book on the subject. But in his Georgian books, Hussey had to subdivide each volume into sometimes conflicting styles. Even the first is cut up into Baroque, Rococo, and Palladi-an in an attempt to provide the period with a proper art-historical structure. And it does not quite work. A factitious unity reigns because Hussey begins his period so late and ends it so early that he excludes any houses by the two greatest English architects, Nicholas Hawksmoor and John Soane. What the architects of the period really did have in common were certain details which returned without fail: the double-hung sash window, for instance, invented in sixteenth-century France and adopted throughout Britain after the Great Fire of London; certain sequences of moldings; wainscoted paneling or even a predilection for proportions based on the root two rectangle. It is in any case more interesting to look at what divided the architects of the period than at what united them.

Take Sir Roger Newdigate, classical antiquarian and Tory politician who rebuilt his family house, Arbury Hall, as a Perpendicular Gothic "abbey" at the same time as the Whig prime minister's son, Horace Walpole, was rebuilding his own Twickenham seat, Strawberry Hill, as a Decorated Gothic fantasy. It does not really help to label them both "Rococo," as Hussey does even though they did, of course, share certain characteristics with designers who might more properly be called that. Rococo was ornament without any real historical reference—and there were several artists doing Rococo proper in England at the time, such as the stuccoist Charles Stanley or furniture designer Matthew Locke—or indeed Thomas Chippendale himself. Nor does it help to call the "Chinese" ornament which was popular with these designers "an exotic Gothic." Eighteenth-century China was really situated in Utopia, and was considered to have no real history, so Chinese was a kind of natural-man ornament which had none of the historical or emotional reference Gothic carried for eighteenth-century builders.

For Newdigate Gothic carried very different implications from those it had for Walpole. Walpole's Gothic camping was not at all to Newdigate's rather earnest taste; and Walpole succeeded in luring all sorts of people into his fantasy. For a short time he even had the Adam Brothers work for him at Strawberry Hill, designing a circular

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The word Georgian has been used recently to invoke a revivalist strain, a sound kind of building with no jarring excesses

room with a ceiling ribbed like a rose window and a marble-and-synthetic fireplace made up of bits "quoted" from the Confessor's tomb in Westminster Abbey. The collaboration was not a complete success, though the room was fine. In the Hussey Catalogue the Adam Brothers, of course, count as "neo-classical"—and none of their contemporaries is better fitted for the description. And yet by Hussey's own rules he classifies this Gothic exercise as Rococo, as he does some of their fiddly but otherwise impeccably Neoclassical interiors.

For all that the Brothers' most impressive works may well be the huge houses in Scotland and the northern counties, which they self-confessedly derived from the "castle style" of Sir John Vanbrugh. Since Mr. Hussey has Vanbrugh firmly classified as "Georgian Baroque" in his first volume (and in fact, as far as the original *Country Life* series was concerned, the bulk of Vanbrugh, and all of Hawksmoor was in an earlier book, called *Baroque 1685–1714,* by James Lees-Milne) he cannot convincingly explain in the second how these categories can overlap if they help to explain anything at all.

Well then, were they Rococo, or Baroque, or Gothic, or Neoclassical after all? For anyone who wants to study the Adam Brothers seriously, and make his own mind up—or simply jettison the stylistic labels and look at them in some other way, will have to come to terms with the two large cumbersome folios which Arthur Bolton published in 1922. When Bolton became director of the Soane Museum in 1917, he also became the master of the eight thousand or so drawings and many office papers of the Brothers which Soane had bought at a bargain rate from the youngest Adam. Two folios were the first documented account of their work.

Since then a vast amount of new material has come to light: Robert and James's diaries and letters home from their grand tour, which Mr. John Fleming used for his book on Robert Adam; the business records of the firm on which Professor Alistair Rowan drew for his account of the Adelphi disaster and the various Adam enterprises. Yet all this only supplements Bolton, it does not replace him. The reproductions of the drawings, the photographs and the plans, the documentary evidence is not available anywhere else. What is more, Bolton had an enviable familiarity with eighteenth-century letter writers and memorialists, and a shrewd understanding of political background and social nuance. The trouble was that he had an untidy mind. His books were not only difficult to handle physically, but also awkward to read and to consult. The new reprint by The Antique Collectors' Club has got over the physical difficulty by making the books about half-size and cutting Bolton's excessive margins. In exchange, any pleasure which the reader might have derived from the large, clear photographs (the plans are very crabbedly drawn) is dampened by the really nasty photolitho printing and cardboardy paper. Whatever its drawbacks, the true collector will still want to possess the original edition, and unfortunately few students will be able to afford the reprint.

The Hussey volumes have been reduced by an inch or two, and the photographs have kept a little more of their quality, though the paper has the same cardboardy feel, and the typography is quite as graceless as in the Bolton Adam. A selective reader can use them as a source book for the Colonial-style soap-opera type of interior, which is the nearest thing we have to a court style. But anyone who overcomes his dislike of the physical make-up of the books will discover a mass of varied and sometimes rather fantastic treasure. □



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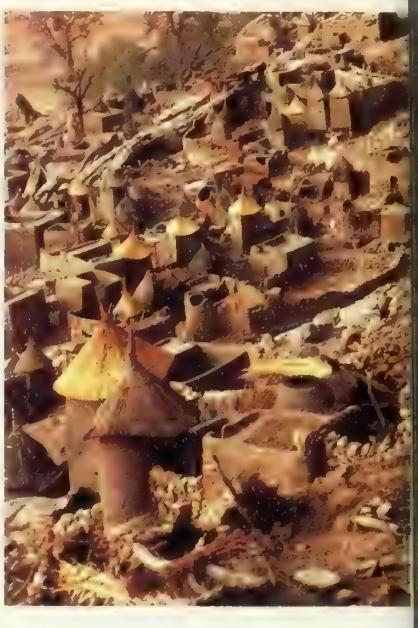
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ON THE ROAD TO TIMBUKTU

Exploring the strange and haunting landscape of Mali

By Alison Lurie







Mud mosque, *above left,* in Timbuktu; *below left,* the seemingly endless parched land of Mali; *above right,* one of the Dogon villages with straw-roofed granaries and open-air courtyards.

I have just returned from a country in West Africa that almost no tourists have heard of, though it is larger than Texas and California combined, astonishingly beautiful, and potentially terrifying. Mali, formerly part of French Equatorial Africa, is a strange, remote, half-empty place south of Algeria. Its shape is that of an hourglass tilted to the east. The southern and smaller chamber of this hourglass is, or was until recently, green and fertile, well watered by the seasonal rains and by the Niger River and its tributaries. The larger northern chamber was and is largely desert. Only a few of Mali's seven million people live here: nomads who wander with their flocks across great distances from one oasis to another. Just north of the neck of the hourglass, on the river, is the ancient city of Timbuktu, once a famous trading center. Today it is half-deserted, and almost silent, except in January when the Paris-Dakar motorcycle racers pour through its dusty streets.

The most direct flight to Mali goes on Thursdays from Paris to the capital city, Bamako, near the southern border of the country. When I stepped out of the plane, fresh from the soggy winter chill of Europe, I was dazzled and even dizzied by the light and warmth, and glad that my son, who is with the Peace Corps in Mali, was there to meet me. The climate of Mali is hot, almost intolerably so from April through June, before the rains begin. In December and January, however, the weather is ideal, with daytime temperatures in the seventies.

At first sight the landscape seems unreal. The air is faintly rosy with dust; the bare ground too is of an almost fluorescent pinkish tan that deepens in places to terra cotta. The scattered mud houses are the same color, and appear to have sprung out of the earth by some natural generative process. They look like sand castles, cut into cubes with a wooden spade and piled together in the random patterns of nature or childhood rather than the geometric grid of city planners. Here and there the sandy blunted towers of a mosque rise above the jumble of walls and roofs and terraces. Tall, lacy trees cast a rustling shade over the buildings, and donkeys, goats, and long-horned, humpbacked cattle graze among them.

Even in the largest towns these scenes recur. Bamako, the capital, is a city of one million people and only three traffic lights. Goats forage in the courtyards of its imposing government

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buildings, and behind its European-style streets and boulevards, narrow twisting alleys and oddly shaped houses suggest a non-Western, nonlinear mode of thought materialized in three dimensions.

One reason Mali looks strange to a Western eye is that what we think of as the "natural" colors of the landscape are reversed. The earth is pinkish tan instead of dark brown; while, because so few Western visitors go there, almost everyone in the streets is dark-skinned. After a while, though, the strange begins to seem normal. When I glanced down at my own legs one afternoon in the market, they seemed a peculiar, sickly white.

Street scenes are brilliant, partly because almost all Malians still wear the traditional costume. In Bamako and the larger towns some of the men have adopted Western casual dress: shirts and slacks, or a safari suit—but many, especially the older ones, still wear flowing caftans, white or blue or gold, often beautifully embroidered. Though Mali is a largely Moslem country, very few women are veiled. They wear loose, low-cut, ankle-length print dresses and skirts, in gorgeous oranges and blues and salmons and purples and lettuce greens, with elegantly wrapped matching turbans and dangling earrings. Even the poorest of them take great pride in their appearance. They consider Western female dress pathetically drab, sexless, and confining; one told me she couldn't understand why any woman would deliberately choose to look that way.

People in Mali stand and walk differently than we do. Women sail through the streets with a smooth gliding step, their heads so level that they can carry calabashes of water over rough ground without spilling a drop. They are like beautiful dark Gibson girls, chins up, chests forward, and buttocks out, as if they wore invisible bustles. Many of the younger women carry babies in slings around their waists. The child sleeps or watches the world from a safe perch against its mother's back; when it is hungry, it is shifted round to the breast. Even in the cities, babies are often nursed on the street in this way, and no one appears to be shocked.

Indeed, much of human life in Mali takes place outdoors and in public. The roofed inner rooms of the walle houses are used mainly for sleepin Almost everything else happens in th open courtyard, or outside the fro gate. In many of the towns or large vi lages you could see people cooking an eating outdoors, chatting and arguin dozing under trees, and occasionall in a side street, answering a call of na ture. There were children sitting in ci cles round a teacher, writing on slate or chanting verses from the Koran barbers trimming hair, herb doctor treating their patients; men weavin women milking goats, blacksmith repairing tools, and tailors sitting a ancient treadle sewing machines At sunrise and sunset men unrolle prayer mats on the ground whereve they happened to be and bowed to ward Mecca.

Buying and selling, too, take place i the open air. In the larger markets ev ery imaginable sort of goods is offered and most things are amazingly cheap For a few dollars you can buy ropes o handmade terra-cotta beads, anc necklaces and earrings of gold, ivory seeds, feathers, or colored stones. There are batik cloths hand-printed with natural dyes in soft reds and browns and indigo blues. Museum-quality handwoven wool rugs, brass animals that recall prehistoric cave paintings, and carved figures of men and women, gods and devils, are sold next to cakes of waxy yellow home-made soap and slabs of raw salt like smoky gray marble. Around the corner, lengths of mosquito netting suspended from rings blow in the breeze like the wedding veils of ghosts, and radios and watches imported from Europe and America are displayed on stalls like exotic stainless steel fruit. Among the crowds wander Tuareg men from the desert in black cotton robes and turbans, their faces shrouded below their piercing eyes. When the rains fail and there is no grazing land for their cattle, they come south to sell the hand-tooled leather boxes and swords for which they are famous.

Over sixty years of French rule have left traces in Mali even a quarter-century after independence. There is still a small expatriate colony in the capital, and French remains the language of education and government. Along the wide avenues of Bamako the pink and orange stucco villas and official build-



CHANEL

NEW FROM PARIS. TURBULENT, SEDUCTIVE COLOURS FOR LIPS AND NAILS.

After years of enforced silence, we can now name the wonder fabric we've been using in our most luxurious Lands' End sportshirts.

The name of that fabric is VIYELLA and thereby hangs a tale.

Several years ago, when we set out to firm up a Lands' End position in sportshirts, we began as we usually do in these cases with a search for a source of top-quality shirting material.

That search eventually led us to a small mill in Derbyshire, England which owned the sole rights to make and market a remarkable cloth they had named Viyella. It was a soft, luxurious and incredibly longwearing cloth, finely-woven of 55% Merino wool, 45% long-staple cotton. A cloth that delivered the warmth of wool, the comfort of cotton. And had been regarded as the world's most desirable sportshirt cloth for almost a century.

Our first purchase had strings attached.

This fabric was so much in demand that the small mill had no trouble confining its output to customers who observed extremely rigid quality standards, and who marketed their finished Viyella shirts in the $70 to $80 range.

So it was that when we revealed to the mill our own plans to make and market Viyella shirts of equal quality, which had to meet standards possibly even more rigid, at a price under $50, the mill became troubled. How was that possible, they wondered? What would it do to their existing trade?

Our buyers were persistent, however, and finally the mill relented. They permitted us to buy Viyella provided we did not mention it by name in our catalogs. We accepted the condition. And for the past three years, we've been offering these mysterious shirts made from a "no name" wonder fabric.

Now, however, it can be told.

Time has passed, and with it there has been a change in the British economy, so we are now able to shout "Viyella!" from the house tops. And because we can, we've been rethinking our whole sportshirt position.

The Viyella shirt we're featuring in this ad is upgraded in the amount of "dress shirt tailoring" it embodies. We make no bones about manufacturing it in Hong Kong, because the source we use there has been encouraged to do whatever it takes to make a better shirt. Not to eliminate features that make a shirt cheaper.

The result is a happy one. For us and for you. Superb Lands' End quality in the world's most famous natural fiber sportshirt. Our usual hard-nosed insistence on a price that makes for value. And, as with everything we offer, the shortest, sweetest guarantee in the business: GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Shakespeare first raised the question. And in the case of VIYELLA, the name has a source that seems appropriate.

This marvelous natural blend of wool and cotton came into being only after many, many failures. In the course of this search for the perfect blend, the nephew of the founder of the Hollins Mills bought another mill to eliminate competition in the merino hosiery market.

This mill was named after the Via Gellia, a picturesque road in Derbyshire, where it was situated. So when VIYELLA was achieved in 1893, it was dubbed with the name of that road—"Vi Jella"—even though today VIYELLA is woven by the descendants of the weavers who created the first fabric in a mill in Glasgow, Scotland.

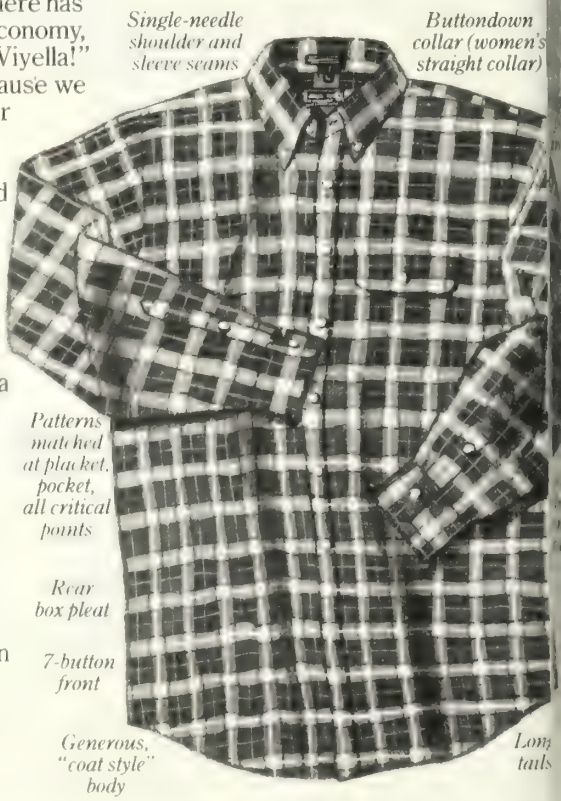
NOT FOR EXPORT!

Of the roughly 40 breeds of sheep in the world, none is held in more universal regard than the merino.

The wool of the merino is of relatively short staple, but it has a "crimp" that spinners of yarn really treasure. And it blends superbly with the longer staple cottons, such as those grown in Egypt, to make of Viyella a fabric apart.

The merino breed originated in Spain and was once so highly treasured that it was a capital offense to export a merino sheep.

Fortunately, that stricture no longer maintains. And the merino breed is plentiful now all over the world. And the world is a warmer, more cozy place for all of that.





Viyella cloth is 55% merino wool and 45% long-staple cotton.

After Viyella, what?

ıe Viyella shirts you'll find in our ɛest Lands' End catalog are only a ırt of what may well be the widest ray of "dress tailored sportshirts" ver offered within the pages of a book r within reach of an 800 number—ırs, please remember, is)0-356-4444). Ginghams, flannels, ighlander Twills and more, in a lendid selection of spirited colors ıd patterns, all awaiting your spection.

Just how are we unique?

) put it simply, we have sportshirts ou can brave the Arctic tundra with. ut at the same time, they're just as iitable if all you want to do is shoulder your way into one—just for the feel of it—some weekend morning in a cold suburban bedroom, on your way downstairs to a civilized breakfast.

More on the subject another day. Meanwhile, let us hear from you, by coupon or by phone. And one more time: "Viva, Viyella!"

It feels good to say it, now that we can.

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ings still stand, with their columns and cloisters and formal gardens, some of them now overgrown with tropical vines and flowers. The best hotel in Bamako, the Grand, has bidets in its bathrooms and fresh hot croissants at breakfast; and there are several excellent restaurants that serve both French cuisine and native dishes. At L'Ecuelle and La Lanterne Rouge we drank excellent French wines and ate broiled spicy shrimp and the sweet white local fish called *capitaine,* caught the same day in the Niger River.

But it is not necessary to go to a restaurant to dine well. Everywhere on the streets women sit before charcoal braziers frying skewers of delicious peppery beef and tomatoes and onions, slices of plantain, and sweet cakes like spicy donuts. Others sell crusty loaves of French bread and all kinds of tropical fruit: bananas, pineapples, mangoes, papayas, limes, oranges, and honey-sweet tangerines. For fifty cents you can buy a tasty lunch and eat outdoors.

Away from the capital the French influence begins to wane, and Mali becomes a timeless, primitive world. The wide sunbaked fields, dotted here and there with a solitary tree, a mud house, a woman carrying a jar on her head, a man on a donkey seem like illustrations from a child's book of Bible stories. I felt that I was witnessing a life which had flowed in the same patterns since prehistoric times.

Travel into the countryside is always an adventure. Planes occasionally fly to Mopti and Gao and Timbuktu, though not always on schedule. We hired a car and driver, but as we got farther away from Bamako the roads become narrower and more rutted; to visit most villages we would have needed a Land Rover. Once you get there, there is much to see: the game preserves of Fina and Badikino; Djénné, the old capital city of the Senegal Empire, with its great pinnacled mosque and open-air market; and Timbuktu, where you can ride into the Sahara Desert on a camel and visit a Tuareg encampment.

Most famous of all is the Dogo country in central Mali near Mopti, th second-largest city. We stayed in a ve pleasant hotel, the Kanaga, on the riv just outside of town, built in the loc style to resemble a cluster of mu walled houses. In its courtyard, a tam crested crane stalks delicately betwee beds of flowers. From the Kanag there are regular overnight excursion to the Dogon villages, which are bui into—and often half-concealed by— the steep rocky slopes of the countr east of Mopti. Some would be almos invisible at first glance if it were not fo the granaries with their tilted stra roofs, like small drunken pagodas. Th Dogon, like many other peoples in th remoter regions of Mali, still hold t the old tribal customs and animisti faith; they believe in ghosts and witch craft, and worship nature and ancesto spirits with dances and ceremonies some of which are open to visitors Their traditional masks and strange, al most abstract sculptures, reminiscen of Cubist art, are still being produce both for use and for sale.

But though it is, and always mus have been, fascinating to travel into th outlying regions of Mali, today it is als a disturbing, even a frightening experi ence. For the last six years there has no been enough rain. Gradually, th country is drying up and turning int desert. Last year there was no harves above Bamako. In most of the farming villages food must now be imported soon there will be nothing to buy i with, and if there is no help from out side, people will die.

As we drove north and east the land scape became more and more barren At first we saw trees and shrubs grow ing along the creeks and near the ponds where the goats and cattle came to drink. But gradually the ponds sank and became mere basins of mud with a few feet of brackish-looking water puddled at their center; then they were only dried-up shallow depressions in the earth, cracked like badly glazed pottery. The bushes and trees became bare and leafless skeletons; the giant baobabs, with their truncated and contorted pale limbs and spidery twigs, looked like trees that had been tortured to death.

By the time we reached Mopti, all nourishment seemed to have been burnt out of the land. Except where



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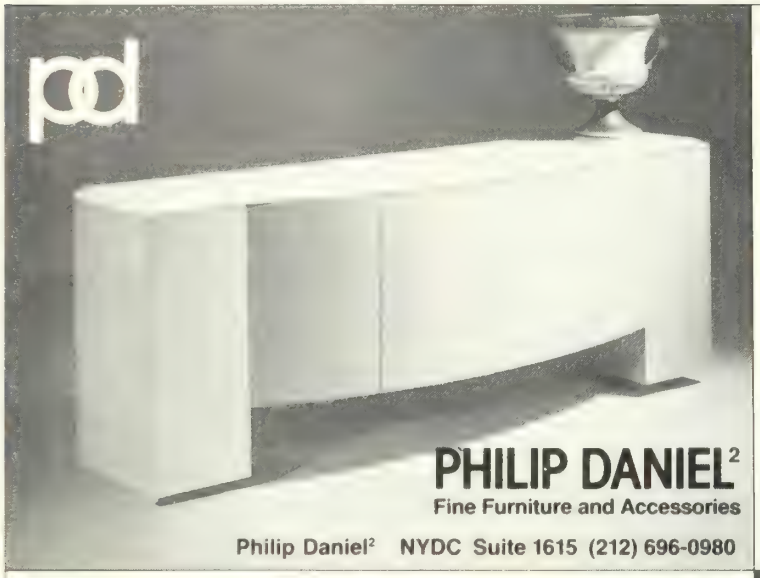
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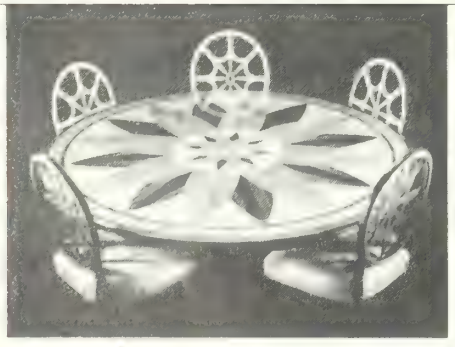
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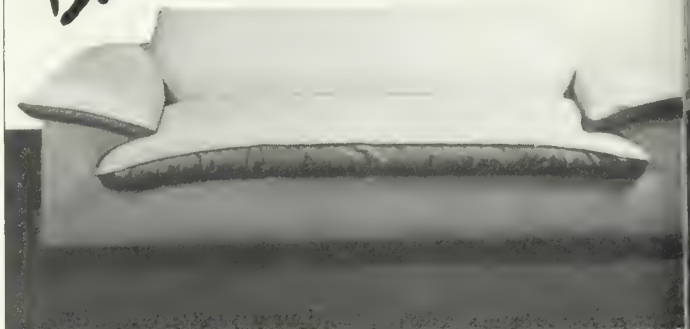
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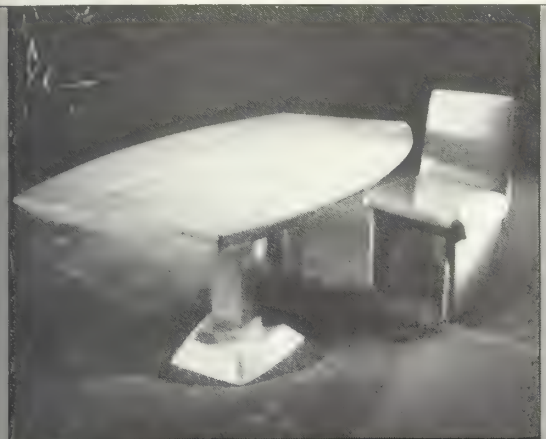
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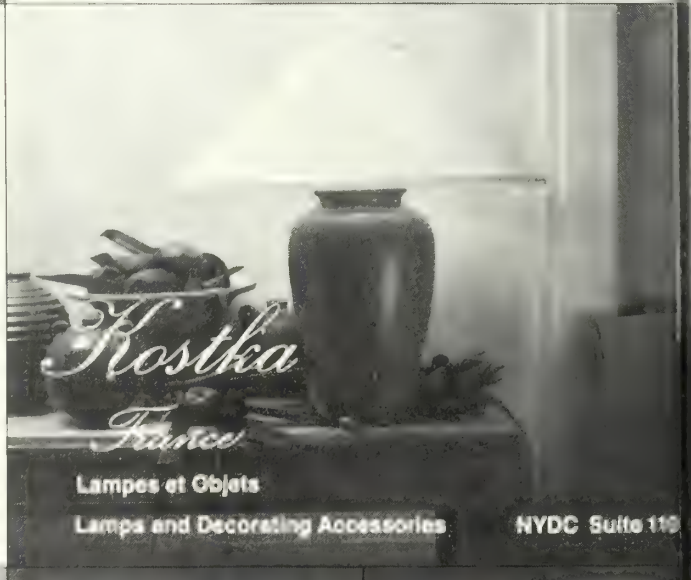
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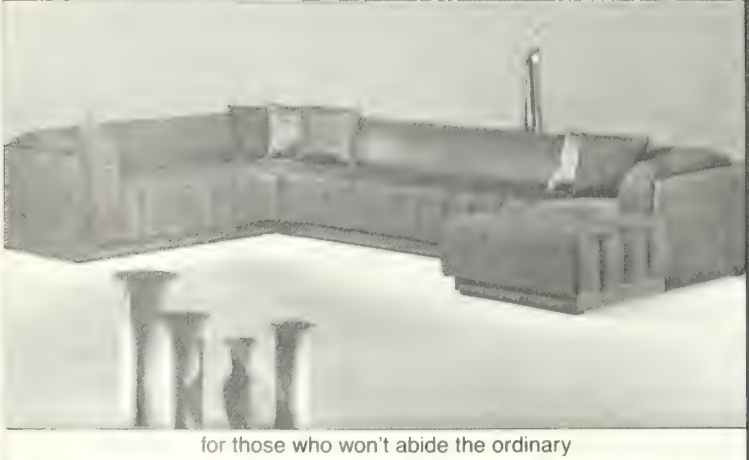


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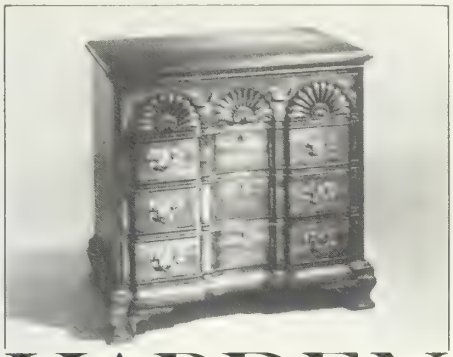
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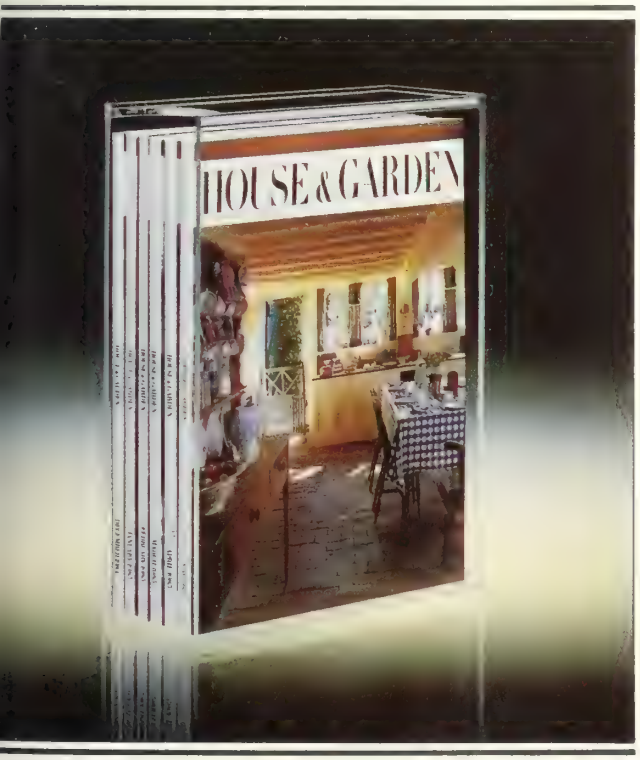
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water had been carried by hand from the river or a shallow, primitive well, the earth was barren and bone-dry. But in spite of the drought, Mopti is a beautiful little city, with streets and buildings the color and texture of expensive face powder, rose-tan and peach and beige; it has a lively marketplace and a busy, picturesque fishing harbor. Along the riverbank women stand ankle-deep in the shimmering water, doing their weekly wash; others, naked from the waist up, spread out the clean cloths to dry on the shore, so that the pale sand becomes a long, brilliant patchwork of color. Pirogues float by—long, narrow boats like black peapods, each painted on its bow with strange symbols and with a boatman standing upright in the stern. In the streets, apart from a few beggar children, everyone looks reasonably healthy and well-fed.

To see what lies ahead for Mopti, and perhaps for much of the country, we had to leave the town. We hired a pirogue one morning and were poled up the river to visit a village far enough away to be out of the range of most tourists. The hour-long trip up the broad, shining water was spectacularly beautiful. Most of the time the scene was empty of people: we passed only a few fishing boats, a man leading a donkey laden with firewood, and a woman pounding grain before a straw hut. Birds were everywhere: the dark silhouettes of kites dived overhead, and lower down we saw some brilliantly blue-and-white Abyssinian rollers. A great blue heron stood by the bank fishing, and smaller white herons flapped across the water around us.

From the river the village of Guimbé looked picturesquely perfect. But as we climbed the low hill toward it we could see that the land was as hard and dry as stone. Half the inhabitants, we discovered, had left the village and gone south to search for work. Those that remained had the stunned look of people whose houses have been burnt down or destroyed by bombing. They sat on the ground or leant against a wall staring into the middle distance, doing nothing.

Though Guimbé was once a prosperous village, almost all of its possessions had been sold to buy food: gold, blankets, cattle; soon there would be nothing more left to sell. The river wa not far off, but there was no way to ge water to the fields. The villagers had cut down most of the trees for fuel, and they were now burning the dried manure that in other years would have fertilized the crops.

While two old men slowly explained all this to my son, who speaks the local language, a rabble of ragged children gathered to stare at the tourists. Many of them were sickly-looking; some had the shriveled legs and swollen bellies of protein-deficiency disease. Flies buzzed about them and crawled on their faces; several had running sores and eyes gummed up with infection. As they scrambled toward us one small naked boy slipped and fell down a stony slope. For the next ten minutes he sat in the dust at the bottom, sobbing miserably, but none of the other children—or any of the adults—went to pick him up and comfort him; it was as if nobody had the energy or affection to spare.

All over the northern two thirds of Mali there are villages like this. Here and there, where the Peace Corps or some other development agency has sent workers to help build deep wells and irrigation systems, replant trees, or market the native arts and crafts, things are somewhat better. In many places they are worse. In a few months, if the rains do not come again this year, much of the country will be desperate. International organizations recognize the danger, and are trying to get food to the villages and start irrigation projects so that Mali will not become another Ethiopia. (We heard special praise for the work now being done by Oxfam and Africare.) But, because Mali is so remote and so little known, help may be too little and too late.

Back in Bamako on my way home, I was again approached in the marketplace by Tuareg nomads. Now, however, they no longer looked picturesque, but ominous. As the black-shrouded, wild-eyed men snapped their black leather boxes open or shut under my eyes, or flourished their curved, vicious-looking swords, I thought that their appearance there was symbolic. Like the desert from which they came, they had drifted hundreds of miles south, carrying with them emptiness and death. □

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THE SEA RANCH

After twenty years, this community on California's Mendocino coast remains an unparalleled melding of architecture and landscape

By Christopher Gray

California's Highway 1 north of the Russian River is a stunning and frightening drive, a tiny roadway chiseled halfway up grassy mountainsides that plunge directly into the sea. Further north is a less dramatic but equally awe-inspiring landscape, a great fourteen-mile cliff-top meadow squeezed between rocky beaches and steep, forested ridges. Redwood-sided houses dot the landscape to form what one guidebook calls "the California architectural monument of the 1960's." When you pass the sign that says ELEV 40, POP. 280, you have arrived at The Sea Ranch.

The first-time visitor, driving up Highway 1 in the middle of The Sea Ranch, will quickly sense a different kind of place—although the houses are spread out, they are unified in design, siting, and sensibility, so that The Sea Ranch has the feeling of a secret rural enclave discovered by just a few families. The geography and weather in this isolated strip coproduce a succession of vignettes that change almost by the minute—the early-morning sun pinking the tops of the clouds; the bottle-green breakers collapsing in white foam; lichen and wildflowers growing among the coastal rocks; the damp, dark forest glades, the sunny fields at ridge top, whales spouting offshore, a light rain tapping on the thin housetops. The contrast of the densely forested hillsides overlooking windswept meadows perched on the rocky coastal cliffs calls to mind Yosemite, with its great changes in weather and grade. What the place offers, as landscape architect Lawrence Halprin originally put it, is "th maximum number of experiences."



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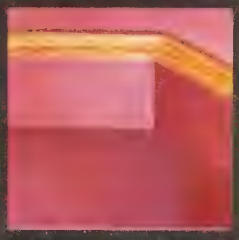
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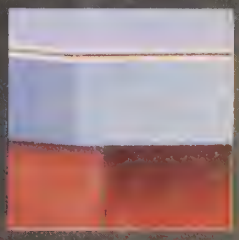
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the huge nineteenth-century redwoo stumps are protected. Conventiona gardens are not allowed in public view nonindigenous shrubs cannot excee eight feet in height, and a design com mittee has absolute review power ove new construction.

The housing was all of the cut-away box idiom, sheathed in natural red wood or cedar. The local climate—strong winds from the northwest, coo temperatures—favored the design o the time: a stark, windblown look o flush windows and doors, minima overhangs, slant roofs. In another envi ronment the houses might appear typi cal of the period, but at The Sea Ranch the weather-conscious design and open-space philosophy permit these buildings to share in the majesty o their surroundings.

By the late sixties several hundred houses had gone up, but in 1971 the California Coastal Commission halted all construction at The Sea Ranch (and most other locations) until agreement on a master development plan for the entire coast was reached, and signifi cant building did not begin again until 1981. Now there are perhaps 700 houses out of a total of 2,400 lots, and perhaps 150 full-time residents, al though many part-timers declare it as their legal residence. The rest are weekenders from San Francisco and other cities or renters for various terms.

The visitor will not be impressed by the architecture in the usual way—these are buildings that are virtuously self-effacing; "no monuments to archi tects here" is the common Sea Ranch aphorism. Most of the houses are not so much handsome or moving as they are "successful," providing excellent shelter without impinging upon the landscape too severely. Early Sea Ranch construction was exciting be cause it included varied types of hous ing forms: Charles Moore's famous Condominium Unit I, Joseph Esher ick's subdued group of individual Hedgerow Houses, nestled in a sort of green rut, Moore and Turnbull's clus ter housing, and Obie Bowman's "hike-ins," where cars are kept parked several hundred feet away. But in the interest of sales, this last group was tamely renamed "walk-ins," and the change characterizes what happened

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to the original plan of varied housing types: the market was not as adventurous as the designers. Conventional single-family residences are now the rule. Although not specifically mandated by the design restrictions, most houses continue to follow the basic sixties model of materials, forms, and detailing, and by now one would have to call some of the recent buildings "modern revival," although a few chalet-style cottages can be spied hidden away in the woods.

"There are no social uniforms. You have to be satisfied with yourself to live here"

The typical Sea Rancher bought on the spur of the moment: "We were just driving up the coast, but then in an hour we had bought a lot" is a typical account. Everyone has made compromises to live at The Sea Ranch, whether the long drive from the neighboring cities on the weekends or less-than-ideal employment on the isolated coast for those who live there full time and are not retired. "I don't think anyone here is doing the work they thought they were trained for," says Michael Gates, who gave up a pilot's career to sell real estate full time at The Sea Ranch. It is the country translation of the familiar story of a city dweller who buys the shell of a beautiful dilapidated house on impulse and then adjusts life according to a renovation schedule. The full-time Sea Ranchers are spread out in origins, just like most Californians, but they all share some prior California experience; no one seems to move here without first stopping in Sacramento, San Diego, Los Angeles, or, especially, San Francisco. Although there is a golf club and some communal swimming and meeting facilities, there is little hint of the social hierarchy that one finds in the suburbs: "No one is going to come up this far unless they're coming for the solitude or the nature," says one San Francisco émigré. Instead of Mercedeses, private schools, and country clubs, the social awareness is concentrated around more naïve pleasures, like the annual Kite Day, held on the coastal meadow. In a cross between an Ivy League tailgate party and a county fair, brightly colored kites are carried up by onshore winds, their strings mimicking the steep rise of the hills; everyone participates, everyone is friendly, everyone seems equal. There is an annual Volunteer Fire Department picnic, and the community vegetable garden is named the Posh Squash, mocking the journalistic cliché in California that this is a "posh enclave." In terms of activities, The Sea Ranch is not so different from any of the other isolated coastal communities like Gualala or Jenner.

But the people think of themselves as different. "We're sort of renegade upper middle class," says a San Francisco émigré. We just dumped everything connected with the city." Another resident describes the psychology of the inhabitants: "There are no social uniforms. You have to be satisfied with yourself to live here. Some people come, and then they find out that it's not that important here that they're the president of the XYZ Record Company, and they leave."

The Sea Ranch is very much an adult community, with only a handful of children and under-30's. Many people are retired, but it is too rustic, too wild to be a classic retirement community. Most people stay late in life only if they are in good health—the nearest large hospital is a two-hour drive away. Likewise, younger people are not attracted to Sea Ranch; for adolescents "there's no place to be cool here, no Main Street to cruise," in one resident's words, and young families seem to miss the frequent socializing common in other places. The attraction of The Sea Ranch is a contemplative, private beauty: "In the early days, the sixties, there was sort of a magnetism to the place that touched everyone interested in the environment," recalls George Wickstead, for 13 years a member of the Design Committee. "I remember all different types of incomes and educations, but everyone had the same outlook on nature." Typically the early settlers often chose the meadow sites, right above the surf and rocks, making these sites the front-row seats of The Sea Ranch—good for weekends, but too hypnotic for the full-timers. They have generally moved up to the ridge,

with views for miles up and down the coast. There is at least one certified celebrity at The Sea Ranch—economist Milton Friedman—but the low-gear atmosphere generally keeps out high-powered entertainment and corporate people.

Today The Sea Ranch is about one third complete—about 1,700 vacant lots exist on paper—way behind the original projections, because of the ten-year delay in building permits. The original modern styling probably would have prevailed over the entire colony if construction had not been interrupted, but now The Sea Ranch faces a dilemma—at a time when even Post Modern design is being called worn out, should the Modernism of the early Sea Ranch buildings continue as the official style? Some see the sixties idiom as the most appropriate for the site and environment, regardless of the period, and would like to see it continued.

But others are more restless. Obie Bowman, who designed the hike-ins, recalls with frustration that one of his houses was turned down by the Design Committee (of which he himself was a member) because a 30-degree angle was considered to be out of place—the early buildings were all 45- and 90-degree angles. It's not that the Design Committee restricts new houses to the original formula, it's just that change from the familiar idiom is proving difficult.

To complete The Sea Ranch in an official style, a generation old, also strikes many inhabitants as undesirable, although no one has come up with a persuasive complementary style to the original buildings. While the protected sites in the woods would permit a free range of designs, where they would be hidden more or less from each other, the open sites on the meadows are of great concern. There is little indigenous architecture from which to choose a prototype response to the windy, cool environment, as Craftsman bungalows are to Southern California's climate. And although a single Bob Stern Post Modern Roman templ smack out on the meadows might b fun, five or six hundred would over power the original "modern" buildin style. Last year The Sea Ranch Associa tion hired a half-dozen designers— including Halprin, Moore, and Turn bull—to reexamine the Sea Ranch de sign restrictions today. Their repor suggests more variety, including som ideas that would have been considere subversive in the early period: porches lattice fences, vines on houses, painte details on buildings. But other than ob serving that the range of building style had become ossified, they could no provide a distinct answer to the styl question. The Sea Ranch solution t this problem will be one of the archi tectural stories of the decade.

The problem echoes other issues i America—here there is a sense of ter mination, or finiteness, which is dis tinctly un-Californian. To talk abou the last building site, the last major de velopment permitted on the north coast, the final style—runs against th freewheeling, limitless California grai that lures so many from other states This is the traditional edge of the Unit ed States—when it is filled up, where can anyone go?

Despite these concerns, at the mo ment The Sea Ranch is a distinctly spe cial place. After twenty years it is stil rural, with most house lots in their nat ural state. There has been a slow subur banization—stop signs have been installed at intersections and house numbers were assigned after an ambu lance could not find a heart-attack vic tim's residence—but most of the land is unchanged since the early 1900s, and there is still a frontier character here. On any day you may be chilled to the bone by the onshore wind or stripped down to shorts in a sunny hilltop clear ing. There is safety in the snug houses with brilliant views of the forest and coast, but there is also danger— "sneaker" waves can catch the beach comber unaware, and the precipitous beach cliffs are without any railings or signs. The Sea Ranch still carries much of the pioneer spirit of its inception, and the majestic variety of the site has not yet been taken over by the develop ment of the land. The Sea Ranch prom ises to remain for some time the preeminent planned community of our era. □




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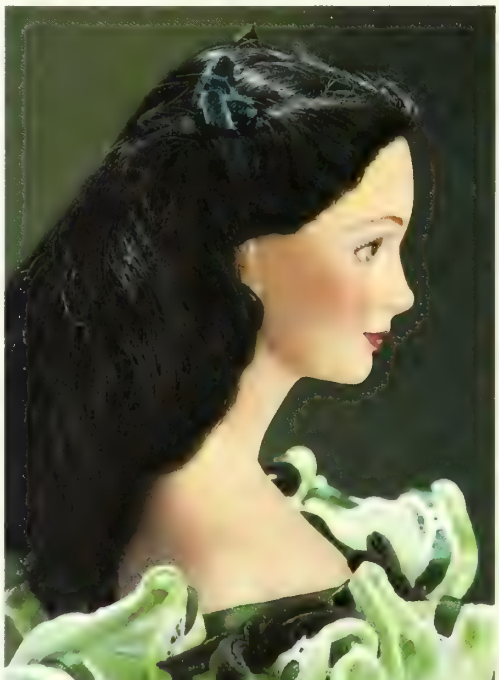
Her upper body is formed of fine bisque porcelain in one delicately sculptured piece. Her porcelain feet and legs are sculptured with the same meticulous care, and her unforgettable heart-shaped face is lovingly painted *by hand.*

Her dress is a romantic creation of green crepe de chine, its voluminous skirt and fitted bodice setting off to perfection Scarlett's southern beauty. The lavish flounce around her low-cut neckline provides a dramatic foil for her expressive face and the raven tresses curling gentl upon her cheeks.

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ART ON THE RANGE

If Western art has a holy place, The National Cowboy Hall of Fame is it

By Michael Ennis

In Oklahoma City it is sufficient simply to say "The Hall." A modern, cubist-angled structure draped with vines and surrounded by flower-lined creeklets and befountained ponds, the Hall sits atop Persimmon Hill, a modest promontory surveying the leisurely sprawl of one of America's most spread-out cities. The tour buses and camper vans begin filling the parking lot early in the morning, bringing them in at $4 a head for a look at the Remingtons and Russells, John Wayne's kachina-doll collection, or perhaps Albert Bierstadt's magnificent *Emigrants Crossing the Plains,* in which the wagon trains follow a mystic light west until they finally vanish into a golden, celestial mist. And eventually everyone makes their way back to the heroic-scale bronze of Buffalo Bill, triumphantly brandishing his carbine from his rearing horse just above the steep drop to historic old U.S. Highway 66, which is now being bulldozed into an Interstate. "He beckons all to the opening of the West," reads the inscription beneath the statue. "On to the promise of Gold, to open land, freedom, and opportunity!"



Disparate visions of the Old West, *clockwise from top:* Remington's *The Sign of the Buffalo Scout,* Russell's *The Whiskey Smugglers, Caught with the Goods,* and Bierstadt's *Emigrants Crossing the Plains.*

The National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center is perhaps the least-known of a heartland museum triad devoted to Western American art; unlike the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, one hundred miles east across the gently rolling plains, the Hall is not the largest and most comprehensive museum of it type, and unlike the Amon Carter Museum in For Worth, it is not the most so phisticated and progressive But if Western art has a hol place, then the Hall is it. Th faith celebrated here is a fun damental Western ethos, devout *Westernism.* Lik Modernism, this Westernis is a secular faith, the diffe ence being that orthodo Modernists believed in a uto pian future of universal hu man fulfillment, while Westernist believe in a utopian past where individ ual courage, hard work, and unfettere self-reliance are unfailingly rewarde And while today Modernism is i eclipse, Westernism is spectacularl ascendant, claiming as it does the alle giance of a weekend rancher wh spends his weekdays in the Oval O fice, as well as some degree of tacit be lief from millions of Americans wh have rallied to their President's litan of old-fashioned virtues and values.

But the true Westernists are yet much smaller and vastly more comm ted fellowship, and among them

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Kiri Te Kanawa gave her first public singing performance at the age of fifteen to a local ladies' committee in Auckland, New Zealand.

Impressed they may have been, but none of those ladies could have realized they were listening to a girl destined to become one of the finest opera sopranos in the world.

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Today, after hearing her perform the role of Donna Elvira from "Don Giovanni" in Paris, or the Countess from "Le Nozze di Figaro" at Covent Garden, many critics have been moved to describe her voice as priceless.

New York, London, Paris, Milan — wherever this truly international star performs, audiences respond with standing ovations. And a film of "Don Giovanni" starring Kiri as Donna Elvira is another huge success with opera lovers around the world.

"I owe a lot to my basic technique," she says. "My early training and the way in which my voice has developed means I can usually sing my way through colds and sore throats without any problems... in fact, anything short of laryngitis and tonsillitis combined! And, of course, consistency of performance is extremely important.

"That can make or break your reputation."

Given her opinions, it is very gratifying to note Kiri Te Kanawa's choice of wristwatch.

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would be hard to find a truer believer or more active proselyte than Dean Krakel, 63, who has run the Hall throughout its twenty-year history. Krakel looks the part, with a full thatch of dark hair and the rugged handsomeness of a cowboy actor. He was born in Ault, Colorado, and he grew up amid the traces of the Old West: "I'd find their wagon ruts, the dugouts of the settlers, arrowheads, and Indian graves." He has an M.A. in history and was a journeyman scholar until 1961, when he became the last director of the Gilcrease Museum during the lifetime of the legendary Thomas Gilcrease, the one-eighth Creek Indian who parlayed his family's government land grants into a Depression-era oil fortune. Gilcrease went on to build the world's definitive collection of "westering" American art, then arranged to have the city of Tulsa acquire it when his empire went belly-up in the mid fifties. But Gilcrease remained the guiding spirit at the Institute, and Krakel became his devoted protégé. The idyll didn't last long; Gilcrease died in 1962 and Krakel chafed at the increasing interference of "city hall" in the affairs of the museum. Two years after the death of his mentor, Krakel resigned Westernism's most prestigious post and headed west to take over what was then a six-year-old, still-unfinished shell of a building, the foundered dream of a group of cattlemen.

"This is a business," Krakel says proudly of what he has built from those beginnings. "We are a free-enterprise institution. We're not beholden to the city and we take no taxpayer funds. We have grown through hard work, not subsidies." And the Hall is indeed an enterprise so protean that it is often difficult to distinguish between myth and reality, not to mention art and commerce. It houses The National Rodeo Hall of Fame and The Hall of Fame of Great Western Performers, and it hosts the annual black-tie gala at which the "Wranglers" are awarded to the best written, celluloid, and electronic Westerns. There is *Persimmon Hill,* the Hall's slick quarterly, where Krakel editorializes against such Westernist anathemas as the Department of the Interior and the metric conversion law. There is the Hall's annual National Academy of Western Artists sale and exhibition, where consumer demand is so great that prospective buyers (including surprising numbers of Europeans) must first submit to a lottery for the rights to pay a *prix fixe* of perhaps $100,000 for a single, spanking-new work by a living Western artist. "We encourage the artists to paint the West as it is today," says Krakel, who almost single-handedly created the NAWA to represent his idea of what contemporary Western art is all about. "The landscape is still there and there's still the cattle business."

But the real West, the West of Rem



One of John Wayne's kachina dolls

ington and Russell, is not there any more, and Krakel, like any real Westernist, concedes that he is racing against a fleeter past. That is why works of art, the canvas and bronze Westerns created by the men who were there, are such sacred touchstones to the faithful, and why art eventually prevails over the show-biz at the Hall. Krakel built the collection from scratch, and even with no endowment to work with he went about it like a man clutching at time; he would sometimes sign his own name to substantial bank loans in order to snap up bargains the moment they came on the market, then find an after-the-fact donor. Given the resources, the haul is extraordinary: proto-Westernists Alfred Jacob


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PURE VIRGIN WOOL

"The snobs tagged Remington as an illustrator," complains Krakel, "but when something sells for a million dollars it isn't an illustration"

Miller, Bierstadt, and Thomas Moran; the high Westernism of Remington, Russell, and the talented but lesser-known Charles Schreyvogel, who was Remington's admirer, rival, and ultimate successor; Taos School painters Ernest L. Blumenschein, Walter Ufer, and the Russian expatriate Nicolai Fechin. Krakel acquired not only finished paintings and sculptures but sheafs of drawings, bundles of notebooks, entire studios. The artists' sweat-stained saddles, portable paint boxes, and well-handled carbines are prominently displayed alongside their art as the ultimate validation of a Westernist's work: he was there.

But none of them were there quite like Remington and Russell. "No one will ever equal them," says Krakel of the two artists who are the heart of the Hall's collection and at the soul of Westernism. "They had the provenance. They were out there with the cowboys and cavalrymen. They lived with them, they smelled them. They saw the arrow sticking out of the guy's back."

Yet for a duo whose names are almost as inseparable as Currier and Ives, Remington and Russell were two very different artists. "Charlie" Russell was the only important Western artist who was basically a Westerner; born in St. Louis, he ran away from home as a sixteen-year-old in 1880. He worked as a sheepherder, trapper, and wrangler, had no formal art training, and didn't begin to paint seriously until the late 1890s. His paintings, like the Hall's *Red Man's Wireless* or *When Mules Wear Diamonds,* are anecdotal and wryly compassionate; his subjects are characters—rubber-lipped old cowboys and Indians with faces like jac o'-lanterns—and they often see thoughtful, even slightly puzzled l events. Russell is Westernism's mo admired colorist, and his rose-flush dawns and purpling sunsets imply th out here man, however clumsy and f lible, nevertheless has nature's ul mate approval.

While Russell epitomizes the robu sentimentality that is at one emotion pole of Westernism, Remington repr sents the harsh, Darwinian realism th is at the other. Born in Canton, Ne York, educated at the Yale Art Scho and the Art Students League, Remin ton went West in 1881 as a correspo dent for *Harper's* and *Outing* mag zine. "The snob Eastern museu directors tagged him as an illustrator complains Krakel, "but when som thing sells for a million dollars it isn an illustration." The snobs, howeve are finally coming around; the Met staging a major Remington retrospe tive in 1987, which may touch off Westward stampede of mainstrea scholarship.

Remington literally put the West in new light. The previous generation Western landscapists like Bierstad and Moran—both of whom studied Europe—were Romantics who saw th West as a vast cathedral. In the Hall *Mountain of the Holy Cross,* painted b Moran in 1875, the sunlight is a swir ing vapor descending from a heaven vortex, nature's reverse version of th Transfiguration. Remington turne that sun into a cruel antagonist tha scythes his pictures, turning the fore ground into a blazing ochre aren where events proceed with unforgivin decisiveness and clarity. Remingto idolized his father, a Civil War cavalr officer, but his harrowing views frontier conflict are remarkably unb ased; red or white, everyone who su vives in his parched, merciless theate is imbued with a certain nobility.

If the archetypal Westernist was a Easterner—and to make things worse the first museum devoted to Wester art was The Remington Art Memoria dedicated in Ogdensburg, New York in 1923—there is a more subtle iron



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in the fact that both Remington an Russell painted most of their majo works in the twentieth century. Them selves almost too late for the era the immortalized, they left little hope fo their disciples. The latest NAWA ex hibit pales next to the Hall's master Russell's characters have become ste reotypes in the hands of his successor and Remington's grim authenticity ha been turned into an overworked, un convincing superrealism.

Perhaps, then, it is inevitable tha the Hall's single biggest attraction is a elegy for a lost frontier. *The End of th Trail* is an immense plaster original b sculptor James Earl Fraser—the cas ing made from it was the sensation o the 1915 Panama-Pacific exhibit in Sa Francisco—and Krakel has housed in its own glass-walled pavilion an surrounded it with Fraser's studi paraphernalia and working model The statue depicts the defeated India brave slumped over his pony; like a So viet World War II monument, it mar ages to be both turgid and moving, as only the huge physical gravity of th piece could properly suggest the trag dy it recalls. True Westernists revei the Indians—it was the governmer bureaucrats and their reservation they say, not the ranchers and cow boys, who destroyed native America culture—and *The End of the Trail* presented as a memorial to the glory o a past once shared and now lamente by men both red and white.

But it is in the nature of Westernist to search always for new frontiers. De spite an ongoing controversy about h handling of the Hall's finances, Krak likes to tell his visitors about plans for new, much larger Hall, to be built i partnership with Globe Life Insuranc Company of Boston. One proposal, b Boston's innovative Cambridge Seve architects, shows a 160,000-square foot Hall as the anchor of a huge shop ping and convention center bui around an artificial river canyon to b gouged into the earth west of Oklaho ma City. And as you consider Dea Krakel's grand plans for the Hall of th 21st century, you wonder if perhaps really will be the Westernists, not th Modernists, who will take us into th new millennium. "The past is dead, you can almost hear them chorus a they march on into their own vision o the future, "long live the past!" □

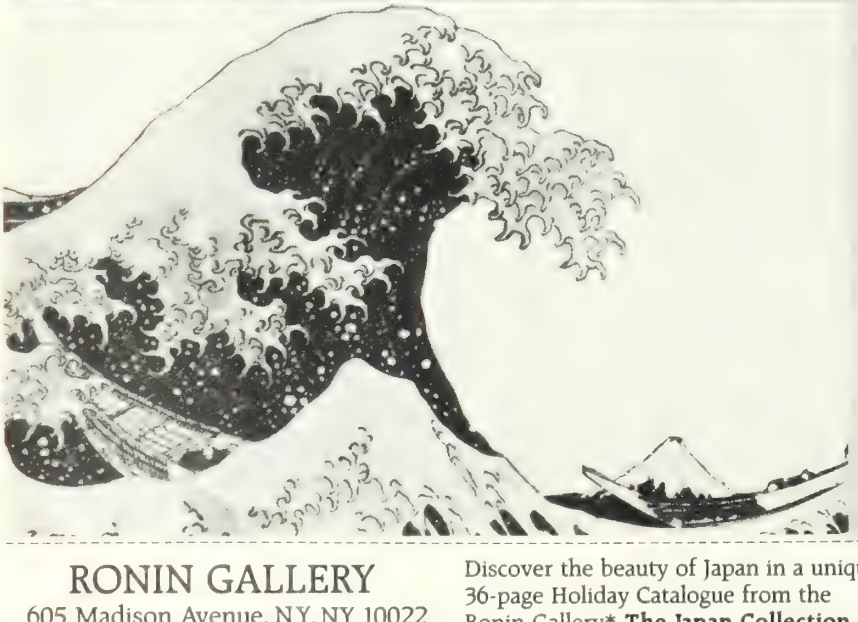
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DIETGAME

John Cage and Merce Cunningham's cooking is as unconventional as their music and choreography

By Moira Hodgson

The composer John Cage once gave a concert in which he operated a Waring blender onstage. Then he amplified his esophagus and drank the vegetable juice he had just made. The day I visited, he was making oolong tea at home in the loft he shares with Merce Cunningham, the dancer and choreographer. He began by putting the tea leaves into an iron teapot that contained *cold* water.

"This afternoon a young Chinese composer came to visit and she showed me how to make tea," he said. "When she put the leaves into cold water I took the pot out of her hands and said, no, that's not right. She was very docile and didn't try to stop me. Then suddenly I saw what I was doing and realized I wasn't learning." He gave it back to her and apologized. "She brought the tea to the boil and immediately turned it off. She even refused to use a strainer. I never liked this particular tea before but now I find it delicious."

Cunningham and I sat on high stools in front of the open kitchen and talked as Cage prepared dinner. On the back of the stove, soup was simmering gently in a Korean stoneware pot. "We add to it every day," said Cage, giving the soup the sort of proprietary loving glance a French provincial housewife reserves for her pot-au-feu.

"What's in it?" I asked.

"Everything," he replied with a grin.

I remembered that Cage, forever the thrifty cook, likes to make bread from leftovers he excavates from the recesses of his refrigerator—broccoli, carrots, and so on—which he then purees into a vegetable gruel and mixes with stone-ground whole wheat flour. "Like your bread?" I asked.

"Yes, except that these things aren't spoiled," he said facetiously. "Actually, I studied the *Tassajara Bread Book* and learned what they had to say about soup. Then I took it from there."

For the past ten years Cage and Cunningham have been on a macrobiotic diet. When they are invited out to dinner or to the opening-night parties of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, they bring their own food in a brown paper bag. They eat peanut-butter sandwiches (or ganic *unhomogenized* peanut butter on whole grain bread) while the rest of the guests tackle beef Wellington or chicken Florentine.

On tour, Cunningham and Cage take a rice steamer and an electric wok along with them and they cook in their hotel rooms. But theirs are hardly solemn little meals of tasteless brown rice and boiled seaweed—the sort of food people ate for a brief period in the sixties when they were window-shopping Oriental philosophy. Over the years they have left a trail of baffled hotel keepers in their wake, especially in countries like France where the smell of ginger and garlic wafted down the corridor from their rooms and the table d'hôte were ignored.

Cage, who studied Zen Buddhism with the philosopher D.T. Suzuki in the late forties (not to mention chess with Marcel Duchamp), is a great cook—as well as a botanist and mycologist. Merce Cunningham, who is also fascinated by plants (and draws them for pleasure), is extremely knowledgeable about wine. Tonight, he produced an Australian wine he had just discovered—Petaluma 1979 Coonawarra that tasted like a very good French Burgundy.

We ate dinner off large wooden plates. The soup, which was a delicate translucent pink broth, was served in white bowls and contained pieces of



John Cage and Merce Cunningham pose at home in a portrait by Robert Mapplethorpe.

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Whodunit?
The interior designer?
The decorator?
The architect?

That perennial mystery—the perfectly beautiful room that's also perfectly livable—has been both simplified and compounded during the last hundred years by the multiplicity and variety of choices and of help available.

When Frederick Schumacher came to New York from his native Paris in the 1880's to set up shop as a purveyor of the world's finest fabrics, decorating with a capital D was about to be born. (Many authorities give the actual birthdate as 1897 with the publication of *The Decoration of Houses* by novelist-to-be Edith Wharton and architect Ogden Codman, Jr.) Up until then, the putting together of Halls, Parlors, Suites *et al.*; the choosing of colors and woods and marbles; the ordering of rugs, textiles and wall coverings; even the placing of the bibelots of the hour—all this was, more often than not, considered an integral part of the architect's job. Any list of great interior designers would, of necessity, have been a list of historic architects: Vitruvius, Palladio, Mansart, Le Vau, Inigo Jones, Robert Adam, Thomas Jefferson, Horta, Mackintosh, to name but a few. From the very start of civilization's continuous search for the perfectly livable, perfectly beautiful room, architects had been the chief authors of significant interior styles.



But now there was a whole new breed of professionals to help in the search. The Decorators—joined in a few years by the Interior Designers—were bringing new skills, new attitudes, new ideas to the home-making scene. Here they were, taste and vision at the ready, anxious to turn more and more rooms into better and better looking places.

Were the architects out? Relegated to ivory towers, blue prints and strictly architectural matters? Well, as in many good mysteries, the plot didn't develop quite as you might expect. For lo! here it is, several generations into the Decorator-and-Interior Designer Era, and who's shoving furniture around? who's designing chairs and tables and tea sets that museums are gobbling up and that homemakers are dreaming about? who's decreeing purple and pink and peach? You're right. Architects.

Take the living room and gallery-hall shown here. The Manhattan architectural firm Phillips Janson Group, Inc. were called in to carve rooms and define spaces in a typically cavernous New York loft. They also turned their hands to the interior, coming up with a cozy elegance perfectly in tune with their own architectural solutions. The handsome Caucasian-type wool rug with its appealingly geometric motif and its rare tan-and-gold coloring, a limited edition imported by Schumacher from Rumania, suggests an architectural sensibility. Perhaps the only other clues to the fact that the room was "done" by architects are the restrained color palette, the sensitivity to in-room sightlines and such "architectural" touches as the framed blueprint above the 1929 classic chair by the illustrious architect Eliel Saarinen. The chair, shown in close-up at right, is upholstered in *Timberton,* a Schumacher flame-stitch jacquard. Other fabrics in the room cover the whole gamut of fibers from traditional silk, wool, and cotton to the twentieth century man-made wonders of 100% DuPont Dacron® polyester (elegant yet hardy *Chatfield* and *Samarra* cover the sofa and floor cushions).

The design criteria and the decorating



Schumacher's Illustrated Notes on 20th Century Taste. One of a series.







axioms as used in this room are, of course, part of the present-day vocabulary employed by designers and decorators—as well as by architects. In short, you can't really tell who "did" a room by just looking. Or even by just listening. Would you have guessed this was ultra-chic decorator Billy Baldwin speaking out? "We're talking about a place people live in, surrounded by things they like and that make them comfortable. It's as simple as that." Or that this sort of summing up would have come from the august Frank Lloyd Wright? "We all know the feeling we have when we are well-dressed: we like the consciousness that results from it; it affects our conduct... you should have the same feeling regarding the home you live in."

With all the multiplicity of decorating solutions available in the world today, the absolute singularity of the collections and showrooms of F. Schumacher is of daily importance to architects, designers and all searchers for the beautiful, livable room. The range of the Schumacher selections is encyclopedic. From Schumacher's own custom-order mill, as well as from all the celebrated looms of the world, comes an amazing repertoire of design solutions—stripes, florals, solids, you name it—for every interior from the most classic to the most contemporary.

Which is why, finding the right print, discovering the ideal wallcovering, unfurling the special rug or carpet—all approach certainty here. No matter what the decorating question—for architects, decorators, interior designers—the answer, for almost a hundred years has been, "Surely, Schumacher."

cabbage and kidney beans; at Cage's suggestion we added pieces of bright green steamed broccoli. There was a large bowl of shining tabbouleh, the Middle Eastern dish of bulgur wheat that had been flavored with chunks of avocado and fresh dill instead of the usual mint.

The main course was a chicken breast cooked on a plate inside a bamboo steamer. (For years Cunningham and Cage have bought their chickens at George and Tilly's little store on Sixth Street near Cooper Union, where on Fridays and Saturdays you can find organically grown chickens, eggs, and vegetables.) Their diet does not allow vegetables of the *Solanaceae* family (tomatoes, eggplant, and potatoes—all related to deadly nightshade). Sweet potatoes are an exception and ours were baked until their juices had caramelized. We also had acorn squash, quartered and topped with hummus bi tahina instead of butter, and brown rice that had been simmered with strands of an aromatic seaweed called *hijiki*. For dessert, there were fresh dates from the Integral Yoga Institute. After dinner Japanese teacups were brought out, not for tea, but for a "wee dram" of Cardhu, a twelve-year-old single-malt whisky from Scotland.

Ten years ago Cage and Cunningham were eating steaks, butter, and pies like any other dancer or musician on the road. But Cage had developed very bad arthritis and could barely move his right hand. He also had an abscessed tooth and a pain behind his right eye. Even after the tooth had been drained, the pain returned. "I went to my doctor and he said, at your age anything can happen. There's nothing we can do."

Yoko Ono sent him to a Japanese nutritionist and *shiatsu* masseuse, Shikuko Yamamoto, who suggested he go on a macrobiotic diet. Within a week, there was a dramatic improvement. "My pain had gone," said Cage, "and my wrists had lost their swelling."

"Yoko sent him some cookbooks," said Merce. "And then this food began to appear on the table." Two years a they went on an even stricter diet, gi ing up chicken and fish.

Cunningham and Cage have an e traordinarily youthful appearance ar manner. That night they were both, it happened, in dark blue, Cage in work shirt and jeans, and Cunningha in a sweatshirt with matching pant Cage's light voice is so distinctive th Alan Hovhaness once said he wante to compose for it. They each have tw separate faces, one serious and atte tive and the other comic and impish.

The tranquil atmosphere of the lo they share in Manhattan is caused i part by a large indoor Oriental garde consisting of remarkable stones—fo sils, turquoise, opals, red and gree jade—and over a hundred trees (eve an olive tree) and plants. When the are away the person who waters th plants does so from a map. The wal are hung with prints and paintings b friends (many of whom have also de signed for the Merce Cunningha Dance Company): Jasper Johns, Dov Bradshaw, Mark Tobey, Rober Rauschenberg, and Cage himself.

Cage had recently received a larg basket of mushrooms from Jaspe Johns who had picked them himsel upstate. Cage is a founder of the Ne York Mycological Society and hi knowledge is so extensive that he onc won six thousand dollars on an Italia quiz show by answering questions o mushrooms correctly. He taught John everything he knows about mush rooms. "The first way that occurs t you is to learn with books. But yo can't learn from books," said Cage.

When he moved to Stony Point i 1954 with friends, David Tudor, Davi and Karen Weinrib, Mary Caroli Richards, and Paul and Vera Williams he began studying mushrooms in ear nest. "We were all waiting to hav houses built and I took to walking i the woods just to get away from th other people because I was used to be ing alone. It was August and the mush rooms were such beautiful colors that decided to learn them. I got som books but I was confused by them an realized it was a dangerous pursuit. S I found Guy Nearing, a brilliant bota nist who would name them for me. H advised me to recite their names ove and over. He told me you learn them the way you recognize a person, by





Dallas Gerald Hargett Los Angeles J. Robert Scott San Francisco Shears & Window Atlanta/Miami Hugh Cochran

their face. Even if they change their clothes, we actually recognize people by their face."

Cage had just finished writing a lecture called "Mushrooms et Variationes" on a theme of twelve mushrooms. "I've written five poems which make sense, but by chance operations the first line comes from one of the five, the second from another, and so on, so that it's a mishmash. The person listening gets notions of ideas that he makes up more or less himself."

Cage was born in Los Angeles in 1912 and studied with composers Adolph Weiss and Henry Cowell and Arnold Schoenberg. He met Merce Cunningham in Seattle, Washington, in the late thirties. Cunningham, who was born in Centralia, Washington, was a soloist with Martha Graham and in 1944 presented his first program of solos in New York City. The collaboration in 1944 was described by Edwin Denby as "of the greatest aesthetic elegance. [Cunningham's] build resembles that of the juvenile saltimbanques of the early Picasso canvases. . . Mr. Cage accompanied the six dances on prepared piano and his compositions for them were perfect as dance accompaniment. . . His music, like Cunningham's dancing, has an effect of extreme elegance in isolation."

From about 1952 on Cage's music was no longer fitted to the dance—but composed separately. Both men believed that dance and music should be free of one another. Much has been made of the role of chance in Cunningham's dances and Cage's music. Cage first began to develop methods for composing by chance in the 1950s, using the I Ching. Now he has an IBM computer which is programmed to simulate the three coins used for the I Ching. (Cunningham is having it graphically programmed so that he can choreograph on it using chance.)

The latest Cunningham-Cage work is a "roaratorio" performed at the Avignon Festival this summer for which Cage "translated" *Finnegan's Wak* into music. "I read through the boo and found sounds. Then I put th noises just where they belong. Wherev er there was a place mentioned w went to that place and recorded th sounds. It's very complex musically— and there's lots of Irish folk music. Th result was this piece called 'roaratoric and Merce has made a dance to it."

The rest of the year includes an enor mous amount of touring in Europe an the United States. But these days the find it much easier to find their kind o food. "There are health-food stores i surprisingly out-of-the-way places," said Cunningham. "The most unlikel little town in the south of France, fo example, will often have a first-rat health-food restaurant."

Though their diet has changed, thei attitude to food doesn't sound very dif ferent from the time when Cunning ham got a Guggenheim and someon asked him what he was going to d with all that money. His reply: eat. □



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A view of the morning room including part of a set of six Piedmontese cream and gilt chairs, late 18th century, and a George II style giltwood mirror.

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THE FINE ART OF SIMPLICITY

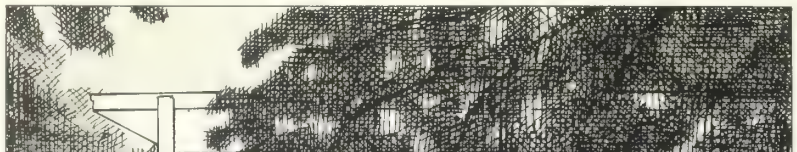
What the hapless lovers of excess can learn from the practitioners of restraint

By Mark Hampton

Can it really be true that only the smart and the virtuous have the ability to grasp the true meaning of simplicity? That is the kind of message one usually gets from the people who preach to us hapless lovers of excess.

My first painful lesson in this occurred when I was nine years old and was given by a childhood mentor an engraving of Chartres cathedral. My first reaction was, of course, that it was a great pity that anyone would undertake such an enormous project and yet not bother to get the spires to turn out the same. My friend, a serious Quaker lady, told me that indeed it was not a great pity at all, and that in fact one of the spires was a supreme masterpiece of Gothic architecture. Clearly, said I, the good one was the taller, fancier one. With infinite patience, the donor of the engraving explained that the later (sixteenth-century) spire was incoherent and gratuitously elaborate. It was the earlier (thirteenth-century) more restrained spire that possessed the majestic qualities of discipline and order, and was therefore the greater work of art. Where had I failed? What was this grown-up conspiracy that managed time after time to take the amusement out of everything? And *what* was all this about *discipline*? I thought the appreciation of beauty was supposed to be fun, not work.

But I was wrong after all, and it didn't take that long to understand it. Three years later, in 1951, the *Architectural Forum* published what was billed as "the first house built by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe since he came to America in 1938." It was the Farnsworth House outside Chicago, and the photographs hypnotized me. There, sitting in a meadow under the branches of a gigantic oak tree was a house of such mysterious simplicity that you could only guess at the reality of it. The idea of eating and sleeping in this floating temple seemed incredible. Forget about cooking and washing up; acts of such a banal nature were out of the question. What interested me then and continues to interest me now is that as you looked at this glass pavilion with its porch and its terrace and its two short flights of steps, you had a great desire to find out more about it. Here was a building that apparently presented itself to you in its entirety and yet one wanted to know more.



Mies van der Rohe's hauntingly pure Farnsworth House in Illinois.

Mies worked for five years on the design and construction of the Farnsworth House. During that same span of time, Philip Johnson had built his exquisite glass house in Connecticut. I am sure many people wondered there was going to be a move to gla houses, and hoped, as I did, that the would gradually appear everywher But over the years strange stories circ lated about the Farnsworth Hous The owner had n been happy with it, a lowing it to fall int disrepair. The porc had been screened i (Mies actually antic pated doing that) b it had been done badl and the screening wa falling apart and vine had become entan gled around it. Thi was beginning t sound more like a st ry about an antebe lum house in Natche than a Bauhaus icon i Illinois. How odd that the ultimate ex pression of Bauhaus refinement an machine-age precision seemed to b taking on aspects of an Arcadian ruin

About 25 years after first seeing pho tographs of the Farnsworth House, went to see the building itself. It ha been bought and restored by a ma who had been involved with Mies on project or two and who had a profoun admiration for his work. The drive ou of Chicago consisted of the usual Inter state highways slicing through the sub urbs and gradually leading into th Illinois farmland. No sign of Arcadi yet. When we finally reached the plac that we were looking for, we foun ourselves on a small country road in th middle of nowhere. A very unprepos sessing path led downward into th trees, which were on a level considera bly below that of the road. It didn' take long to reach the grassy clearing where the house sits.


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Unlike so many monuments that fi the imagination with longing and an ticipation but which suffer, when final ly seen, from encroaching enem encampments, the Farnsworth Hous is still all alone under its gigantic oa tree (said to be the oldest in the county in total silence and perfect beauty. Th steel I-beams, which Mies had hand filed and sanded and painted to a lac quer finish, were as immaculate as the

Simplicity is not a puritanical instrument of deprivation

could ever have been. The travertine flooring appeared to be alternately warm in the sun and cool in the shad ows cast by the oak branches. The three elements of glass, white-painted steel, and creamy stone seemed to be the maximum number of ingredients that you could possibly imagine in the construction of a house. No further enrichment was conceivable. However and this, I think, is a major point in the atmosphere of this remarkable house, these three materials had been used with the same sense of preciousness that you feel when you look at a building made of carved marble and cast bronze. The attitude of the architect had been one of great love for his materials, and the workmanship had been of an extremely high level.

Twenty years earlier, Mies had created a structure equally small and equally brilliant in its simplicity and refinement, the Barcelona Pavilion, and he had also designed its furniture. It was the moment of creation for the most beautiful furniture of our century, a tough century for furniture design so far with a list of immortal pieces that, as I total it up, is rather short. Nevertheless, Mies's Barcelona chair and its companion stool and chaise longue and table are certainly immortal. The glass house of Philip Johnson depends on them. So do lots of other twentieth-century rooms.

When I consider Mies as a practitioner of architecture and decoration, I see high art. One of his major contribu-


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tions to my visual training is his abili to prove time and again that simplici and restraint are not puritanical instru ments of deprivation and denial, bu instead a means of refinement. There a cleansing quality, a purification, great beauty to be enjoyed regardles of one's personal preferences in ma ters of taste.

To say you would not be happy liv ing in the Farnsworth House is n more relevant than saying you woul not be happy living in the Palace a Versailles. (For that matter, I have a ways wanted to take a stab at both rath er unlikely habitations.) The ultimat criterion for beauty is not how well would apply to our individual and alas, rather narrow lives. In the lon run, our perceptions of beauty are in tensely private, but that is why we mus constantly try to reeducate ourselves.

Although today's Post Modernist seem to be searching for reasons to sa that Bauhaus architecture is not beau tiful, the fact remains that those work of Bauhaus architecture that were beautiful when they were created ar still beautiful. My feeling is that archi tecture that seems to be ugly today al ways was.

What I get out of a Mies masterpiece is similar to what I get out of contem plating a Greek temple. One sees the pure form, the basic bone structure o a beautiful composition, except that in a ruin it is time that has erased the poly chromy, the applied carvings, and the surface decoration.

The purification takes place in twen tieth-century painting as well as archi tecture. Consider a still-life painter like Morandi who can capture your atten tion in a row of bottles, or Cézanne be fore him, who took the still-life tradition of the seventeenth century but reduced the number of elements and moved that tradition far forward.

Every student of proportion who is involved in arranging masses and ob jects can only profit by trying to ana lyze works of art and architecture where great beauty and composition have been achieved with the smallest number of elements. When Mies said, "Less is more," the world jotted down a perfectly marvelous aphorism, but the legacy of Mies does not lie in his one-liners. It lies in the truth of the beauty of his creations—impervious, happily, to the vagaries of fashion. □

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THE PLACE OF GARDEN FURNITURE

By the Duchess of Devonshire



With Chatsworth, her stately home, as a backdrop, the Duchess of Devonshire poses on the "Carlton" seat, a design produced by the Chatsworth Carpenters.

Everyone knows that the English are a race of gardeners. The old and famous gardens are revered and much visited, and their owners dedicate a great deal of time and energy to looking after them. The medium-sized gardens of the smaller manor houses and old rectories found in every village are one of the glories of the English countryside. Garden centers and horticultural societies flourish and local annual shows generate as much rivalry as the celebrated Chelsea Flower Show.

Even in the smallest English garden there is always a seat of some sort. But seats are not the only man-made additions which improve a garden—window boxes, pots, tubs, urns, vases, troughs—anything which will contain plants can give a change of height as well as color and bring house and garden together. At Chatsworth, where the scale is huge, there is a row of stone window boxes along the south front. The boxes are filled with four hundred wallflowers in spring, followed by geraniums in summer, which add color to the 280 feet of stone and glass. I have always felt that a garden without furniture or architecture is no good.

For a treat a friend took me to see a renowned place in Sussex. You arrive at a false-looking (but real) Elizabethan house overlooking a famous wooded valley. The paths are made of dark blue asphalt and the shrub borders near the house are kidney-shaped with concrete curbs. The native oaks and beeches are thickly underplanted with rhododendrons and azaleas of unnaturally brilliant oranges and mauves, seen from above or below, according to whether you can force yourself to go farther down the asphalt alongside a stream planted with leathery leaves and all the bog plants beloved by a certain kind of English gardener. A clearing is planted with heather, so noble on its native hills of Scotland and Yorkshire, so dismal when imported into a Sussex garden. There is no shape, no form, no architecture to enhance the view, but at every twist and turn another imported shrub covered in foreign flowers which happen to thrive in this peaty valley. How sad that this, and others rather like it in the neighborhood, are often thought of as the ideal English garden, admired and copied in Europe and described as English.

This garden reminds me of my sister Jessica when she was an unwilling participant in a walking holiday in the high Sierra Nevadas: she who can hardly bear to leave the house unless it is to get into another as soon as possible. Forced to observe the magnificent scenery while miserably stumbling along a rocky path she chanted "Nature, Nature How I Hate Yer." That's what I feel about that jungle glut of rhododendrons with no temple, no stone summerhouse, no balustraded walls, not so much as a tub to give one back a sense of order. I am not against rhododendrons as such; they can be pleasing when under strict control. Stourhead, in Wiltshire, for example, one of the most visited gardens in the country, could suffer from an overdose of rhododendrons and azaleas, but is saved magnificently by a temple of the

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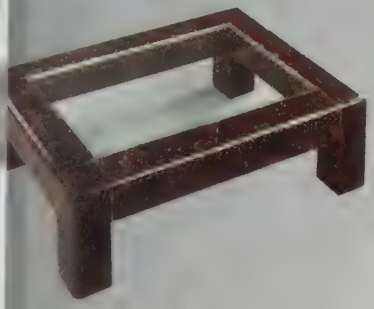
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At Chatsworth the garden is so big that we have chickens at large in it. Ours are buff Cochins, which have feathered legs and look like fat, old people in trousers

right proportions in the right place, graceful bridges, statues, and a grotto.

Our ancestors never hesitated to embellish their gardens with more than plants and trees. In Tudor times they built arbors, follies, and bowling-green houses as well as important walls for shelter and ripening fruit. Later there was a fashion for tents and bandstands roofed in copper; menageries, pheasantries, trellises, grottoes, hermitages (sometimes with a real-live hermit living there); and false ruins as "eye-catchers" on prominences to excite the imagination. In the first half of the eighteenth century Lord Burlington and William Kent created the ultimate furnished garden at Chiswick House, Lord Burlington's perfect little Palladian palace near London. They built temples and bridges, arranged statues, urns, and pillars and decorated an amphitheater with tubs containing orange trees. Kent's outdoor seats [illegible] Houghton Hall in Norfolk are of t[illegible] same noble proportions as his wo[illegible] drous indoor furniture there, and o[illegible] one degree less decorated.



Bob Getty, Clerk of Works, with the furniture made in the estate workshops.

In the nineteenth century there w[illegible] a fashion for cast-iron furniture, ma[illegible] for conservatories and out of doo[illegible] This is much reproduced now a[illegible] fern-patterned ones are particula[illegible] successful. Early in the twentieth ce[illegible] tury the fashion for wooden seats [illegible] eighteenth-century design revive[illegible] with the work of the architect Sir E[illegible] win Lutyens and the garden design[illegible] Gertrude Jekyll. One John P. White [illegible] Bedford produced a delectable cat[illegible] logue in 1912 and Walter H. Godfrey[illegible] book *Gardens in the Making* (1914) h[illegible] some lovely designs. The Arts ar[illegible] Crafts Movement that followed pr[illegible] duced the tall, narrow chairs designe[illegible] by Mackintosh, which I think look ve[illegible] good in some gardens.

Since the last war it has been virtua[illegible] ly impossible to find new garden furn[illegible] ture of lasting quality in England. On[illegible] the most anonymous park benche[illegible] were available and people who wante[illegible] something better than plastic, or flims[illegible] wooden stuff of uncertain ancestr[illegible] had to search for antiques. This cam[illegible] home to me a few years ago when ou[illegible] friend David Mlinaric, the interior de[illegible] signer, stayed at Chatsworth for [illegible] weekend. At that time I was workin[illegible] on The Devonshire Arms Hotel at Bo[illegible] ton Abbey which belongs to my hus[illegible] band's Yorkshire estate. The ol[illegible] rooms of the hotel were being rede[illegible] signed and 28 new bedrooms were be[illegible] ing built. My brief was to furnish an[illegible] decorate the hotel in "country house[illegible] style. By the time the building was fin[illegible] ished my budget had become extreme[illegible] ly slim, but I badly wanted four-poste[illegible] beds for the two biggest bedrooms i[illegible] the old part of the house.

London prices were out of the ques[illegible] tion so I asked Bob Getty, Clerk o[illegible] Works at Chatsworth, if he thought hi[illegible] men could make them. He agree[illegible] straight away that they could be mad[illegible] in the estate workshops and in a ver[illegible]



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short time I had just what I wanted. I took David Mlinaric to the building yard to see them when they were finished. He told Bob that garden furniture of quality for his clients was not to be found anywhere and asked if it would be possible for Bob's men to try making some. Out of that chance meeting and conversation Chatsworth Carpenters was born. David Mlinaric joined Bob Getty, my son, and myself, and we work as a board deciding what to make.

We started by copying some simple and sturdy examples. We did not have to look far for ideas as there are several designs of tubs in the garden at Chatsworth planted with bay trees, daturas, fuchsias, and such like, as well as chairs and seats which pass the test of looking right in that classic background and surviving the wet English summers.

The big tubs at Chatsworth are unique as far as I know. Instead of round balls or pointed finials as the finishing touches at the corners, they are decorated with wood carved like big cotton reels, solid and tough. These tubs are scaled down to suit smaller gardens and make a change from the usual "Versailles" variety.

Bob Getty has made several new patterns and one I specially like is the "Cotswold" based on a design of the Arts and Crafts Movement from that delectable part of England. It has a "wagon" back like the rack on an old agricultural cart, it is comfortable to sit on and looks well either painted or in natural wood. David sent us a seat—the "Suffolk"—he bought at an auction near his home, which has proved to be one of the most popular models. We have also chosen designs from the aforementioned books and from other gardens. At Powis Castle, for instance, there is a high-backed seat of originality and charm which we have copied by courtesy of The National Trust.

I first saw the "Carlton" seat in the garden of Farfield Hall, a house designed and built in the eighteenth century by Lord Burlington, a few mile from Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire. W have since discovered it comes fro J.P. White's catalogue. It is a truly nc ble thing to look at: the pattern an proportions seem to me perfection. If could have only one seat the "Carlton would be my choice for a big garde for a small garden I would take th "Cotswold" or the "Suffolk." Whe David Mlinaric returned from Wash ington, where he had been working o the drawing room at the British Em bassy, he brought photographs of th porch seat at Mount Vernon and slav benches from eighteenth-centur plantation houses, which we then add ed to the collection.

At Chatsworth the garden is so bi (105 acres) that we have chickens a large in it. I think live creatures help large garden by giving some move ment, besides which I have alway been passionately fond of poultry Ours are buff Cochins, which hav feathered legs and look like fat, ol people in trousers. I notice the visitor are very surprised to see them and the must be the most photographed poul try in England. The front of their hous is made out of an ornate overmante thrown out of a cottage in the village: stately home for stately hens. I can nev er understand why people have giver up keeping hens—though my son an daughter-in-law got into trouble wit their neighbors in the London suburb where they live because of crowing cocks. I am afraid a special line in poul try houses would not be businesslike a my sister Pam and I would be the only customers. Judging by the space giver by supermarkets to everything needed by dogs, from food and medicines t leads and false bones, we ought t make beautiful kennels instead.

The next experiment will be a repli ca of the settle in the bar at the Swan Inn at Swinbrook (Oxfordshire), the village where my sisters and I lived as children, made famous by Nancy's books. David Mlinaric and Bob Getty are collaborating over new designs for seats, chairs, tables, as well as tubs, fencing, and gates, so the range is now quite big. The carpenters are happy to make anything "special" for indoors. But most go to gardens where, I am glad to say, they seem to please their owners. □

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DAVID GOCKLEY

Houston Grand Opera's wunderkind general director faces the challenges of maturity

By Caroline Seebohm

The American premiere of Philip Glass's avant-garde opera *Akhnaten* opened the Houston Grand Opera's 1984–85 season. Attending the first performances last October were Beverly Sills (of the New York City Opera), Count Frederic Chandon de Briailles (of Moët et Chandon), Lord Harewood (of the English National Opera), David Byrne (of Talking Heads), and most of the royals of Houston society.

What happy reading that paragraph would make for the director of any opera house—a premiere, something modern-sounding, attracting an international audience of movers and shakers. It is the ideal mixture for a company that wishes to be taken seriously both artistically and financially, and that is precisely what David Gockley, general director of the Houston Grand Opera, has achieved in the thirteen years since his surprising appointment.



Gockley at Wortham Center construction site: a new, smaller home for HGO

He was young then, and is only 42 now, this man who has consistently grabbed the international spotlight with his opera presentations, proving once and for all that Boomtown, U.S.A., can generate a cultural force to be reckoned with. Youth was probably in his favor in a place like Houston, where there are still no wrinkles on the buildings, and where, when the freeways were first built, people thought it would be fun to roller-skate backwards down them—and did. The Houston Grand Opera had been languishing under the occasionally brilliant but financially disastrous leadership of Walter Herbert, who in 1965 took over San Diego's opera company on top of HGO, a clearly untenable situation. David Gockley arrived in 1970 as business manager. Little did he or anyone else then think that two years later he would be running the whole show.

Gockley's credentials were compelling enough. He was raised in typical middle-class fashion in suburban Philadelphia; opera was beyond his family's means and music meant rock'n' roll and Broadway. But at Brown University, he became seriously interested in music and studied composition and conducting there, while also studying voice at The New England Conservatory of Music, graduating in 1965. During 1965–67 he sang at the Sante Fe Opera assuming position of box office and house manager under John Crosby in 1968, while also teaching drama and English at The Buckley School in New York. During this time the epiphany came to him of opera's awesome power.

"*The Barber of Seville, Madam Butterfly, Faust*—in seeing these works brilliantly staged at Sante Fe and in New York, the theatrical possibilities of opera struck me forcibly."

Meanwhile he was suffering diminishing returns with his singing. Gockley was advised to get away, to clear his head and see if singing was really what he wanted to do. "I thought the break would be temporary and took some courses in accounting at NYU to broaden my practical knowledge." This was followed by an MBA at Columbia. Singing receded as a possibility but by now Gockley was committed to some kind of career in the arts.

In 1970, Gockley became assistant to John Mazzola, managing director of Lincoln Center, from which vantage point he helped form the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. The crossover from performance to administration was now complete, and when the Houston Grand Opera approached him to help sort out their financial difficulties, he had no hesitation in, as he put it, "trotting off across the turnpikes into Texas." Busi-


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ness manager in 1970, associate director in 1971, general director in 1972: the rise was rapid, the effects immediate. Young, serious, ambitious, with a talent for promotion, David Gockley was just the man his new city was looking for.

Fourteen years ago, Houston was just beginning its staggering transformation from Bible to Sun Belt. Suddenly, people from all over the country were streaming to this new El Dorado. There seemed nothing the city couldn't do, even when it came to gatecrashing that most exclusive of American clubs—the cultural establishment.

David Gockley's first year at Houston saw the following productions: Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah,* Donizetti's *Elixir of Love* (set in West Texas in 1900), Dominick Argento's *Postcard from Morocco* (all seen during the Spring Opera Festival at Miller Outdoor Theatre in Hermann Park), *Daughter of the Regiment* (with Beverly Sills and sets by Beni Montresor), and Carlisle Floyd's *Of Mice and Men.* His 1973–74 season was no easier: it included Vaughan Williams's *Hugh the Drover,* Puccini's rarity *La Rondine,* Verdi's *Macbeth, The Marriage of Figaro* with a young, practically unknown American cast, *La Traviata* with Sills, yes, but directed and conducted by the controversial Bostonian Sarah Caldwell, and Pasatieri's *The Seagull.* In 1975, HGO showed the world Scott Joplin's long-neglected *Treemonisha;* in 1976, *Porgy and Bess* was presented as the full-length opera it was intended to be.

Music critics around the country were agog at this fresh and courageous voice from the home of the Astrodome. *Time* gushed that Gockley, then 33, was "one of the wonders of American opera." Artists' managers were thrilled at the possibility of a new showcase for their young singers. Composers and directors marveled at this iconoclastic commander of an art form famous for its devotion to hidebound tradition.

"When I came here," says the youthful-looking Gockley in his office in downtown Houston, "I came with two feelings. One, that opera was most interesting when it worked as total th ater. Two, that opera had to have much broader appeal. By 'total th ater,' I mean that all of the resourc available are brought to bear on a parti ular work—scenery, stagecraft, singe who look as well as act the part."

This notion of total theater is not, course, original. It was first expresse by Richard Wagner in his concept the *Gesamtkunstwerk* and most r cently rendered in the avant-garc works of Robert Wilson and Phil Glass (*Akhnaten* was surely destined be seen in Gockley's theater). B Gockley's particular aim was to g away from "instant opera," the bane modern companies. "You rent painte drops, bring in stars for three or fo days' rehearsal, whose musical exper ence will carry the day, work with traffic cop to get some organization c stage, collect the checks and say goo bye. It had a stench about it I wanted avoid. The blind allegiance to music values, to the exclusion of other thea rical elements, contributes to opera a relic. The overreverent regard for th

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ıy things used to be done robs us of ɔking at the opera repertory in terms today's stage possibilities—what has en learned by us in terms of history d psychology. I am for making inter- ing productions that are going to at- ct controversy. The ulterior motive, course, is that I want lots of people come to the opera house."

Make no mistake. This was a new ice all right. But what made it truly lendid is that Houston was prepared listen. In fact, Houston was delight- to agree. Dulcamara's elixir could rdly have effected a more serendipi- ıs marriage. In the thirteen years ıce Gockley's appointment as gener- director, the budget of the Houston and Opera swelled from $420,000 over $10 million. The number of rformances grew from 30 to over 0, and today, in any listing of the untry's best opera companies, ɔuston is in the top five.

It was not simply that there was ɔney to burn, though that helped. Cultural institutions are a reinforce- ent that people are living in a quality community," observes Gockley with characteristic shrewdness. "We in Houston look for things to be proud of. We're proud of the space program, of our medical complex. We grieve for our sports teams." And, he might add, they support their opera company.

So David Gockley brought total theater to Houston. He was a pioneer of doing opera in English, always problematic and now perhaps solved by the use of Surtitles, which the New York City Opera has found mostly successful and which Houston is enthusiastically embracing. He founded the Texas Opera Theater, a touring subsidiary, which some people regard as his greatest single contribution. TOT has its own repertory and singers, giving apprenticeship opportunities to artists and stagecraft students, while bringing opera to the far reaches of the U.S. He started the Houston Opera Studio, in conjunction with the University of Houston, dedicated to the development of young American singers. And he has brought HGO to television by presenting unknown or unperformed works that deserve larger audiences. (Carlisle Floyd's *Willie Stark,* for instance, premiered over PBS in 1981, and *Treemonisha* is being prepared for national airing.)

It was a heady decade for the Philadelphian, now married to a native Houstonian and opera singer, Adair Lewis, with two small children, and for the city that supported him. Houston was an endless party, it had "all the iridescence of the beginning of the world," as Scott Fitzgerald described New York City fifty years earlier. But like Fitzgerald's New York, Houston's party ended, slowly at first, then more rapidly as the oil bonanza collapsed. As Gregory Curtis, editor of *Texas Monthly,* explained it: "In the days of the boom, as has often been pointed out, the sign that defined Houston was 'Business Cards in One Hour.' You saw it everywhere. . .In Houston today a different sign neatly encapsulates the present state of the city. . . [It] reads, 'Immediate Occupancy.'"

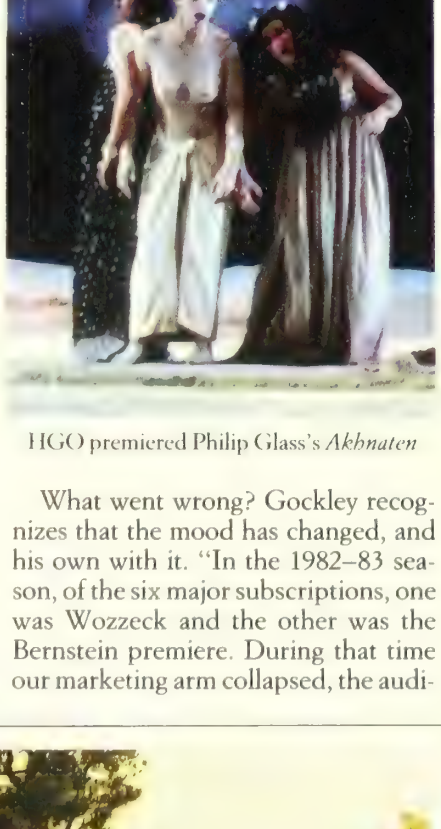
Perhaps the analogy is too schematic, but since David Gockley's triumphs

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were so closely allied with Houston's, it is hard not to make some connection between their fortunes. For the lights in Gockley's name also seemed to dim by the start of the eighties. The controversial, innovative works were less prominent on the season's roster than the big names and familiar titles he had scoffed at earlier. In 1980–81 the operas were *Il Trovatore, The Magic Flute, Carmen, Adriana Lecouvreur, A Masked Ball,* with only *Willie Stark* and *Treemonisha* as unusual repertory. Last year's season, apart from *Akhnaten,* showed no novelties—*The Flying Dutchman, Madam Butterfly, The Magic Flute, Eugen Onegin, La Traviata.* And the 1982–83 season saw the disastrous premiere of Leonard Bernstein's *A Quiet Place,* which some observers feel a good impresario would not have presented in its currently unworkable form. Critics began to suggest that Gockley was merely a man of gimmicks. "What does he know about music theatre?" Peter Davis of *New York* magazine murmured.



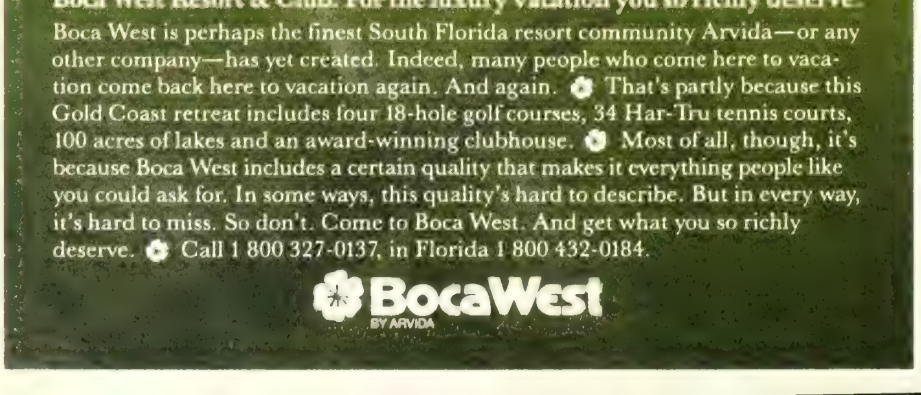
HGO premiered Philip Glass's *Akhnaten*

What went wrong? Gockley recognizes that the mood has changed, and his own with it. "In the 1982–83 season, of the six major subscriptions, one was Wozzeck and the other was the Bernstein premiere. During that time our marketing arm collapsed, the audience clearly had got fed up with ... preoccupation with modernism, ... the result was a marked fall-off in su... scriptions." Gockley had to do som... thing about it, and as all ope... managers know, the Band-Aid so... tion is to wheel in the chestnuts... *Tosca, Traviata, Carmen,* etc. A surv... of HGO subscribers for this peri... found that they were overwhelming... in favor of the traditional reperto... Not good news for David Gockley.

Then there was the subtle psych... logical letdown that often occurs aft... a highly charged phase in one's caree... "It is harder now to keep the ener... level up," Gockley admits. "The job... bigger, more people, more opinion... more bureaucracy. It is more comp... cated today to get something into b... ing." No more business cards in o... hour. Gockley estimates that forty pe... cent of his time is spent in fund-raisin... Houston is now a city with limits.

A close inspection of the new seas... indicates that all is not lost, howeve... The repertory is mostly familiar, wi... the requisite names (Sutherland, D... mingo, Freni), but three operas are ... the controversial hands of Jean-Pier... Ponnelle, one of the guaranteed wi... men of the operatic stage. "To be car... taker of existing repertory is not what ... care about," Gockley continues to i... sist. Nor has the cultural world deser... ed him. This year the HGO received a... award from the National Institute fo... Music Theater for defining a new ro... in American opera, with Gockley re... ognized as inspiration.

But the most impressive proof tha... he is, like Houston, fighting anew fo... authenticity is his commitment to th... new theater complex now being bui... almost opposite the existing oper... house, Jones Hall, and scheduled t... open the fall 1987 season. Costing $7... million, a mere bagatelle in the ol... Houston glory days, the Worthan... Theatre Center will house the Houston... Grand Opera, the Houston Ballet, and... smaller companies desiring the space... But what is unusual about it is not tha... it is being built at a time when Houston... is still suffering from post-boom blues... nor that the architects are local talen... (Morris/Aubrey), in sharp contrast to... the city's customary bias in favor of the... Philip Johnsons of this world, but tha... the new opera house is going to be... *smaller* than the present one—by more... than seven hundred seats.



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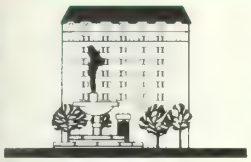
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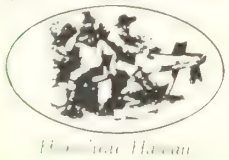
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How could Gockley have persuaded
uston corporations and contribu-
s that smaller was better? When, in
xas, was smaller *ever* better? Gock-
smiles grimly at the recollection. "I
d to show them it was more finan-
lly advantageous to do six perfor-
nces selling two thousand seats than
ır performances selling three thou-
ıd seats. We have hard HGO statis-
s showing that people who buy
kets a certain distance away from the
ge don't come back. The only way
tance sells is if you have bellowing
ices and a repertory requiring a cast
thousands—the Met aesthetic.
"I see the smaller theater as an op-
rtunity to do more of the kind of
rk that interests me and which will
seen to its best advantage. Monte-
di, Britten, Stravinsky, Janáček. We
ı group performances to satisfy dif-
ent audiences, and develop taste
ile marketing our aspirations." He
o wants Eva Marton to sing her first
lde in Houston. He can surely raise
money for that kind of event.
Which comes to that old bottom line
ain. Gockley is confident that he can
et diverging audience demands
th sufficient funds. In a city where
a recent ballet benefit the lowest
gle ticket price was $800, where it
sts $40,000 in initiation fees alone to
n a country club, and where a baby-
ter can charge $25 a night, one feels
is probably on safe ground. "I have
dig for the money," bewails Speight
kins, general director of the Seattle
era. "All opera companies should be
le to do what David did last year with
sca, drum up an all-star cast and put
condary people around them."
Gockley is still sitting pretty, then,
ancially speaking. What is fortunate
r culture-watchers is that he still
ınts to use that power for innovation
d experimentation. If sometimes he
s to fall back on stars and vehicles to
pease a restive board, this is only to
e the fact that Houston is no longer
ulnerable. If subscribers get queru-
ıs over too far-out productions, he
n appeal to their continuing wish for
ltural status. ("Why did *The New*
rk Times not cover the *Akhnaten*
ening?" was the pained cry after that
ry American premiere.) The next de-
de may decide that question once
d for all, for both David Gockley
d the city of Houston. □

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A SCENT OF SUN AND FLOWERS



Parish-Hadley decorates Enid Haupt's Manhattan ap

BY CHRISTOPHER HEMPHILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN R





Curtains of unlined taffeta from Clarence House, *preceding pages,* billow in the breeze in Enid Haupt's newly arranged penthouse apartment. The Tiepolo frescoes on canvas are part of a suite of fifteen. *Opposite:* A Diego Giacometti lamp stands next to a Louis XVI chair in the entrance hall. *Above:* Another view of the entrance hall, its walls marbleized by Robert Jackson.

For decades now, Enid Annenberg Haupt has lived the sort of life others want to have. Equally celebrated as a gardener and an art collector, she has nevertheless managed to maintain a rich and private inner life. Shy of the camera, she is photographed only on the sly at the best benefits. The houses and apartments she has arranged for herself, on the other hand, have been published with regularity, forming enviable—and imitated—documents in the history of recent taste. "Sometimes florists say to me, 'For God's sakes, you caused us such trouble,'" Mrs. Haupt relates. "People come to them with tear sheets and say, 'I want my rooms to look just like Mrs. Haupt's.' They say, 'Well that's very easily done—if you just have three sets of plants and each week have someone to take them out to a greenhouse.'"

She is standing in the light- and flower-filled penthouse on Manhattan's East Side that she has inhabited for the past eighteen years. Although space is often said to be New York's greatest luxury, surely the quality of light here, coming from all points of the compass, is an even greater one. More luxurious still, because of their ephemeral nature, are the flowers, or rather, the flowering plants that Mrs. Haupt was among the first in America to bring indoors. Her favorite orchids are here in profusion all year round. According to the season, they are complemented by cyclamen, tulips, roses, or a sort of topiary chrysanthemum that gives the lie to anyone who thinks of that flower as common. "There's nothing ordinary about *my* chrysanthemums," Mrs Haupt says.

The surprise, now, is the absence of the remarkable collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings that once provoked Douglas Cooper, the great collector and connoisseur of Cubism, to remark to Mrs. Haupt, "Your paintings and mine should go off and make babies together." Instead, rather more incestuously, they have joined the collection of her brother, Walter Annenberg, in Palm Springs, where they will eventually form the basis of a museum. The "deaccessioning," as Mrs. Haupt calls it, was not total; she has retained a Vuillard screen in the library, and an extraordinary series of



In the living room Tiepolo frescoes from a Venetian palace, transferred to canvas, have replaced Mrs. Haupt's collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, now owned by her brother Walter Annenberg. The sofa is covered in Mrs. Haupt's—and Mrs. Parish's—favorite flowered chintz from Lee Jofa.

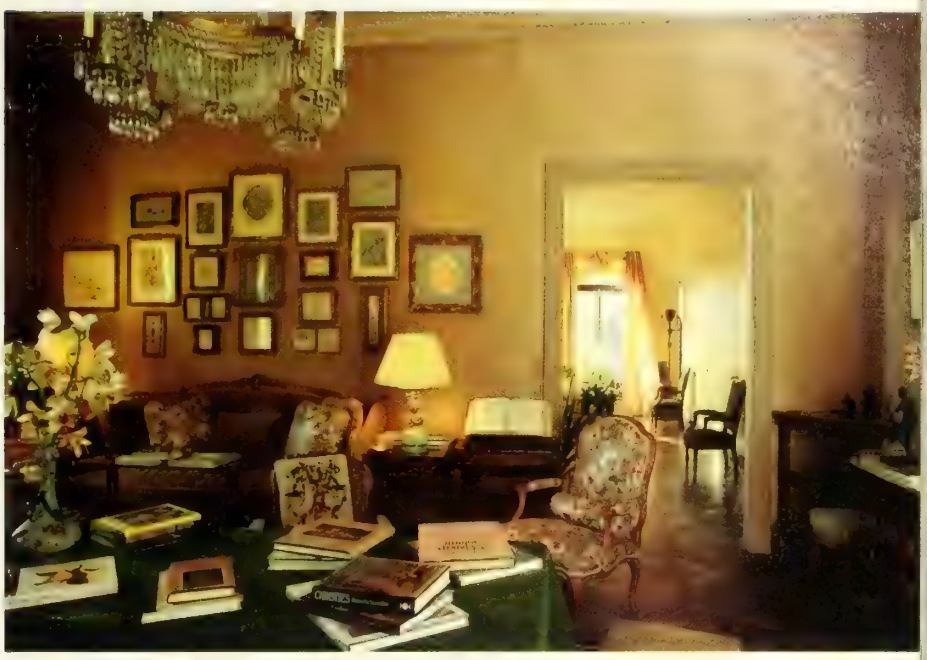




In the living room, the "roundabout" covered in Scalamandre silk anchors two groupings of Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture. The chandelier is Russian, the mirrors English.







In the library, *left* and *above,* Mrs. Haupt asked for a "café au lait" feeling. "A certain range of color," she says, is a constant in her taste. That range also includes the furniture in this room, all "a kind of pale walnut, the beechwood of the French." The rug is Bessarabian, the screen is by Vuillard. Mrs. Haupt's collection of old-master drawings was moved to the library from upstairs in the transformation of her apartment.

Tiepolo frescoes on canvas in grisaille and gold have been moved from the entrance hall to the living room. The Metropolitan Museum has eleven similar Tiepolos on display; Mrs. Haupt has fifteen.

"There was a prominent, prominent executive of the Metropolitan here the other night," she remarks, "and he said, 'People would be shocked to hear this but I like it better without the modern paintings.' And I said, 'But so do I!' " Like all of us, it might be added, they are creatures of fashion, and fashion has lately decreed that the sort of eclecticism that marked the sixties and continued well into the seventies—a taste for combining, say, Impressionist pictures and eighteenth-century French furniture—now looks rather old hat. On the other hand, nothing looks more "modern" than a room, like Mrs. Haupt's newly arranged drawing room, composed almost entirely of eighteenth-century elements. Gone are the plain white walls that once provided a background for the art; in their place are richly and unashamedly "decorated" surfaces, which Mrs. Haupt admits are a first for her. "I'd never used a decorator before, you see," she says. "I'd never even had curtains. I just had plants, plants, plants—and the paintings. But I'd always said to Sister socially, 'If I ever do a new scene, will you help me?' And when it came time to do it, she did."

She refers, of course, to Mrs. Henry Parish II, the redoubtable "Sister," as she is known to the *gratin* of Man-





In the sitting/dining room, one of a pair of Louis XVI settees is surrounded by flowers, including three kinds of orchids on the coffee table—Vanda hybrid (the tallest), cattleya (at left), and paphiopedilum.



The sitting/dining room, *above,* is used for light meals; Dresden china sets the table. Drawings are old-master Italian. *Opposite:* The bedroom, reflected in an 18th-century trumeau mirror, is done in Lee Jofa chintz. Headboard and hangings in pale blue silk were appliquéd with French ribbons by Brunschwig especially for Mrs. Haupt. In foreground are 18th-century Venetian silk-embroidered religious subjects in painted frames.

hattan. In Mrs. Haupt, she encountered an equally formidable presence. On her first visit, Mrs. Haupt recalls, Mrs. Parish brought a swatch of flowered chintz to see if it was the sort of thing she wanted. It delighted her, but what delighted her even more was that it turned out to be the chintz that Mrs. Parish has used for herself for twenty years. In other ways, the two women's tastes proved remarkably compatible. They both like Bessarabian and Savonnerie rugs, for instance. Both favor the same mix of French, English, and Italian furniture, much of it painted and most of it eighteenth century in origin, although both have a special fondness for the early-nineteenth-century pieces that resulted "when Nappy came back from Egypt," as Mrs. Haupt puts it. They diverged, in fact, only on one point. Mrs. Parish urged her client to restore the fireplaces to the rooms; Mrs. Haupt explained that she had had them removed herself because smoke is bad for plants. Such are her priorities.

Admiring the look of flowerpots on bare floors, she also asked that the parquet de Versailles in the living room be left exposed. Anchoring this room is one of the few new pieces of furniture in the apartment, that modish example of the upholsterer's art for which no one seems to agree on a name, calling it variously, a "borne," a "confidante," or a "roundabout," as Albert Hadley, Mrs. Parish's partner, would have it. "The roundabout was copied from one Nancy Lancaster had at Haseley Court," he says in the Parish-Hadley offices.

"That's not so!" Mrs. Parish insists. "It has nothing to do with John Fowler or Colefax and Fowler *or* Nancy Lancaster. I never want to hear those names mentioned around here *again*!"

To hear these two quarreling is to be reminded of Lady Astor's description of Fowler and Mrs. Lancaster as "the unhappiest unmarried couple" she knew. Such frictions, undoubtedly, are at the basis of most enduring and fruitful collaborations. Beyond this similarity, the high-style, somewhat Francophile version of "English country look" that Parish-Hadley has done more than anyone to propagate in America *(Text continued on page 250)*



ONE STEP BEYOND



Frederick Fisher and Eric Orr create a Los Angeles loft in which art is as integral as the sense of spiritual calm

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY

The windows of the Vena-Mondt loft have been selectively frosted to obscure the bleak views from the converted industrial building.





The two-story loft building, *left,* was variously used as a dairy and a glass-etching plant. *Opposite:* Eric Orr incised the gilded-bronze door to the loft with a cloud-chamber image of three subatomic particles discovered by the 1984 Nobel laureates in physics, and then smeared it with his own blood, juxtaposing atavism with scientific advance.

During the twenty years in which the converted industrial loft has become one of the most coveted alternative-housing types, fresh architectural responses have dwindled with surprising rapidity. Too much intervention can rob a loft of its most desirable trait—huge amounts of open space—but the absence of a clear organizing principle can result in a residential no-man's-land. But just how powerful the chemistry between art and architecture can be when the two interact on the highest levels of synergy is impressively demonstrated in a downtown Los Angeles loft recently designed by architect Frederick Fisher and artist Eric Orr. The two men who transformed this 5,200-square-foot area in a former factory building have taken the greatest possible advantage of the structure's impressive givens. Beyond that, they have enriched both the form and the content of the loft so significantly as to make it as complete an aesthetic expression as the most successful start-from-scratch commission.

Shortly after he was asked by David Vena, a lawyer, and Carol Vena-Mondt, an artist, to remodel their capacious second-story space in a seedy but promising neighborhood close to Little Tokyo, Frederick Fisher suggested a joint effort with Eric Orr, whose provocative, unsentimental art he felt would provide the perfect counterpoint to his own architectural vision. At the age of 36, Fisher is emerging as one of the most thoughtful and gifted architects of his generation. His committed search for a meaningful way around the stagnation of late Modernism and the vapidities of Post Modernism marks him as an architect unafraid of confronting difficult questions in both his own career and the culture at large. The same is true of Eric Orr, whose art falls into none of the currently fashionable modes being pursued wi such hectic abandon on both coasts. Working together fro the outset, Fisher and Orr created a genuine symbiosis which the art of the two transcends that of either individu Inspired by each other to greater heights, like a pair of se soned Shakespearean actors confronting the latest Becke architect and artist have selflessly enriched each othe work, the seldom-realized goal of such efforts.

Clearly the clients extended extraordinary freedom their creative team, and their keen enthusiasm for the co ceptual approach of Fisher and Orr made their patronage unusual as those men's ability to fulfill it. Aside from the practical domestic requests (three bedrooms, two-and- half baths, an art studio for Carol Vena-Mondt, a wine sto age room for her husband, a professional-quality kitche and ample accommodation for their art collection) the ow ers wanted their home to embody a strong metaphysic presence. How that might be brought about was no ea matter, since the fragility of what the architect Donlyn Ly don once called "the indwelling spirit" inevitably elud pretense and cynical calculation. But Fisher's architectu and Orr's art shun the facile strategies commonplace amo their contemporaries. Literal quotations from history ha no place in their repertoires; rather, they try to establish co nections of a more profound sort.

Man's basic ordering of the environment is given unus ally deep consideration in the Vena-Mondt loft. The fro door is emblematic of the designers' desire to convey the e tremes of human experience. Eric Orr's gilded-bronze po tal bears the boldly incised *(Text continued on page 23*



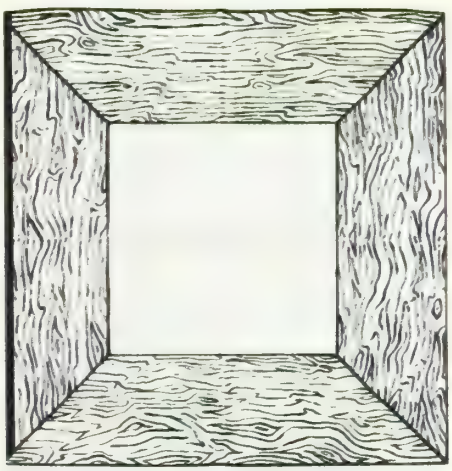
The sweeping scale of the 97-foot-long main living space is strongly punctuated by the structure's original, flaring-capital concrete columns, which the architect had bush-hammered to enhance their textural richness. Leaning against the wall at far right is an acrylic plank sculpture by John McCracken.





A broad flight of four polished concrete steps leads up to the master bedroom suite. Beyond the frosted-glass double doors, *above,* is a wall piece by Charles Arnoldi. The owners' art collection, which they like to rearrange often, includes a work in neon by Bruce Nauman, *left,* and several paintings by Mike Kelley.





Indicative of the responsive way in which the owners have taken to the design of the loft is their hanging of a Mike Kelley frame painting, *left,* around the narrow strip window in the west wall, *above,* that Fisher and Orr placed to frame a single course of brick on the building opposite. New flooring is stained oak.



Evocative symbolism has been employed by Eric Orr in the Vena-Mondt loft. *This page:* Above the bathtub is his minimalist waterfall wall sculpture. *Opposite:* Each of the bronze panels fronting the fireplace is etched with the largest-known prime number in 43,000 tiny digits.





Arnold Copper painted the dining room Naples Gold, a high-style Federal-period color appropriate to the house and to the furnishings Charles-Henri and Marguerite Mangin brought from France. The chandelier was assembled from two that were smashed by Nazis occupying a family chateau.

A YOUNG FRENCH FAMILY TAKES TO NEW ENGLAND

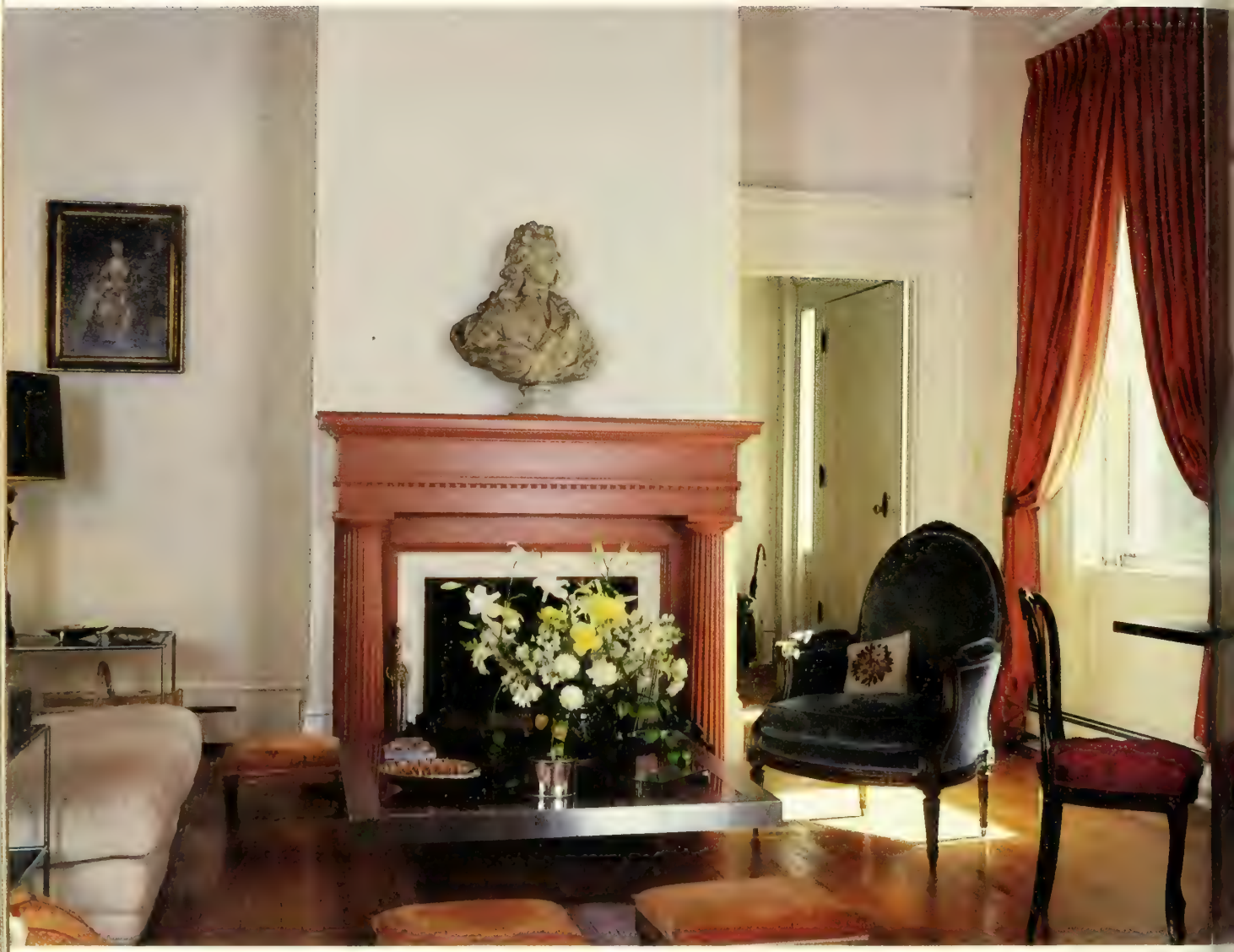
Decorator Arnold Copper successfully melds American Greek Revival and Louis XVI styles

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI













Three and a half years ago Charles-Henri Mangin, his wife, Marguerite, and their two children, Charlotte and Louis-David, moved from their native France to a coastal New England town. Their house, built in 1835 on a promontory overlooking a broad estuary, is a splendid example of the American Greek Revival style. Although the house is more palatial than most New England examples of the period, such buildings are often found in towns like this one where our young nation's shipbuilders and sea captains enjoyed a long period of prosperity.

The Mangins say that the formality of the house and the great height of its rooms are the only points of resemblance to the chateaus in which both grew up, but these are critical similarities because they help make the couple's French court furniture look quite at home. At home in America describes more than the antique objects: Charles-Henri Mangin is a management consultant in electronics here, Marguerite Mangin *(Text continued on page 228)*

The living room, *opposite above,* occupies the river-viewing front corner of the house. Six of its chairs are signed Chevigny, master in 1768, and a canapé is signed Ferchemenn, but seating beside the fireplace is contemporary. The bust of Louis XV at eighteen was done from life by Antoine Coysevox. *Above:* Sitting room reflects two nationalities with Napoleon III furniture, American Indian prints, and Hiawatha bust (wearing M. Mangin's hat). *Opposite below:* The main façade.





A large, comfortable library, opposite, adjoins the living room and shares its background colors. On the walls hang antique French maps of the New World collected by Charles-Henri Mangin. *This page:* Faux-marbre dining table is 19th-century Italian. All flowers by José Vilela.



Barry Friedman and Patricia Pastor's surprising Breuer weekend house

BY SUZANNE STEPHENS PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEILA METZNER

In designing this house in Westchester in 1953, Marcel Breuer painted the cement-block end walls, *above,* vivid colors to create an effective contrast with the surrounding foliage. *Right:* Current owners Barry Friedman and his wife, Patricia Pastor. *Opposite:* The view from the terrace, framed by a Calderesque metal sculpture and a 1950s Italian demountable chair.



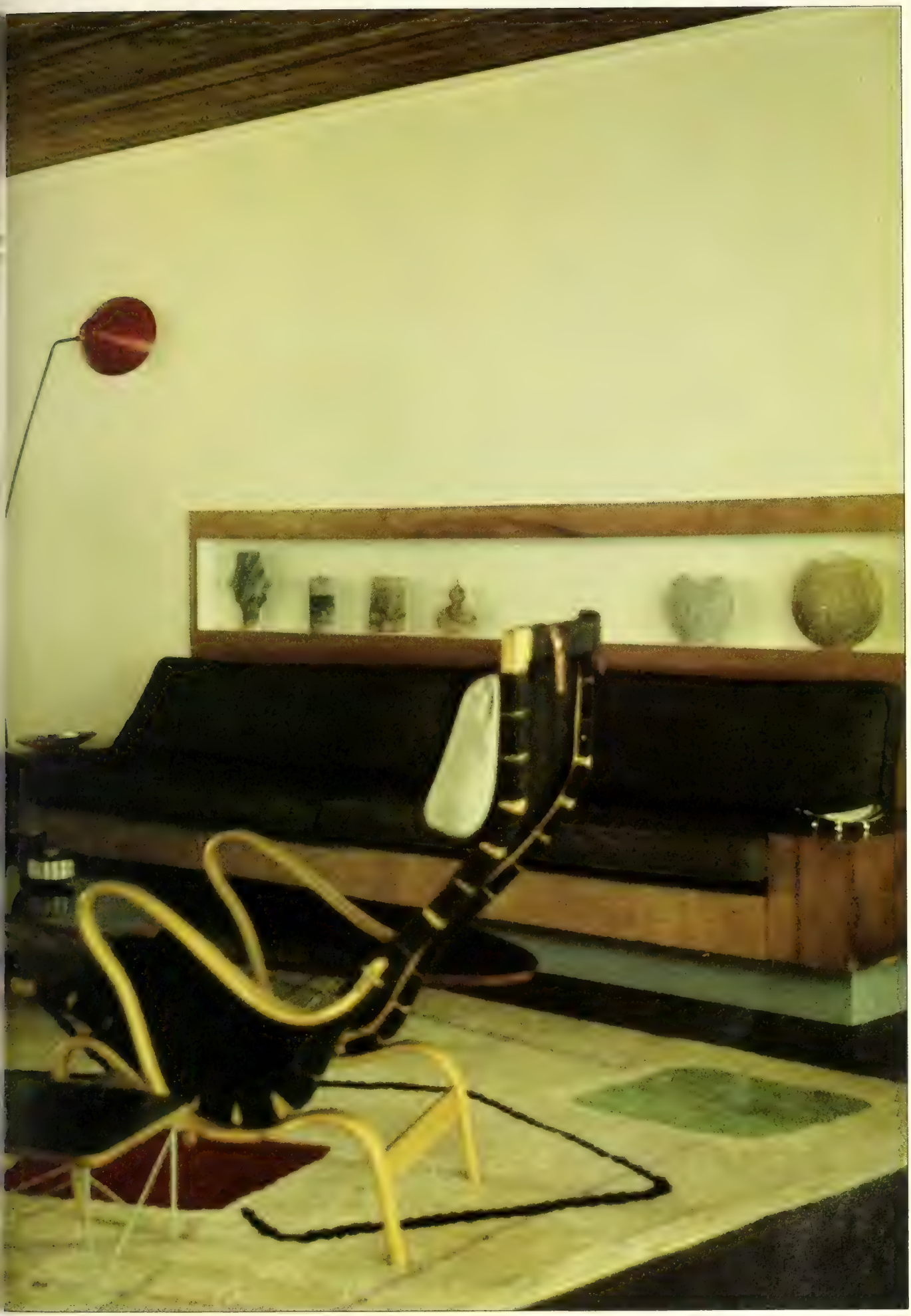
When we fantasize about buying the perfect weekend retreat, a "flat-top" modern house designed by Marcel Breuer in 1953 does not necessarily come to mind. Nor was it the weekend place that Barry Friedman and his wife, Patricia Pastor, were initially thinking of. Nevertheless, when Friedman, an art and furniture dealer with a predilection for turn-of-the-century exotica (chairs by Bugatti, portraits by Rossetti), drove up to this straightforward-looking house in Westchester, he exclaimed, "I have to have it!"

The house turned out to be offered by Vera Neumann, a designer (of "Scarves by Vera" fame) for whom, coincidentally, Pastor, now executive vice-president of design at Perry Ellis, had once worked





The living room is partly enclosed by the large sculptural brick fireplace. Breuer designed the built-in sofa and vitrine, which now holds ceramics by Gordon Cooke. Bruno Mathsson's reclining chair of 1935 and his lounge chair of 1944 (foreground) play off the lines in the Italian chair, the 1951 "surfboard" coffee table by Charles Eames, Pierre Guariche's floor lamp of 1951, and the 1950s French rug.







along with Ellis himself. Breuer designed the house for Vera and her husband, George, in the one-story, open-plan modern idiom that he and his colleagues had begun experimenting with in the twenties and thirties. This later version, however, departs from the International Style's taut, planar white walls, lightweight, floating volumes, and gleaming surfaces. While its crisp rectilinear shape, its large sliding glass walls, and straightforward use of materials like exposed cement block testify to the house's "modernity," it has definite regional and vernacular overtones. The house fits snugly into the site, tied to the ground by low fieldstone walls; flagstone paving extends from the outdoor terraces to the interior, and cypress paneling sheathes the ceiling.



Breuer began to swerve from the stringency of the International Style after he moved from Germany to England in 1934, where he frequently incorporated local rubble construction into his house designs. When the ex–Bauhaus student and teacher joined the former director of the Bauhaus, Walter Gropius, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1937, the two collaborated on a series of northeastern U.S. houses, including the famous Gropius house in Lincoln. They gained a certain renown for deferring to the conditions of the site, using local materials such as wood and stone, and paying close attention to the climate. By the time Breuer had designed the Neumann house in the early fifties (and a showroom for Vera in Manhattan), his own practice had already expanded beyond the domestic domain. Still, his regional modern houses best illustrate his knowing sensitivity to both context and the principles of modernism.

One enters the main house through the north wall faced partially with fieldstone. ("Back" door—that is, the door to the kitchen—and "front" door are placed side by side in this plan, in which the more public areas of living room, dining room, and kitchen separate the master-bedroom suite from the other bedrooms and study.) Coming into the entrance foyer, one is faced with a large sculptural fireplace that divides this area from the living room. On the other side, the totally glassed-in south wall *(Text continued on page 238)*

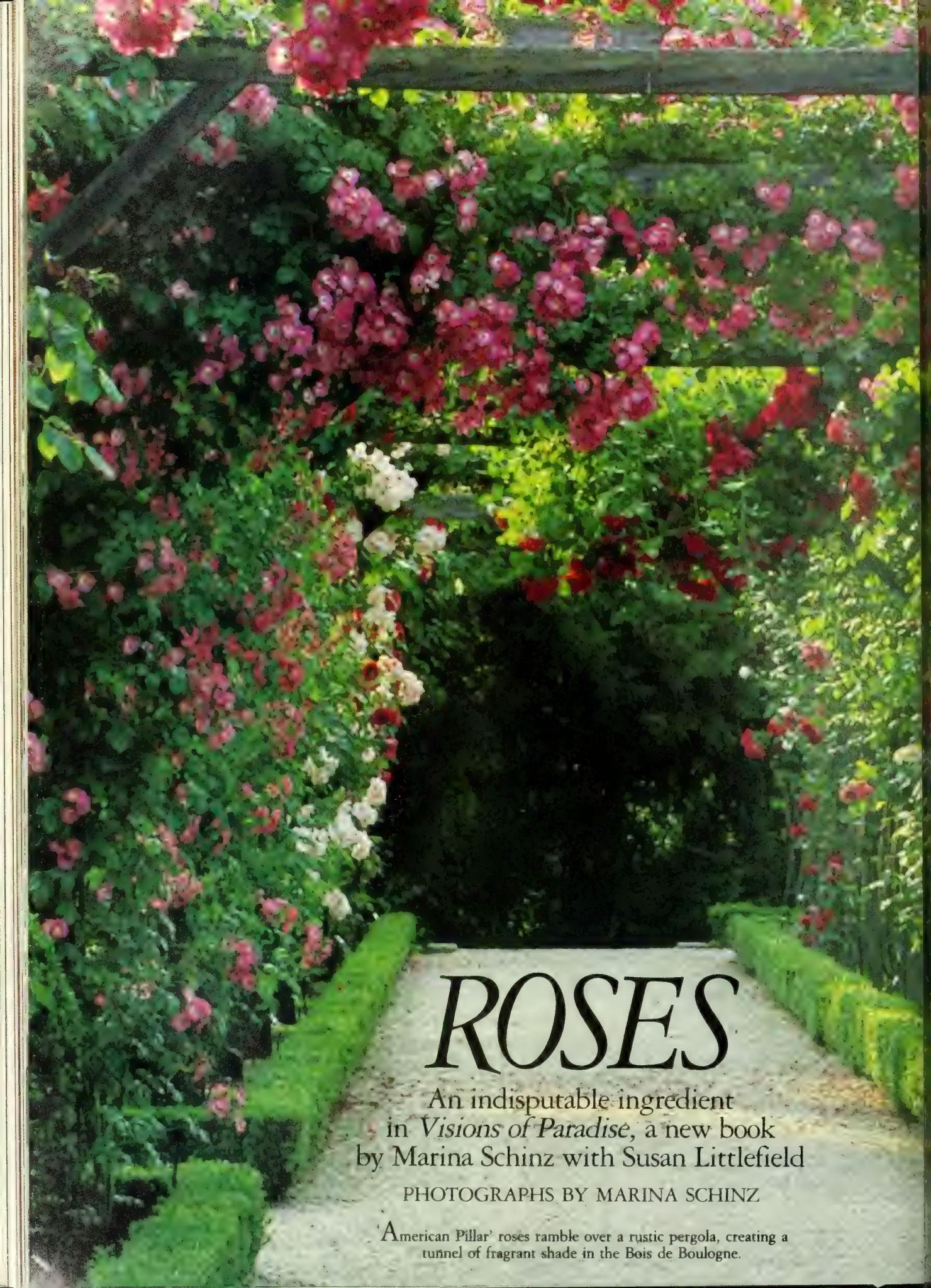
A 1957 Studebaker Silver Hawk, *left,* is parked on the drive, which separates the guest-house and its covered walkway from the main house. *Above:* The cypress-paneled pool room receives natural light from a longitudinal skylight in the ceiling. *Below:* In a guest room, Charles Eames's molded plywood chair of 1946 in pony-skin upholstery is set off by the "Paving Stone" pattern of the French-designed wool rug, circa 1955.







In a guest room, *opposite*, George Nelson's "Coconut Chair," 1956, is juxtaposed with a 1950s cattail lamp from Belgium. *Right:* A hand-blown vase by Flavio Poli, 1951, and a smaller companion piece are placed on top of the Breuer built-in cabinet in the dining room, demonstrating the constant play between lines, contours, and textures in this "period" collection.



ROSES

An indisputable ingredient in *Visions of Paradise*, a new book by Marina Schinz with Susan Littlefield

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARINA SCHINZ

'American Pillar' roses ramble over a rustic pergola, creating a tunnel of fragrant shade in the Bois de Boulogne.







A mix of modern tea roses, *above,* in the central bed of the Cranford Rose Garden at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Pillars of 'Paul's Scarlet Climber' and 'Mistress F. W. Flight', *opposite,* add height to the plan at L'Hay-les-Roses.

In 1809, while France ıd Great Britain were at ar, a ship carrying a pale ink rose was escorted fely across the channel ward Calais. The pre- ous cargo was Hume's lush Tea-Scented China, perpetual flowering rose at had recently come to ngland from China; and ıe recipient was none her than Josephine, Na- oleon's wife and the mpress of France. She ad a taste for luxury and a assion for flowers that de- eloped during her child- ood on the island of lartinique. From her po- tion at the pinnacle of rench society, Josephine ad the resources to in- ulge her floral fancies and ıe power to wield wide- pread influence. In the ourse of her lifetime, she transformed the rose from a lowly lant of moderate ornamental appeal to a celebrated flower : the forefront of French horticultural fashion.

Josephine—whose middle name was Rose—was an ar- ent and extravagant collector, and like many trend setters, ıe favored things that were foreign. She liked to import oth her plants and her garden designers, and despite the ar, her favorite source was England. In fact, Josephine anaged to use the war to her advantage by staking claim to ny horticultural bounty that French troops could plunder om British ships. Her garden at Malmaison was as unor- odox as her collecting methods: it was one of the first to clude a section devoted exclusively to roses, with square nd circular beds set in winding grass paths that led to a rose-covered pergola. Each bed was thick with rosebushes, and some were accented with the choicest plants trained as standards. Josephine was also interested in developing new varieties, and encouraged her gardeners to hybridize the many plants that she had collected. She made an inspired contribution to both horticulture and art by commissioning artist Pierre Joseph Redouté to catalogue the more than seven hundred roses in her collection. His paintings immortalized the flowers in her garden and her reputation as a superb rosarian.

Josephine's influence is evident today, for roses retain their popularity, their separate place in the garden, and their French associations. For generations, the French have had a reputation as great rose breeders, and many of the best varieties have at least a trace of Gallic ancestry, with pedigrees bearing names such as 'General Jacqueminot', 'Amelie Gravereaux', or 'Cuisse de Nymphe'.

The rose had been known to man long before Josephine's time, although its appeal had always been subjected to the tides of fashion. The Greeks cherished it as a symbol of love and beauty, and the Romans revered the flower so much that they imported roses from North Africa when they were out of season in Italy. For celebrations, the Romans wove them into garlands, crowns, and wreaths, and considerate hosts spread petals on the banquet floor, believing that the fragrance prevented *(Text continued on page 229)*

VISIONS OF PARADISE BY MARINA SCHINZ, PUBLISHED IN 1985 BY STEWART, TABORI & CHANG, INC.



Bagatelle, the rose garden set in the midst of the Bois de Boulogne, is structured by broad gravel paths, panels of turf edged with clipped box, and sheared cones of yew. The layout is formal and green, providing an orderly setting for the roses that ramble everywhere—on pillars and posts, in beds, across ropes, and over arbors. Some of the most spectacular bloomers are pruned as standards and set within the beds to reinforce the plan; but most of the roses defy the geometric scheme with their profusion. The perimeter of massive old trees creates a becomingly dark frame.



An urn and a circular niche, *above,* in a corner at L'Hay-les-Roses. The red rose trained as a pillar is floribunda 'Sarabande'. The dome and pergola at L'Hay-les-Roses, *overleaf,* are surrounded by a showy collection of large flowered roses. The garden, which is south of Paris in the Val de Marne, began as the private collection of an accomplished rosarian, and is ordered on rational rather than formal principles. It contains old varieties and new, arranged in more than a dozen different beds and borders—including one with the roses that bloomed for Josephine at Malmaison.







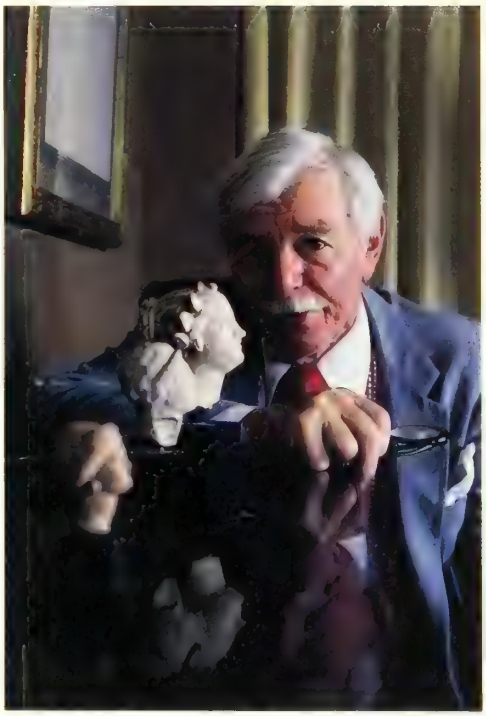


AN ARTFUL EYE

Paul Magriel's New York apartment reflects the subtle skills of a sophisticated collector

BY JOHN T. SPIKE PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Three separate worlds impinge without collision, *opposite:* the sculptured heads are by Saint-Gaudens, in gilded bronze, and Flannagan, in marble. The little girl evokes an early Corot but was painted by Roybet. *Above:* An unrepentant *Magdalen* appears to contemplate Despiau's serene *Petite Fille* in bronze.



Paul Magriel, *above,* in conversation. *Opposite, above:* Magriel keeps books in the center of the living room and lines the walls with his collection. Two impassive heads in stone stand watch in the foyer: a Ptolemaic mask from an Egyptian sarcophagus and an Ayutthaya *Buddha* in pinkish sandstone. The furniture is Art Deco, including a Donald Deskey lamp and chests by Gilbert Rohde and Jules Leleu. *Opposite, below:* In the alcove a collection of Hellenistic and Etruscan terra cottas unfolds atop another Leleu cabinet. The drawing is by Henner. The sculptures on pedestals are, from left, a bronze *Head* by Lachaise and a pair of Cambodian Khmer torsos, 10th and 11th centuries.

Connoisseurship is, after medicine," an eighteenth-century critic once observed, "the most fallible science." Faced with such uncertainty, art collectors are at least comforted to know that only their pocketbooks are at risk. Of course, mistakes in collecting can also lead to wounded egos.

To be a collector requires means and opportunity, while the measure of a connoisseur is his "eye." He has an instinct that enables him to seize at a glance the quality (or lack of it) in any work of art. It follows that a connoisseur cannot afford to be shy, however; he has to be able to change his mind and be happy about it. At one moment our hypothetical connoisseur may be excited to have discovered the aesthetic accomplishment of, say, a particular bolo knife from the Australian outback. If an instant later he concludes that the essence of this bolo is nearest to that of a rusty knife, after all, then our connoisseur has to take justifiable pride in the suppleness of his mind. Lacking faith in his opinions, a connoisseur is a latter-day Cassandra, a clairvoyant doomed never to be believed.

These remarks are by way of introduction to a visit to Paul Magriel, his collection, and his apartment. In recent years Paul Magriel's gifts of connoisseurship and his courage to collect without regard to vogue have been cited in numerous articles, most recently in *The New Yorker*. But Magriel's light has never been hidden: witness that John I.H. Baur paid tribute to his collections of American still-life paintings and then of American drawings in feature articles in *Art in America* in 1957 and 1961. Besides scholars, Magriel's admirers include some of the foremost private collectors in the world. Characteristically, Magriel's favorite tribute, given him years ago by Lincoln Kirstein, runs as follows: "You know, Paul, sometimes I think that you and I are the only two people in the world who have eyes. . . and sometimes I'm not so sure about yours."

Paul Magriel has lived in the same New York apartment building on East End Avenue for 25 years. He transforms this apartment every time he begins a new collection. Magriel collects works of art on the basis of their intrinsic quality, of course, but he only acquires pictures and sculptures with which he cares to live. And he selects his furniture according to its rapport with the art.

At the end of the 1970s, when I first met Paul Magriel, his collecting was again focused on American drawings. Since Baur's article in 1961, Magriel had acquired and dispersed collections of Renaissance bronzes, nineteenth-century bronzes, American painting, American Impressionist watercolors, and Art Nouveau furniture, objets d'art, and lamps. ("That was a great apartment," says Magriel, "there were palm trees in every corner, and cases filled with Gallé glass.") Five years ago, every wall in Paul Magriel's apartment (the same one-bedroom apartment illustrated in this article) displayed a tight row of drawings. The juxtapositions were always unconventional: Magriel appreciates the delicacy of a silverpoint by Thomas Dewing as much as the power of the sculptor John Flannagan working in black chalk. The result was nevertheless harmonious. *(Text continued on page 246)*


BACKGAMMON





A Gilbert Rohde che
serves to display an assortm
Chinese ceramics, *left*. The
Head of Kuan-Yin is a r
example of Ming Dynas
carving in brown marble.
delicate colors of the bla
de chine porcelain and gr
gray celadon ware are enhan
the neutral backdrop of
painted still life. *Opposite*
single flower adds the only
of color to this composition
terra cotta and ivory. The
sculptures are Hellenisti
terra cottas from Southern
circa 300 B.C. The drawing
grisaille is by Henner.







NORTHERN LIGHT CAPTURED

Architects Christopher C. Morgan and Richard D. Lindstrom design a house and studio in the San Juan Islands

BY HEATHER SMITH MacISAAC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY

The pure and polished form of Jim and Sandy Howell's house pushes south out of the woods in a greenhouse that stops just short of the remarkable rock outcropping crowning their site in Washington.

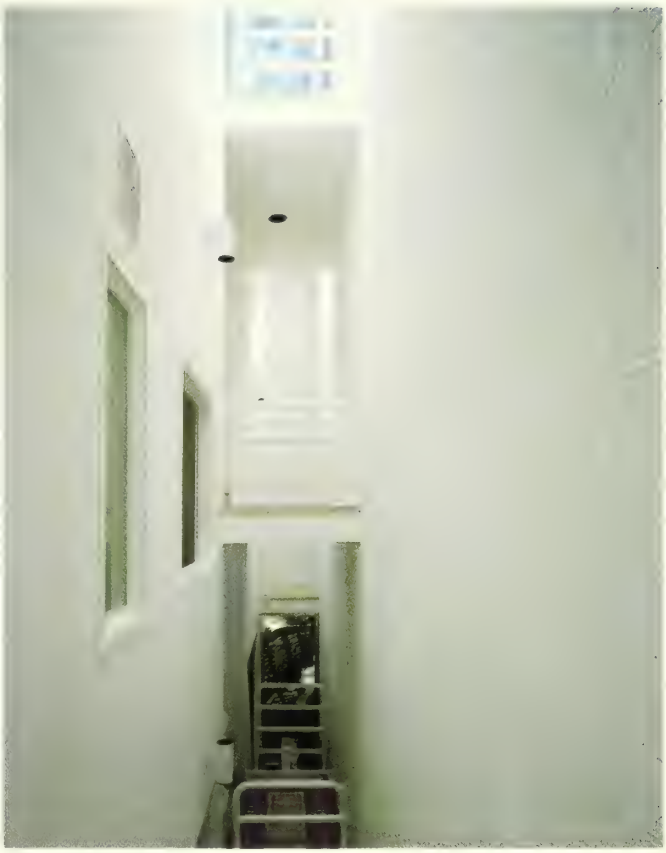


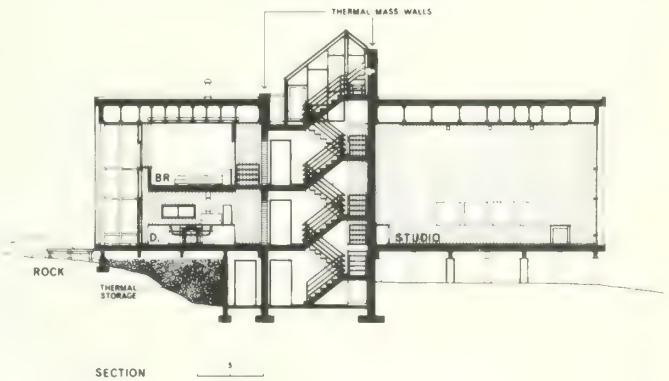
Sites described as "breathtaking" in real-estate listings are as often overrated as talent called "genius" in reviews. But there is no more apt characterization of the land that Jim and Sandy Howell discovered seven years ago in the San Juan Islands, Washington, in the northwest of the Northwest. A realtor's pen would run dry given the chore of embellishing the facts: 54 acres, waterfront overlooking the Strait of Juan de Fuca, half meadow and half forest with a predominant primeval rock outcropping, and wildlife—furry, feathered, or sporting a blowhole. As splendid as these elements are, especially found together on one piece of land, the Howells would have sailed right on by had it not been for the site's southern exposure on water. Jim Howell, a painter, has spent the last 23 years refining his ideas on light, numbers, and geometry and conjuring that dream place where silvery northern light and southern light refracted by water swirl together in one spectacular studio.

Architects Christopher C. Morgan and Richard D. Lindstrom say their initial impulse "was to be purely sympathetic to the site." Time spent on location only convinced them of the folly of trying to make a building "blend in," as is the norm in the Northwestern vernacular. In the end, they ventured down a less well-trodden path because, as Morgan recalls, "the site was so pure, so pristine in character, that the building needed to be treated as spectator, as a newcomer to the scene." To be truly sympathetic, the house had to be distinct from the land rather than of it, pure in form instead of imitative of nature.

Though the many concrete pier "legs" of the house suggest that it could roam the site, the architects' offhand claim that "the house came in and sat down" glosses over their strength and vision in resisting the temptation to place it on the most commanding spot, the broad rock that anchors the crest of the meadow. By picking it up off the ground and situating it in a natural resting place just in back of the rock (only a small wooden walkway actually touches the stone), Morgan and Lindstrom achieved the clients' and their own mandate to disrupt as little of the existing ecology while creating an alliance between building and site.

Were it not for a true collaboration between clients and architects (both parties attest to it), the proverbial "it takes a lot of work to make something look simple" might have been harder to swallow. The premium the architects place on clarity of spatial organization in their work is as crystalline here as Jim Howell's abiding concern for the proportions of spaces, those of the house being derived from essential numbers in his work. From the artist's specific light requirements and predetermined studio dimensions, 42 by 33 by 18 feet, grew a cedar-clad, shoe-box-shaped structure linking woods and meadow. The glass end walls of the house, which is oriented north and south, admit copious northern light to the studio and allow solar access and a panorama of sea, field, and sky for the living area and greenhouse in the southern end. Ameliorating the radical change in scale between the intimate living *(Text continued on page 250)*





Living room sofas, *opposite,* congregate around the 1920 mail-order stove, "Kalamazoo direct to you." Skylit core of the house, *top,* seen in section as well, *above,* accommodates solar functions, vertical access, bathrooms, and a change in scale.





Jim Howell's concern with light, number relationships, and a "no-color" palette in his paintings extends to his 33-by-42-foot studio, where northern light modulated by silver blinds casts a cool incandescence over the remarkably well-ordered space.



Core rises above flat plane of the roof in a penthouse, *this page*, with a bird's-eye view comparable to that of the neighboring eagle's perch. *Opposite*: Quarter-mile drive meanders through firs.





HIGH BOHEMIA

Sculptor Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Long Island studio evokes the American artistic taste of the twenties

BY LINDA NOCHLIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

Ace, the yellow lab, *opposite,* descending the stairs, decorated with Howard Cushing's Oriental fantasy. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, *above,* photographed by Baron de Meyer, circa 1913, in a Léon Bakst tunic.



The delicate classical portico at the entrance of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's former studio on Long Island had prepared me for something tastefully, even modestly, quattrocento; the lush greenery of the garden glimpsed through open French doors at the far end of the vista and the classical mosaics beneath my feet suggested a Roman villa. Nothing, however, prepared me for the sheer sense of extravagant, exhilarating, free-flowing space that encompassed me as Maximilian, a charming and well-mannered black standard poodle, led me into the great hall that had once served Gertrude Whitney as a working atelier. It was actually only one of three; she had a studio in Paris and another in Greenwich Village on MacDougal Alley.

Today, extensively remodeled but still recognizable as a studio, this vast chamber more than fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, with a thirty-two-foot ceiling, serves as the combination living room, dining room, reception room, and salon for a family that has transformed the building into an original and informal home, without destroying the spirit of artistic adventurousness—some might say the endearingly eclectic artiness—with which it was originally conceived.

Certainly, for an individual artist's studio, Gertrude Vanderbilt's Westbury retreat was conceived on an extravagant scale. Although the actual working area in which the artist created her sculpture was kept suitably pristine and empty, the rest of the building, designed by William Adams Delano, was anything but austere. "O what a god-like place or shall I say goddess," wrote Gertrude's friend and fellow sculptor, Arthur Lee, at the time the building was being completed in 1912. "The studio as splendid as a temple and the garden O glorious!" he exclaimed. The splendor was—and is—in no little part due to the elaborate mural decorations Gertrude commissioned for the walls of the living areas of her Westbury folly.

The most elaborate mural of all, an Orientalizing fantasia, part Shah-nameh, part Ballet Russified Garden of Allah, was designed by Gertrude's friend Howard Cushing. It begins in the downstairs hall and climbs with jungle exuberance up the circular stairway, reaching a climax of sorts on the wall facing the upstairs landing, where a highly stylized image of Gertrude herself, wearing a beautiful black-and-white tunic designed by Diaghilev's chief theater designer, Léon Bakst, and orange harem trousers, glows like an Oriental icon against the sensual rose-colored background. A fantastically plumed headdress and Turkish brocade slippers with upturned toes complete her outfit. To the right, the artist depicted his redheaded wife, modestly attired in black, like a lady-

Upstairs, Howard Cushing's mural, *left,* continues with Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney wearing the same Léon Bakst tunic and harem pants shown in the portrait on the preceding page. *Opposite:* A view into the main room of the house from the porch, originally Gertrude's studio.





Some of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's smaller bronzes are displayed on the walls of the main room, which is used by the family living here now as a dining and sitting room. Despite its skylight, eighteen-foot ceiling, and generally vast scale, the room has a cozy air.





Plaster fragments from Gertrude's 1915 *El Dorado* frieze lie in the basement, *above*. *Clockwise from top left:* A Maxfield Parrish mural decorates a walnut-paneled room probably originally used as a dining room or study; needlepoint pillows on sofa from Trevor Potts Antiques, carpet from Stark; the sun porch, which looks out on the garden; a bust of Gertrude's husband, Harry Payne Whitney, by Jo Davidson, in front of a screen from the Paris studio; Gertrude's three-figure fountain from which water runs through six aqueducts into the pool; the green bedroom full of Gertrude's furniture from Paris.

in-waiting. The murals, recently restored by a team supervised by a conservator from the Metropolitan Museum, are in splendid shape, their colors as bright and glowing as the day they were painted, one imagines. Upstairs, in what was originally Gertrude's bedroom but is today that of a young daughter of the household, the walls are decorated with fantastic scenes of medieval life by Robert Chanler. Castles, courts, turrets, and courtiers represented in deep perspective are skillfully picked out in golden outline against a daringly unrelieved black background. The adjoining bathroom is even more imaginative, conceived as a subaqueous grotto for the queen of the mermaids, with a sunken marble bathtub and shimmering greenish scenes of fish and marine fauna dissolving the walls into a phantasmagoria of watery delight. The other major mural scheme, still in place in a small downstairs sitting room to the right of the entry door, was created in 1914–18 by Maxfield Parrish, after years of planning. Parrish described his idea for the whole scheme in a letter of 1912 as a "... sort of a fête or masquerade in the oldentime [sic]. The real goings on," he continued, "will be in the loggia on the North wall, and the people will have sauntered off on to the other walls, as tho it were a court or garden. They will all be youths and girls, as we would wish things to be." The panels somehow didn't work out, despite the best efforts of Parrish and his assistant, T.R. Fullalove, and in later years Parrish, glumly questioning his fitness for mural painting, actually went so far as to attempt to refund a portion of his fee in token of his failure.

The generally Utopian tenor of the décor is carried out in two rooms that were not part of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's original scheme, but which nevertheless fit in nicely with the rather endearing, free-form eclecticism of the place as it is today. The present master bedroom, added on with a matching kitchen wing in recent years by architect Charles Meyer, is inventively decorated with brightly colored "Mexican" murals by Charles Baskerville, borrowed from another Whitney house, and featuring toucans, tropical foliage, and stalwart, primitivized brown-skinned peasants. The dressing table is a converted Greek altar from a family house in Aiken, South Carolina, behind which an Aztec worshiper and a volcano rear *(Text continued on page 234)*









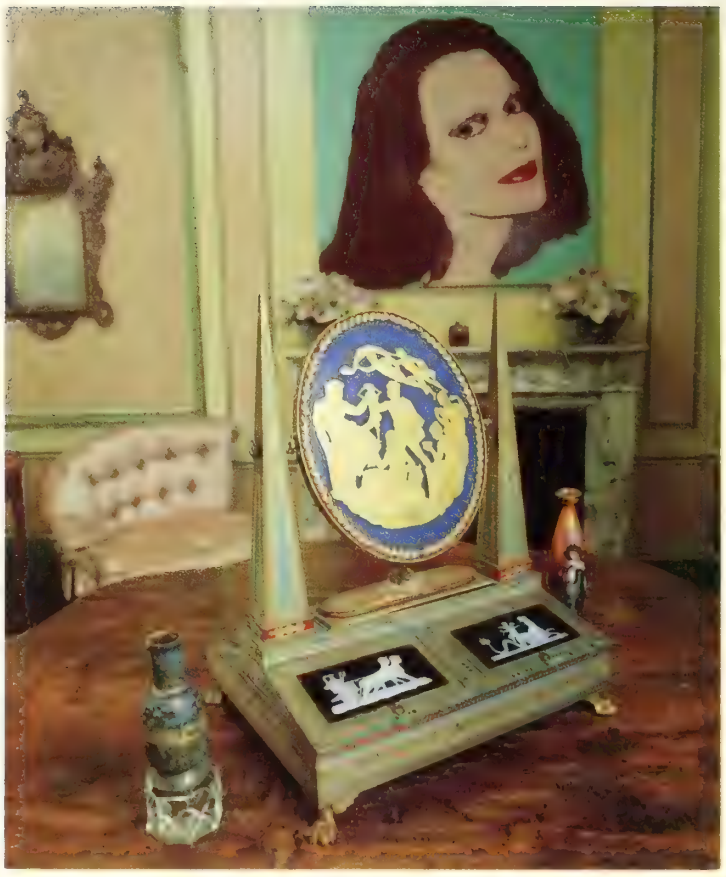








In the west-wing addition to the house done by Charles G. Meyer in 1982, a mural by Charles Baskerville taken from another site adorns the walls of the master bedroom; bed linens from Porthault. An English porcelain stool is in front of dressing table, which was a Greek altar.



A RUSSIAN FANTASY

Decorator Suzie Frankfurt invents a style of her own that is uncannily like the real thing

BY PAUL SCHMIDT PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

In her New York town house, Suzie Frankfurt has assembled a set of rooms that evoke an unusual past—Russia of the 1820s and '30s, the age of Pushkin, the golden age of Russian literature. The origin of Frankfurt's chosen decoration is a bit unusual as well. "I used to think about Russia all the time," she says. "I'm from California, brought up on the beach at Malibu. I was fair and freckled easily and had to stay out of the sun, so all I did was dream about snowy winters in Siberia." Out of those winter dreams has come a house of great dramatic flair, Romantic and Russian to the core. Its Russianness is exotic and exciting, too, in the middle of Manhattan. "Most people in New York are used to French and English furniture," Frankfurt says. "When I design rooms for them they ask me to use it; it feels *right* to them. If I were from the East, perhaps I'd feel that way too. But these outsized, monumental Russian things are somehow right to my California imagination. I like their strangeness."

The strangeness and sometimes austere formality and massiveness of Russian rooms is tempered everywhere in this house by Italian grace and elegance. But the house rings right; its Russian references are strong and dramatic. "Of course I was only in Russia once," Frankfurt smiles. "For four days. So this house is my own Russia. I made it up."

The amazing thing is that a fantasy should correspond



The sumptuous trompe-l'oeil parquetry in the salon, *this page*, was painted by Cole Lord after Russian originals. *Opposite*: In the bedroom, Warhol's portrait of Suzie Frankfurt glances back at an early-19th-century Italian nécessaire in verre eglomisé.



A third-century Gandhara head in gray schist contemplates the salon between a pair of 19th-century gilded silver fruit dishes from Petersburg. Venetian etched-glass appliques are part of a set of four; the others are in the dining room. Mirror of gilt wood and beveled blue glass is 18th-century German. Andirons from William H. Jackson.



The ceiling of the salon mirrors the floor; its design is copied from another Russian parquet pattern. An 18th-century Russian inlaid sewing table stands in front of a Jacob settee covered in Clarence House fabric. The walls are glazed the same green as a hall in the former Mikhailovsky Palace in Leningrad, now the Russian Museum.





so closely to historical reality. For the splendid flowering of Russian decorative arts in the early decades of the nineteenth century was in fact the result of a hundred years of cross-fertilization with Italian architects and designers, many of whom settled in Russia and did their major work for the imperial courts. Chief among them was the eighteenth-century master Bartolomeo Rastrelli, whose greatest buildings are Smolny convent and the Winter Palace in Leningrad: in his work the grandeur of Italian baroque was first grafted onto native Russian elements, and it was here that those luminous candy colors first appeared, the turquoise and lime, sky blue and lilac, all trimmed in white, that became the hallmark of Russian baroque and neoclassical architecture. He was followed by Giacomo Quarenghi, who reconstructed the Yusupov Palace, and Carlo Rossi, whose Mikhailovsky Palace is undoubtedly the dream model for Suzie Frankfurt's house. The innovative Rossi was committed to the notion of interior design, architecture as a matter of indoors as well as out, and he himself designed chandeliers and decorative elements for the interiors of his buildings.

It was through these great architects and designers that an Italian resonance became an indelible part of Petersburg, now Leningrad. The city itself became a kind of inverted mirror of Italy: Petersburg with its canals and palaces was called the Venice of the North. (The comparison is apt in summertime, when the city's architectural fantasies glimmer in the water, reflected through the milky light of the famous "white nights.") But a truer link with Italy might be found in the Piedmont, in Turin, where in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Guarino Guarini and Filippo Juvara brought Italian baroque architecture to some of its most extravagant heights. Juvara's royal hunting lodge at Stupinigi is a compelling echo of the great Italianate palaces outside Leningrad, and Turin's main thoroughfare, the via Roma, finds its extension in Leningrad's majestic Nevsky Prospect.

All these historical references form a resonant background for Suzie Frankfurt's evocative rooms. The light shining through the windows onto the Italian pastel walls of the bedroom might be reflected off the Brenta Canal, the gleaming patterns of the parquets seem like extensions of Rossi's ballrooms, and the polished surfaces of exquisite wood grains reflect the elegances of Alexandrine Russia.

It is in the presence of wood surfaces above all that Russia makes itself felt. To this day the great glory of the Russian town houses and palaces are their parquet floors. "A friend gave me a *(Text continued on page 245)*

In the dining room, a pair of Austrian Biedermeier cabinets in birchwood and an early-19th-century Italian bench in fruitwood and gilt both have the polished woods and extraordinary curves the Russians liked. The Belle Epoque chandelier, 18th-century gilt-wood mirror, and Empire dining table are all Italian.



In the paneled library, a pair of Russian chairs from around 1820 are covered in a Clarence House striped satin. Throw pillows and curtains are all antique fabrics. The great beechwood curve of its back identifies the Empire chaise as Russian, about 1820. Amusing Regency table, circa 1820, has faux camel legs. Secretaire is Viennese Biedermeier.



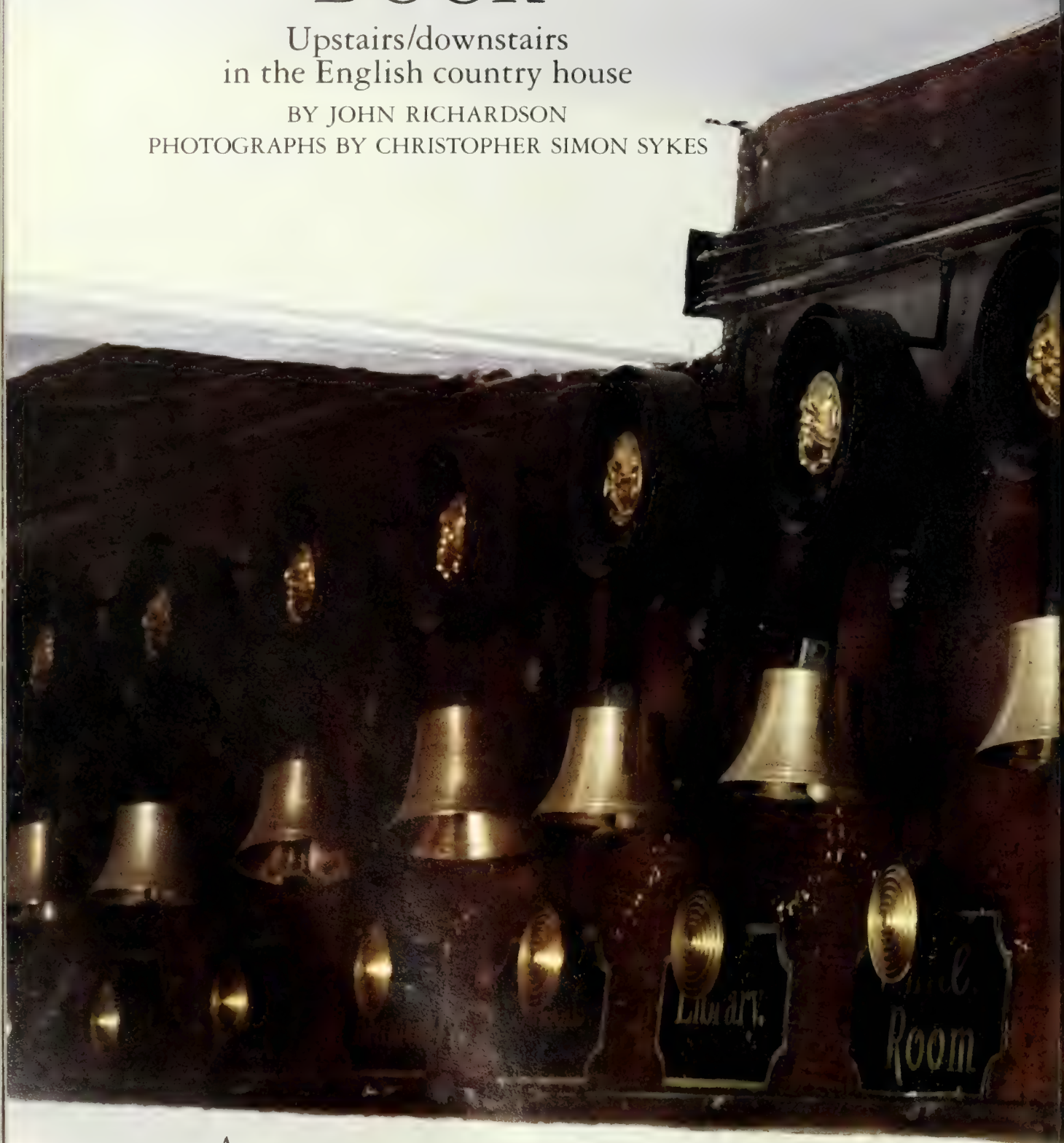
The bedroom walls echo the pastel stuccoes of Venetian rooms. A French flower chandelier hangs over an 18th-century Sicilian center table. A pair of 18th-century Italian gilt-wood mirrors sets off a 17th-century portrait of Petrarch's inamorata Laura, in a frame of the same period. Chairs are Italian Directoire, circa 1800, in antique English fabric.

BEYOND THE GREEN BAIZE DOOR

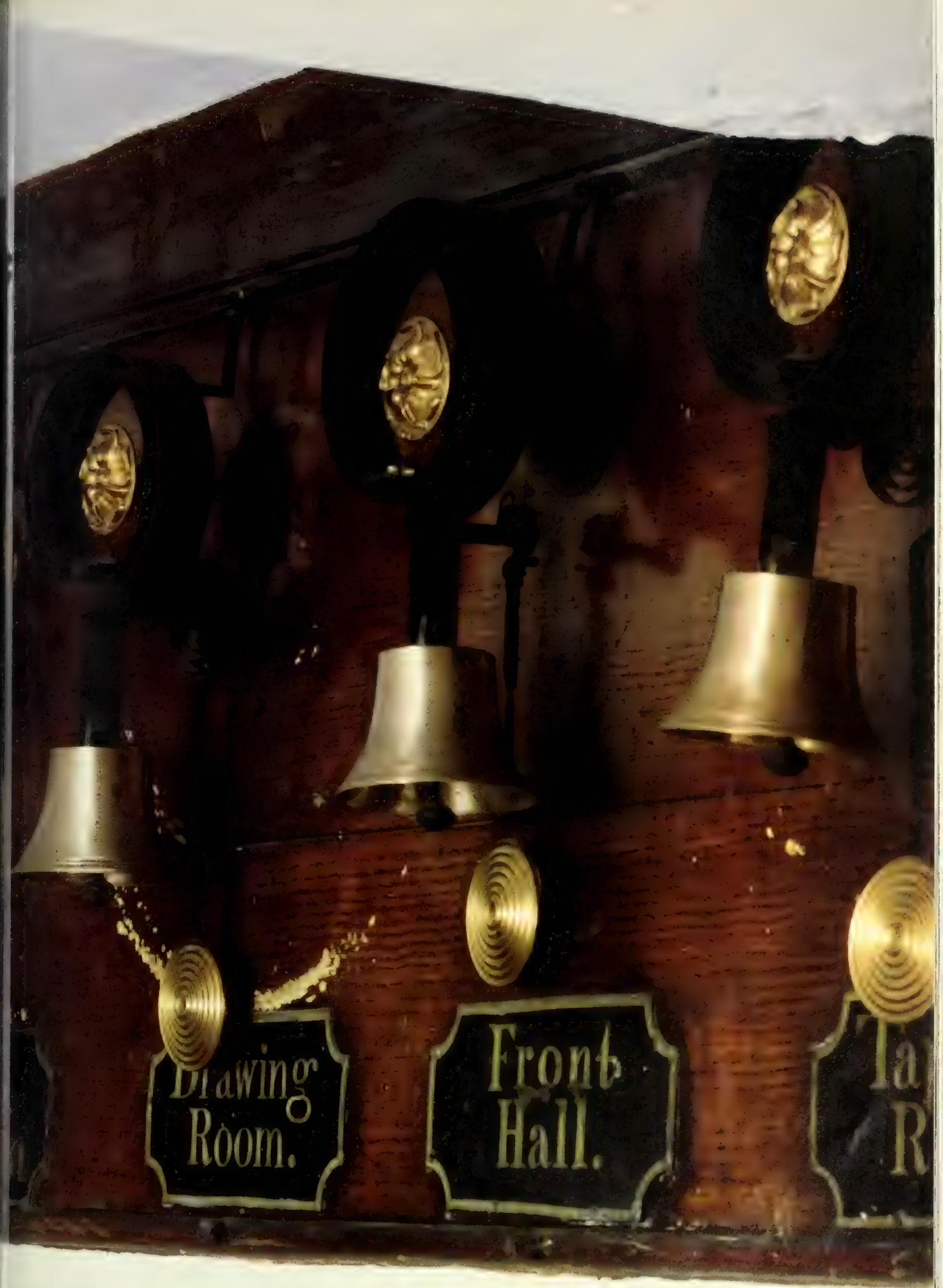
Upstairs/downstairs in the English country house

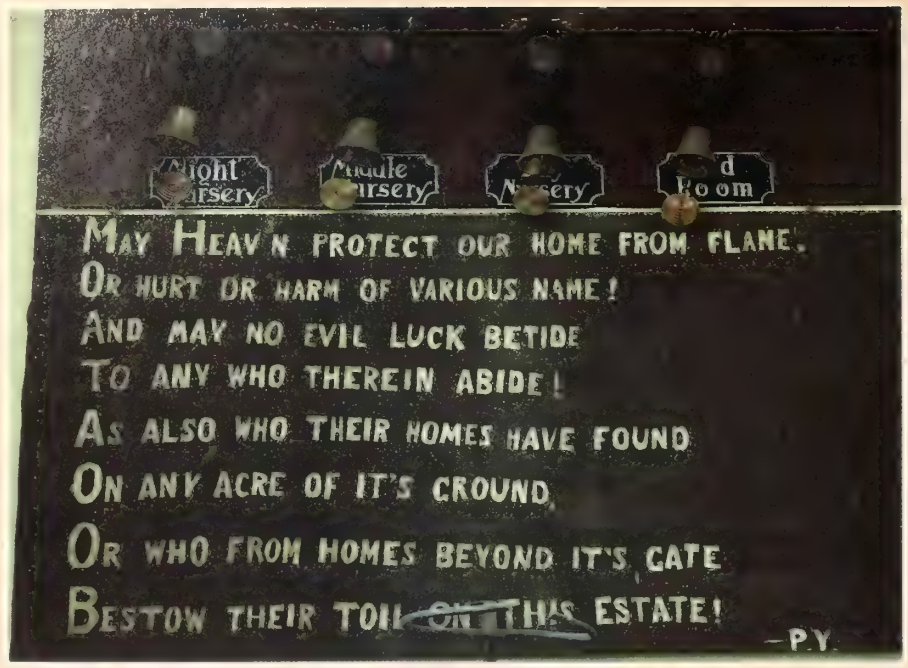
BY JOHN RICHARDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES



A line of bells outside the servants' hall at Erddig, the early-18th-century house in north Wales once owned by the Yorke family.


Drawing Room.
Front Hall.
Ta
R



A poem beneath some nursery bells in the basement passage of Erddig

For me upstairs/downstairs conjures up far more than the concept of masters and servants. I see it as two mutually dependent hierarchies separated by a green baize door—two hierarchies that are reflected in each other much as a great country house is reflected in a *miroir d'eau* across an intervening stretch of lawn or gravel. In London, thanks to the way houses are designed, the division is or was (when large staffs were the rule rather than the exception) more vertical. Upstairs was literally upstairs; downstairs was the basement and the subbasement—Wagner's *Nibelheim;* downstairs was also, for a few hours each night, the attic. In smaller households downstairs seldom reflected upstairs. Further down the scale the strata gradually merged. At the end of the vista stands the au pair girl, straddling both worlds.

Downstairs was of course ruled by the butler (very grand houses might be run by a steward seconded by an underbutler) and his opposite number, the housekeeper. To the gentry, the butler was always Bullivant—or whatever his last name was, but he was "sir" to the servants under him; just as the housekeeper was always called "Mrs." as in Danvers (not that any English housekeeper ever bore the least resemblance to Judith Anderson). Before 1939, nobody above or below stairs *ever* referred to senior servants by their first names; and when Lady Astor's maid visited America in the thirties, she was scandalized at the way butlers were known to one and all as Max or Eddy or Ebenezer instead of *Mister* Bullivant. Scandalized, too, by all the free time American servants had (English ones often put in an eighteen-hour day), and their pay (English butlers were paid five hundred to one thousand dollars a year).

These upper servants, sometimes known to their subordinates as "pugs," wielded considerable power and could be very, very daunting, even to their own employers. They had their own headquarters, known as the "Pugs' Parlour," and once on their side of the green baize door, they were all-powerful—waited on hand and foot. At dawn, some wretched minion would wake them with a pot of tea and a jug of hot water, and lay and light their fires as dutifully as, an hour or so later, they would in turn minister to their masters and mistresses. And just as the guests would file into the dining room in a precedence ordained by Debrett, their valets and maids would file into the servants' hall in the identical order. And in the same way that liberated serfs took their former owners' names, the servants would refer to one another as Marlborough or Wemyss or Rocksavage. Such was their identification with the nobility that they would judge each other less in the light of their own qualities or lack of them than in the reflected light of the rank, looks, elegance, sporting skills, or amorous reputation of the employers. In matters of dalliance the same double standards—hypocrisy masquerading as discretion—that were in force upstairs were in force downstairs. As for betting and drinking, that, too, was endemic on both sides of the green baize door. Menservants were inveterate gamblers and were forever trying to extort hot tips from brethren with employers in the racing world. And the guardianship of the wine cellar doomed many a good butler to alcoholism. At the dinner given for George V and Queen Mary, Mrs. Ronnie Greville was obliged to write her butler a sharp note: "You are drunk: leave the room immediately." In his cups, he handed the reprimand to Queen Mary.

Downstairs was every bit as snobbish as upstairs, every



The butler, housekeeper, cook, underbutler, footman, and maids, Sledmere, circa 1880

bit as quick to spot anomalies in clothes or speech or behavior. And if certain servants condescended to people thought to be "bedint"—a self-incriminating euphemism for "common" invented by the Sackville-Wests—it was because they tended to identify with their employers and adopt their standards, bad as well as good. And they shared the same reactionary views in yet another significant respect. Although upstairs and downstairs were in theory part of one big family—true to the extent that valets and lady's maids were often their employers' closest human contacts—both sides were apt to regard the green baize door as a Rubicon which must never be crossed in any circumstances—joy or sorrow, sickness or death.

In America democratic feelings often managed to break down these barriers, but in England the upper classes were so caste conscious, so emotionally retarded, so scared of expressing any feeling that they would reward a lifetime of loyal service with an obligatory gold watch on retirement, otherwise, nothing but cold little smirks and curt little nods and damn little praise ("I say, not bad"). There were exceptions but by and large any form of intimacy would have been regarded as an admission of weakness by downstairs as well as upstairs. Any gesture of appreciation or (perish the thought) affection would have been taken as extremely bad form. A popular sporting figure, the late Lord Sefton, even went so far as to fire a valet for having the gall to say, "good morning, m'lord"—how dare the brute speak before being spoken to? But Sefton was an extreme case, as his long-suffering American wife admitted, "Neither I nor any of our guests or servants," she told me, "were ever allowed to admit the existence of Christmas, let alone mention it. Why, we even had to exchange presents in darkest secrecy as though they were contraband."

There was yet another area where the upstairs/downstairs mirror image was slightly out of focus. In prewar, pre-jeans times the ladies of the house were expected to look comme il faut during the day and to be dressed to the nines in the evening. By contrast, personal maids, above all the prettier ones, were expected to look drab and mousy at all times: no lipstick but a dab of powder and the paltry string of Woolworth's pearls immortalized by Douglas Byng (a female impersonator of the thirties): "The servant girls/in Woolworth pearls/are straying near the cops." The point, as Rosina Harrison has written in her hilarious but touching book about her career as Lady Astor's maid, was that "there could never be any mistaking which was which." All the same there was often an eerie resemblance between mistress and maid, not least because the latter would be wearing the former's castoffs. And then the maid—unconsciously or not—would take to aping her mistress's idiosyncracies: her husky giggle, her Edwardian port de bras, her "amusing" Pekingese pout. So much so that when some friends jokingly cast an imaginary movie based on a certain society lady's memoirs, they concluded that the only person capable of playing the star role was the lady's maid.

A well-run country house (pre-1939) would have had an inside staff of "three in the dining room" (a butler plus two footmen), a housekeeper and "three on the stairs" (a head housemaid plus two others), "three in the kitchen" (a chef or cook, plus kitchen maid and scullery maid) and, lastly, two or three in the nursery (nanny, nursemaid, and governess), who would traditionally regard







A view, *left,* through the green baize door, as it were, from the pantry into the dining room at Sledmere House, built in 1760. The Romney portrait of Sir Christopher and Lady Sykes at the far end of the room as well as one of the dining chairs will be in the "Treasure Houses of Britain" exhibition at the National Gallery in Washington. *Above:* Game hangs from what is called the new kitchen, built in 1770s, at Erddig. *Below:* A Horst photograph of the dining table at Arundel Park, home of the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, laid with Georgian silver, race cups, and ashtrays inscribed with names of favorite horses owned by the Norfolks.





At Wilton, the heir, Lord Herbert, and old retainer Ward, the majordomo, *above*. *Right:* The well-preserved and light-filled scullery at Erddig.

themselves as superior to the rest and be roundly resented for it. In grander houses there would have been many more servants. For instance, Lord and Lady Astor not only had a butler but a groom of the chambers (who looked after the drawing rooms as opposed to the dining and breakfast rooms which were a butler's responsibility), his lordship's valet, three or four footmen, a hallboy, and two oddmen ("once an odd-man, always an odd-man" is Rosina Harrison's verdict on these simple loyal louts whose job was to fetch and carry trays, coal scuttles, etc.). There was also a head chauffeur with four men under him, a night watchman, a (part-time) clock winder, and a decorator. (The decorator was not John Fowler or Billy Baldwin but a gardener specialized in doing the flowers: smothering banqueting tables in smilax and preparing the trays of buttonholes for guests to wear during Ascot week.) Last but not least was the cowman and the Guernsey cow which accompanied the Astors when they traveled; for in those days very rich people liked very rich milk.

As for women servants, besides the housekeeper, there was her ladyship's maid, her daughter's maid, a stillroom maid, a nanny with a couple of underlings, a head housemaid with four or five under her, and a head laundress with three under her. There was also a large office staff complete with telephone operator, for Nancy Astor was not only a very active MP (the first woman ever elected to the British Parliament) but a very active appeaser of the Nazis. Excessive? Yes, but by comparison with the Duke of Westminster's army of retainers at Eaton, the Astor household *(Text continued on page 232)*



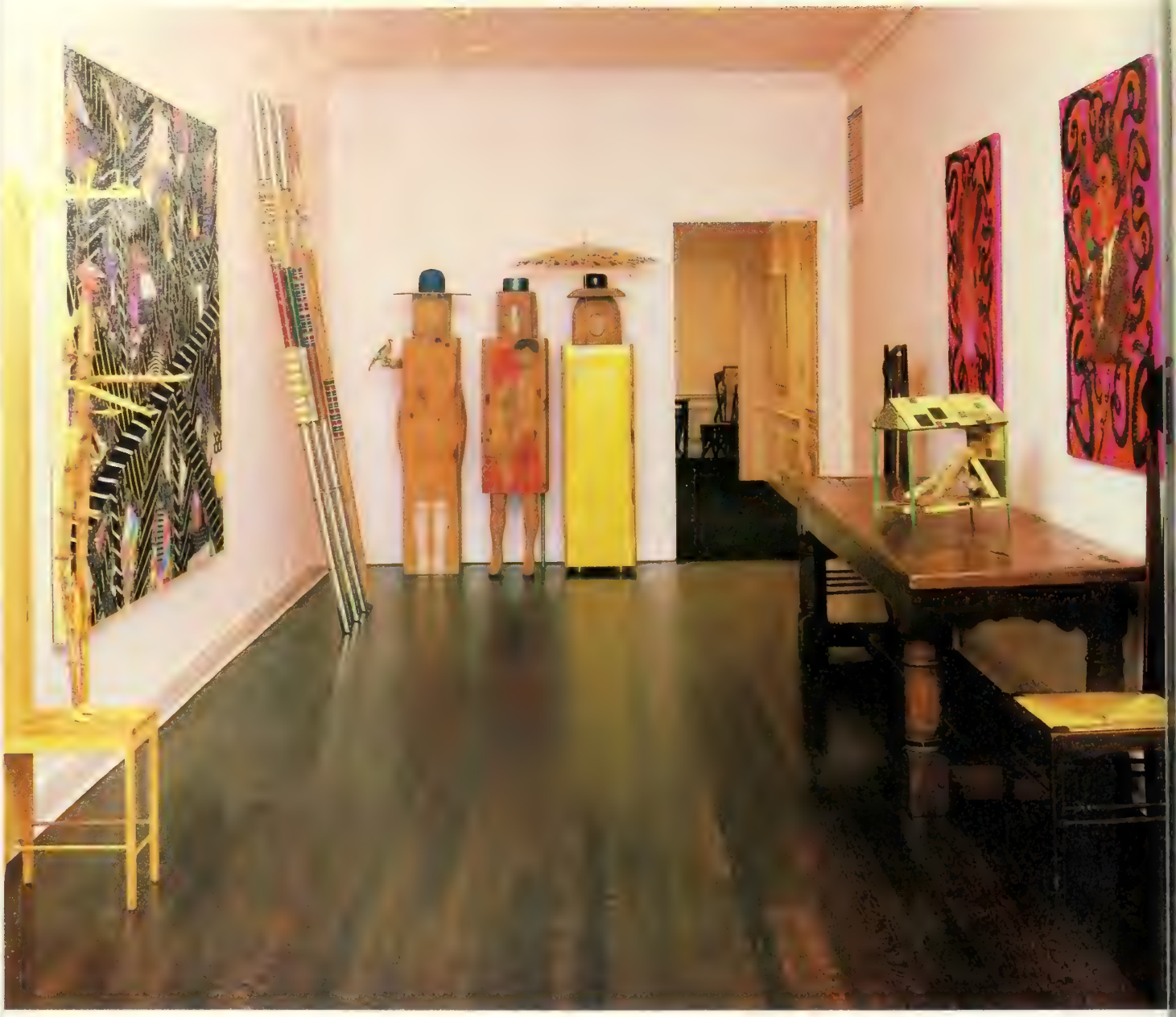


CHICAGO MODERNE

BY JEANNE GARVIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS

Architect Marvin Herman and designer Bruce Gregga mix early-twentieth-century furniture and late-twentieth-century art





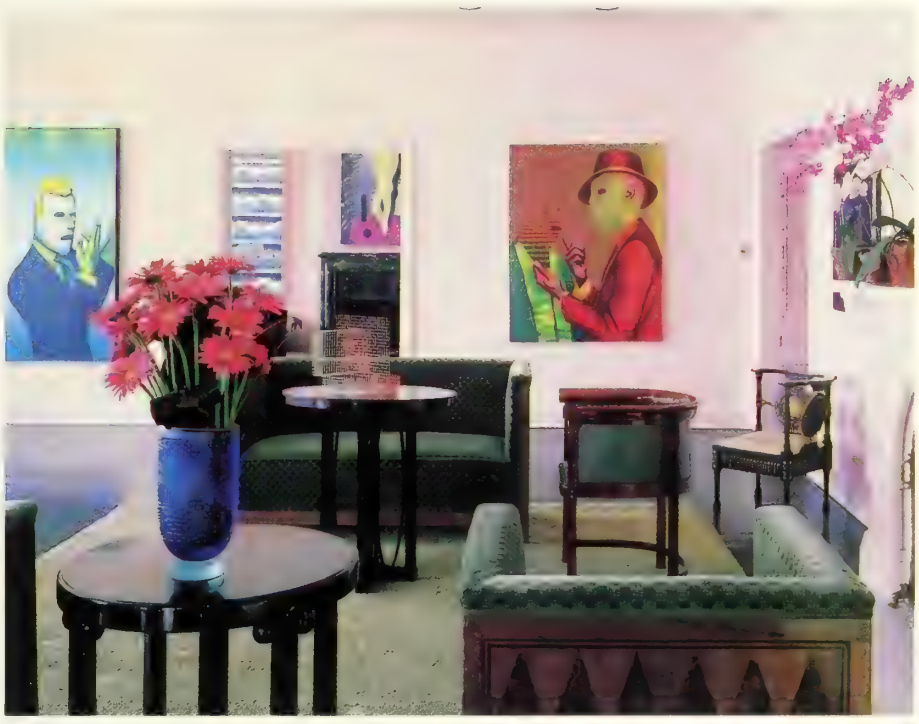
This couple, both young, started collecting in their early twenties. She is the daughter of art collectors, as well as an active member of Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art, proprietress of her own art gallery, a former art history student, and collector of tiny wind-up toys and orchids. He is a patron of the Art Institute of Chicago with a penchant for collecting everything from turntables and books to early-twentieth-century European furniture.

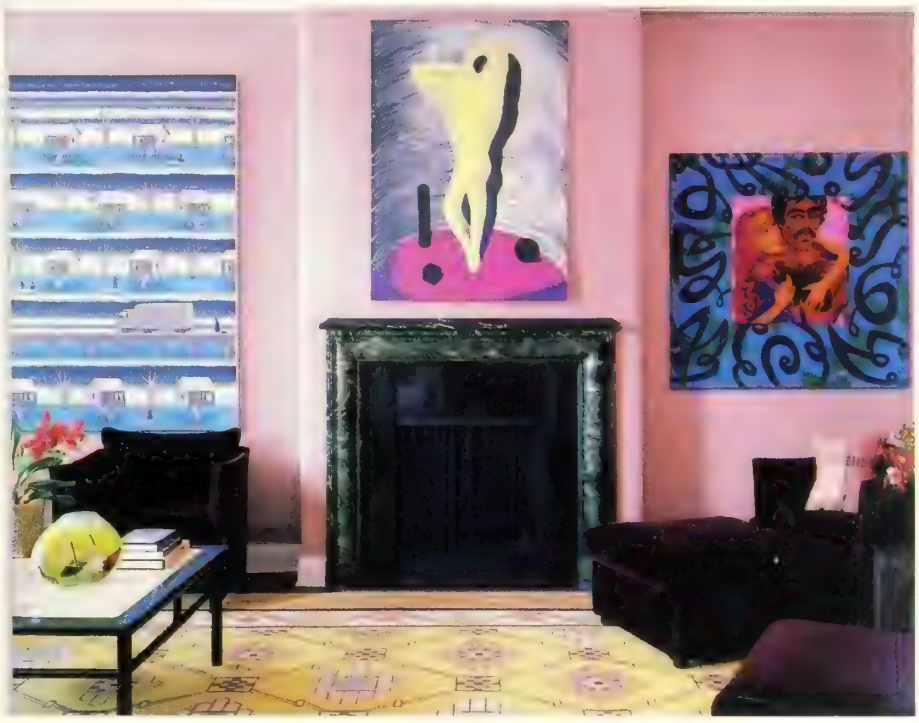
What they wanted from the sprawling 1930s apartment they acquired a few years ago was space to house an enviable and exuberant collection in a setting that would be both visually effervescent and livable for them and their young son.

A collaborative effort by Chicago-based interior designer Bruce Gregga and architect Marvin Herman, the project relies on such fundamental underpinnings as a carefully plotted restoration of the apartment's vintage trimmings and the application of new but compatible detailing.

"It was mostly a matter of correlating the architecture with the furnishings and the art," Gregga modestly notes. "We didn't really do any 'deco-

A Josef Hoffmann grouping, *preceding pages,* fired this couple's furniture-collecting passion. Sculpture by Dan Dailey. *Above:* In the entry Michael Stevens's *Chinaman's Chance* faces Mackintosh chairs and Don Baum's tiny house. Over the table: Mark Jackson's portraits of the owners. Jud Fine's four poles stand by Marisol's three people. *Opposite above:* Dan Dailey's blue glass vase, Lucas Samaras's wire sculpture, and a pair of Ed Paschke paintings flank the door to the den, *opposite below,* which is occupied by the paintings of Roger Brown, Jedd Garet, and Mark Jackson.











A French Art Deco rug anchors the seating area dominated by the Bauer sofa and club chairs, *above,* with inlaid wood detailing. Next to the fireplace is an unexpectedly realistic oil portrait by Robert Juarez. Joseph Cornell's construction sits on the mantel. The door is flanked by Joseph Piccillo's horse drawing and Roger Brown's "Murphy bed" sculpture. *Opposite, above:* The dining room provides pastureland for Deborah Butterfield's horses. The buffet table at left displays Dale Chihuly's glass, William Morris's vase; dining table is topped by Tom Rippon's weight lifters. *Opposite, below:* Another Joseph Piccillo horse rides between a brilliant David Sharpe five-panel screen and a Bugatti desk and chair in the bedroom. All orchids from Jim Vojcek.



The ornately crafted Bugatti desk in the bedroom, *above,* is further adorned by David Beck's box. *Opposite:* In the library, John Obuck's black and white painting is the backdrop for a Süe et Mar kingwood desk and a Hoffmann chair. Elephant box construction by Robert Bergman.

rating' per se; the fringe benefit was being able to use the furniture collection as art. We worked together, respecting the old and adding things that would be compatible with the owners' way of life." That life revolves around a continuing quest for high-quality works of art in a variety of media—from the razzle-dazzle paintings of Chicagoans Ed Paschke and Roger Brown to the whimsy of a Botero drawing or the brilliance of glass art by Dale Chihuly and William Carlson.

"We started collecting Chicago 'Imagists,' then came the furniture, then the glass, then the sculpture, and now New York artists. We don't collect for investment. We collect what we like—art that works for us visually more than conceptually.

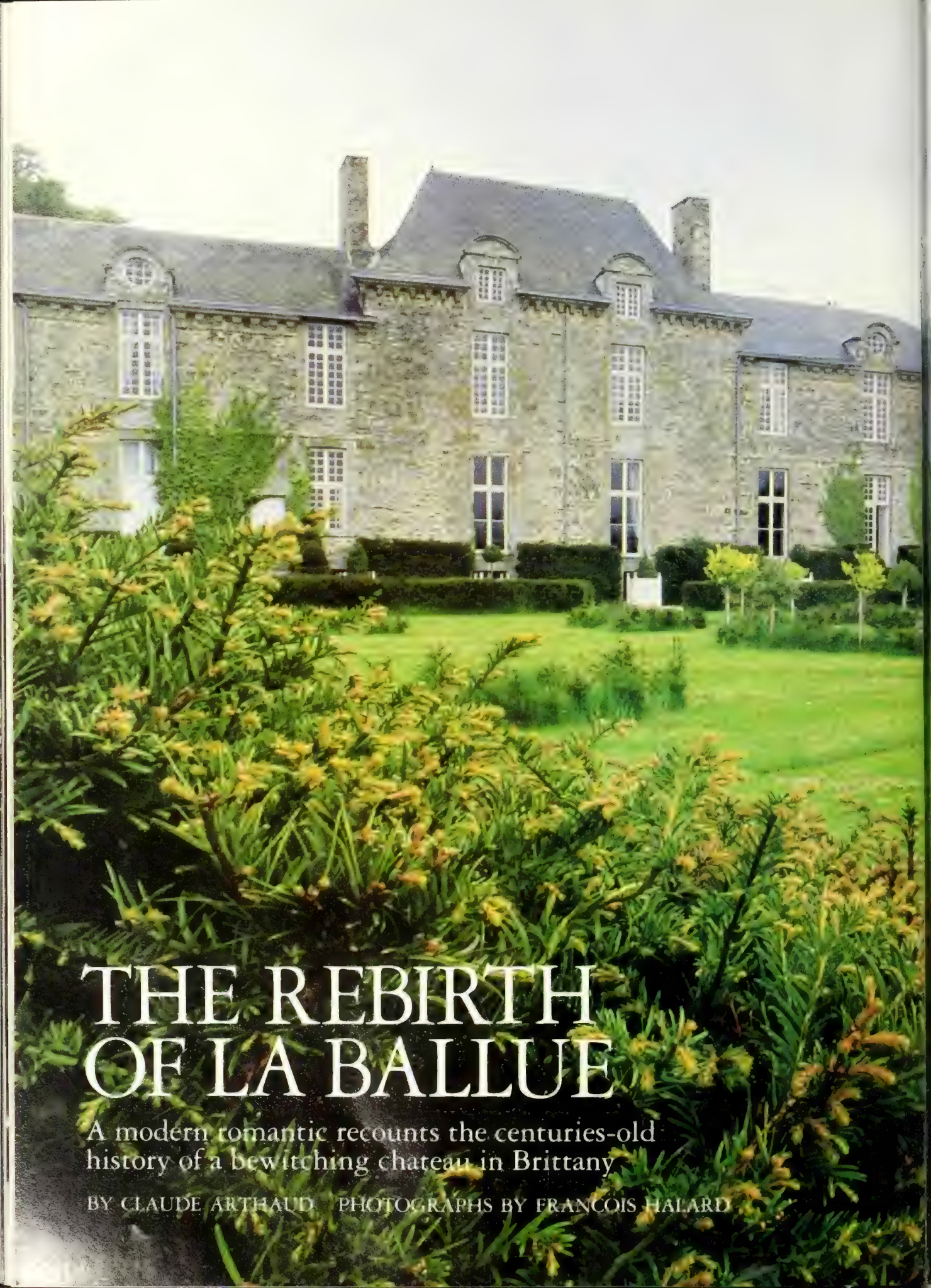
"The furniture represents the first statement of modernity and is beautifully simple, not intricately adorned but superbly crafted. We care about that. We don't want something that's 'here today and gone tomorrow.' And, too, there's only so much room for paintings."

While the couple edited the collection, Gregga laid it out, bringing order to the diverse array of paintings, furniture, and sculpture and tempering the display with a gentle hand to ensure a welcoming environment that heightens the impact of the pieces.

"When we first saw the apartment, there was a fountain in the foyer," explains Gregga, who quickly devised a plan for removal of the fixture and some reworking of the walls in the entry area to maximize display space. Doors to closets and a powder room were ripped out and traffic rerouted. Floors were refinished and new millwork that replicates the old—primarily molding—was installed where molding had never been. Now, the moldings visually frame every space in what was conceived as a virtually blank canvas for the installation of the collection.

The catch, of course, was how to make the live-in gallery—complete with humidity controls—read like a residence rather than a series of sterile, unrelated displays. In that interest, Gregga and Herman shunned the use of such gallery bugaboos as track lighting and chalk-white walls. An almost invisible system, the lighting throughout the apartment consists of recessed downlights, wall washers, and framing spots. There is nary a lamp in sight, save a task *(Text continued on page 239)*


ROOTS



THE REBIRTH OF LA BALLUE

A modern romantic recounts the centuries-old history of a bewitching chateau in Brittany

BY CLAUDE ARTHAUD PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCOIS HALARD





On the *premier etage* of the Chateau de la Ballue, the enfilade is punctuated by orange trees in 17th-century-style pots from Anduze. The canapé is 18th century, the Italian busts are 16th century. *Preceding pages:* The granite chateau built in 1620 faces a garden in the style of Louis XIII re-created by François Hébert-Stevens.





The Brocatelle Room, *left* and *below,* takes its name from its fabric, especially woven after a 17th-century sample. Upholstered furniture is Louis XIII; rugs are Portuguese as are the 17th-century brass flower-bouquet sconces. On the 18th-century table, a branch of coral mounted as a bonsai.



Stendhal, Balzac, and Proust, through their nostalgia for a society coming to an end, imbued generations with a love for chateaus. Perrault, de Sade, d'Aurevilly, and Beckford inspired still others. These latter writers make a literary choice appealing not to social snobbery, but deriving from those most powerful of unconscious instincts, the instincts of life and death: our imaginary chateaus belong to the world of desires, and the world of desire's fulfillment. The fairy-tale chateaus of Perrault are chateaus of feminine desire, their princesses asleep for one hundred years passively awaiting the revelation of love. The chateaus of de Sade, Beckford, and Barbey are, instead, invested with men's innumerable fantasies and play on the most sadistic among them.

La Ballue is of the first kind, a chateau of legends, a chateau of the absolute. For eleven centuries it seems to have exercised only one power over men, the power of arousing the passions of its owners: the tenth-century crusader who lived in the first fortress; the fifteenth-century Seigneur Chesnel de la Ballue, companion of Gilles de Rais; the sixteenth-century fanatic who defended it stone by stone during the Wars of Religion; and his descendant who rebuilt it. In 1603 the towers of La Ballue fell, the King of France having ordered all the towers of all the strongholds in the kingdom razed. In 1620 Gilles Ruellan razed the remainder. An adventurer who refused until late in life to wear shoes and who made an enormous fortune selling sailcloth and arms to cor-



Clipped laurels in boxes decorate the *cour d'honneur*



Glade called the *bousquet de musique*



Trompe-l'oeil peas on a faience plate



The center axis of the parterre



Wisteria-covered arches in the Louis XIII garden



The pond called "The Tomb of Holderlein"



Restful corner of the labyrinth



Terrace in front of the garden façade



Looking down the wisteria allée



Tender aromatics in pots ring the scented garden's pool



18th-century Creil plate "Ruins of Diana's Temple"



A vista in the labyrinth



New plantations outside the formal gardens



Breton countryside framed by the scalloped hedge



The *théatre de verdure*



Cutout commedia dell'arte figures

In the Coral Room, *right,* 18th-century beds are hung with Persian fabrics. Between the Louis XV chairs, an antique clavichord. *Below:* At one end of the faux-marbre-painted dining room, a collection of silver and faience are displayed in typical 17th-century fashion.



sairs, Ruellan held two thirds of Brittany in his power. Thinking it better to have this man with rather than against him, Henri IV made him a marquis and offered him, in return for his support, immense holdings in the Fougères plain among which were those on which stood the second fortress of La Ballue. On top of the remaining underground rooms of the old fortress, he erected the third and present chateau.

Gilles Ruellan's last direct descendant was to emigrate to England in 1790 during the revolution, never to return to La Ballue, for which he had spent himself heavily into debt, indeed into financial ruin. His nephew, La Contrie, an illustrious Chouan leader made La Ballue the general headquarters of the king's partisans, hiding within its walls, its underground halls and passages, and its forests a part of the five-thousand-man army during its march from Fougères to Granville in the fight for the king. The better part of the army was massacred in 1793 a few kilometers from the chateau during the siege of Antran and Rimoux, two neighboring villages linked to La Ballue by its underground passages. Some were able to take refuge there and thus escaped the massacres.

The abandoned La Ballue, confiscated in 1795 by the nation as property of émigrés, became the symbol of Chouan resistance for the Romantic writers of the nineteenth century. The first of its new owners went bankrupt from the restoration. After her death, La Ballue fell into a state of neglect, changed *(Text continued on page 224)*





(Continued from page 222) hands several times, and then in 1939 was finally abandoned for almost a half century. In 1973, the first time I saw this chateau, its severe and remarkable architecture fired an immediate passion in me. The forests around its pond were impenetrable, a tangle of holly, ferns, of centuries-old trees above streams flowing between mossy banks. The old hanging garden of the southern terraces and the main courtyard were choked with high weeds. The view was extraordinary, stretching out over sixty kilometers of small valleys, and its distant blues were reminiscent of paintings by the Dutch primitives. Sea gulls and land birds flew back and forth above the roof. The bird calls from the bushes were deafening. No huntsman had set foot in this place for 35 years.

This forgotten chateau, I soon learned, had been left in 1939 to two parties as joint tenants, was still in their possession in 1973, and had never been put up for sale. It took three months to convince its owners to sell to me; four years to restore the roof, the wainscoting, and the parquet floors; one year to reconstruct the French garden; and ten to create a Renaissance garden, for which I planted five thousand trees and shrubs. Quickly La Ballue began to make demands of its new owner, as if it embodied some kind of imperative and I was under an obligation to obey an image of which it alone was the author. I was charged merely with executing its orders for surprise groves, a maze, a semicircular theater of greenery, a temple of foliage, an alley of orange trees, a vault of wisteria, a garden of twisted trees, another of grafted trees, a third of rare trees, a fourth of giant and dwarf trees, a baroque orchard of fruit trees in rather odd containers, a second pond which had to be created in one day below the chateau walls in order to provide a view out of one of the windows and which I call "the pond of Holderlein's tomb." Finally there was a celebration, a festival with three hundred torches burning throughout the chateau park, 67 candelabras lit in the chateau windows, musicians in the maze, and a concert. It was time, at last, for the twentieth century to make its appearance at La Ballue. The night of the ninth of July, 1983, Takis performed on his electronic gongs: their reverberations shook the trees, stirred the air, volatilized the old traditions. And finally, fireworks were launched from the ramparts, their trailers falling slowly through the night, leaving the public from far and near to find within themselves something of the past.

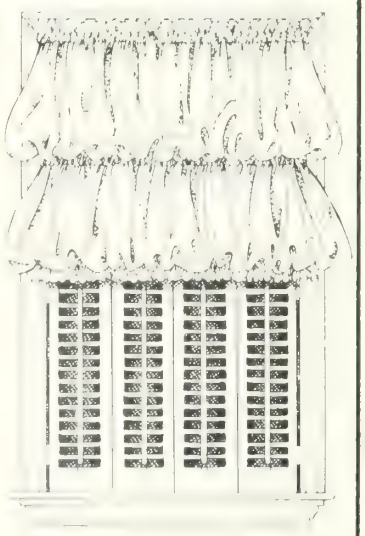


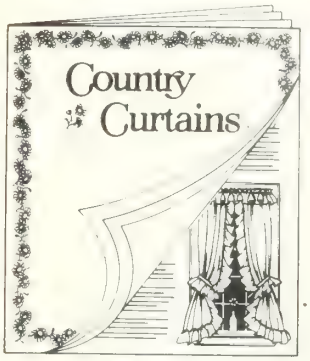
Claude Arthaud, chatelaine of La Ballue

Thus, on the brink of disappearing, the chateau of La Ballue had once more in the course of its history succeeded in awakening in its owner its own thirst for the absolute, its own aesthetic phantasms. One must surely be predisposed toward make-believe to satisfy such demands. It is probably not mere chance that some of the finest and most beautiful French chateaus, these endangered monsters abandoned by their owners and by the state which refuses to assume their upkeep, are often taken over by very young people and by women of a romantic nature. In a time when passion is no longer fashionable, and profit is the rule, only these individuals still possess the impulsiveness and the natural passions which make men young and are the very nature of romantic women. Indeed, it is quite in keeping with the contrariness of life that at times destiny and chance play in their favor to lead them to the discovery of some remarkable chateau architecture which they then acquire with the kind of passion that animates

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collectors or patrons of the arts.

The chateau of La Ballue seems always to have attracted people drawn to the absolute. According to legend, King Arthur's companions roamed its woods near the forest of Brocéliande (Paimpont Forest), in search of the Holy Grail. The Chouan armies fought in its forests and took refuge in its underground passages. Later, in the nineteenth century, while living with his brother in their uncle's house in Fougères, Musset came to La Ballue for walks in the woods. Chateaubriand, who lived only a few kilometers from La Ballue at the chateau of Combourg, cited the beautiful chateau gardens in his *Memoirs.* In 1828, Balzac found inspiration in the chateau for his novel *The Chouans,* and in 1838, while staying at Bazouges La Pérouse, Hugo would daily walk to the chateau in the company of Juliette Drouet. This led to his using the grounds, terraces, and empty rooms of the chateau to gather together the notes he was later to use, while in exile, to write his novel *Ninety-Three,* and to jot down the first lines of those passages inspired by the place and by the region.

Passionately loved or abruptly abandoned, La Ballue has always exercised a spiritual fascination on it owners and visitors. The greatest passions in politics and love have been lived out within its domain. Today the lands of this ancient seigniory are still governed by the code of the knights errant and old Celtic beliefs. When one of the recently planted trees from the park at La Ballue does not send out new roots in the course of a year, the person who planted it takes some earth from around the foot of the tree, cuts off a few branches, and takes them to the man who can say if sorcery is the cause; his verdict is above appeal. If the tree has not had a spell cast over it, it is replaced according to custom at the expense of the person who provided it. Such is the tale I have lived out at La Ballue.

Nothing is done in this realm of the knights of old without taking into account the position of the stars, nothing is done outside of tradition and time for in this part of Upper Brittany rebellious against any constraint, time can not retain what is done without reference to it, and nature holds superi natural power for men. Still today these lands remain the spiritual fief o the knights who owned and defended them for seven centuries against invaders from the sea. The trace they left behind seems destined never to vanish. Here the spoken word often counts more than the written, the oath more than the contract. Harvesting machines have replaced the sickle, Christian crosses have been set atop the menhirs, yet popular beliefs remain fixed for all time. The kingdom of the visible is merely a fragment of the kingdom of the invisible, and what you see of the chateau of La Ballue is only its immobile appearance. □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pelt

Chateau de la Ballue, Bazouges-La Pérouse (35560), in Brittany, is open every day between June 15 and September 15 from 11:00 A.M. to 12:30 P.M and from 2 to 7 P.M



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Throughout history, the forces of nature have threatened the survival of some of the world's most interesting and unusual breeds. To focus attention on these endangered species, famed sculptor Roger Brown and River Shore, have produced their first-ever limited-edition collection of animal figurines inspired by ***Babies of Endangered Species.***

After months of research, Brown chose "Sidney" the Eastern cougar to premiere this collection because of his handsome looks and playful manner. This tawny-buff and brown cougar's blue eyes dance as he rolls on his back and toys with a twig. His expressive tail wags between his legs.

It has been three years since Roger Brown has offered a baby animal figurine, and thus the "birth" of "Sidney" is causing a stir among collectors who know that many Brown works – especially his first-issue "Akiku" seal figurine from 1978 – have appreciated significantly in value in the market place.

"Sidney" is the first of eight Roger Brown original sculptures in the ***Babies of Endangered Species*** Figurine Collection – including a baby grizzly bear, a sea otter and five other charming, hand-painted porcelain pieces. As a series subscriber, you will be issued subsequent pieces at intervals of every two months at the guaranteed issue price of $45.00 for each figurine, payable in two convenient installments.

There is no risk to you in ordering now under The Hamilton Collection 100% Buy-Back Guarantee. You may return "Sidney" or any succeeding figurine at any time within 30 days of receipt for a full refund. Each issue will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity, attesting to its status as part of the limited edition of 15,000.

Because the edition is so small compared to the number of Brown and River Shore collectors, and because of the charm and appeal of "Sidney" and the widespread reputation of sculptor Roger Brown, a *prompt sellout is anticipated.* Be sure to return your reservation by the final postmark date to guarantee its consideration. To be safe, order today! The Hamilton Collection, 9550 Regency Square Blvd., P.O. Box 2567, Jacksonville, FL 32232.

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1985 HC

(Continued from page 147) is a molecular biologist at an Ivy League university, and the children are thoroughly assimilated into the life of the local school. At the same time, the *tricolore* hangs from the balcony, Mam'selle looks after the children, and the celebration the Mangins are planning this year for the 150th birthday of the house is not a Yankee picnic with fireworks but a Parisian-style costume ball.

When they decided to live in America, the Mangins asked a friend, decorator Arnold Copper, to find them a house. They flew over to approve and purchase it, then returned to Paris while it was being readied. Copper added a steel beam to the dining-room ceiling to support the chandelier, jacked up the porches, and strengthened the huge granite piers in the basement. He remade the large attic into a suite for the children and their governess and repaired many of the building's surfaces. Swatches were sent across the Atlantic, choices were made, the paints applied, the curtains hung, the furniture from the Paris apartment shipped, and the family installed.

Arnold Copper knew the Mangins' Paris apartment well, and he chose a house that was appropriate for their possessions in an uncommon way. "Both the American Greek Revival and the Louis XVI styles—most of Charles-Henri and Marguerite's things are Louis XVI—are Neoclassical, but I like the differences as much as the similarities," he says. "The details in this building—the columns outside, the woodwork inside—are much bigger and gutsier than you would find in a French Neoclassical house. So the match is more than a little bit off and the interplay is very alive. You certainly know you're not in France here, but the total effect is very French—deliberately cool, uncluttered, formal, yet free in a certain French way. For example, in the library near the Louis XV *bureau plat* and the Louis XIII chair you see big, squashy contemporary Italian leather seating. This is a combination you can find all over Paris."

What you cannot find all over Paris or in any other house anywhere are the very personal family treasures. From the chateau built by Mme. Mangin's great-grandfather Edgar Stern come the overdoor paintings and the chandelier in the dining room—objects the Nazis could not detach when they pillaged the house as the war was ending. In the stairwell and in the hall–sitting room hang prints representing illustrious ancestors of Charles-Henri Mangin: great-grandfather General Eugène Cavaignac, President of France in 1848 until Napoleon III took the reins; grandfather General Charles Mangin, a First World War hero who is buried at Les Invalides; father Colonel Louis Mangin, who was vital in the Résistance in the Second World War.

If this touch of *la gloire* seems foreign in a small New England town, one has only to remember that the residents of 150 years ago were true cosmopolites who sailed the seven seas. □

Editor: Babs Simpson



The Mangins: Charles-Henri, Louis-David, Marguerite, and Charlotte

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Continued from page 161) drunkenness. Not surprisingly, the rose came to be associated with overindulgence.

The flower was an anathema to early Christians, who were intent on disassociating themselves from everything reminiscent of the heathen Romans. In general, however, their efforts to discredit the rose proved unsuccessful. By the middle ages, the flower crept back into Christian ritual. Ultimately, roses permeated the very core of the mass, in the form of rosary beads made from the fragrant paste of pulverized rose petals.

Besides being regarded as an object of beauty, the rose has long been valued for its useful properties. As the common name of the Apothecary's rose (*Rosa gallica officinalis*) indicates, it was administered in its various forms to soothe all sorts of troubles, from headaches to hysteria, and was used in cosmetics as well.

The first roses to be planted in European gardens were brought from the Near East, and although they were a varied lot, they are now grouped together and referred to as "old-fashioned." Basically, these sturdy plants, which bloom once a year, in May or June, are hardy, disease-resistant, and deliciously fragrant. The oldest among them are the Gallica, the Cabbage, and the Centifolia roses. Another venerable group are the Damasks, best known for their heady fragrances. The Albas bear clusters of blooms, as do the Musks, which have a tendency to climb. The Moss roses are large-flowered shrubs, named for the threadlike glands on their stems and sepals, and the sweetbriers or Eglantines, are prickly climbers with red hips that are almost as brilliant as their blooms. Among the hardiest of all the old-fashioned roses are the Rugosas, which have attractive fruit and a tough constitution.

In the early 1800s, just as Josephine was planning Malmaison, four new roses were introduced to European and American gardens. These were the China Teas, so named because of their place of origin and the fact that either they came on the ships of tea traders or their fragrance was redolent of the scent of fresh tea leaves. The four new roses created an instant sensation, for each had the delightful habit of flowering not once, but continuously. They

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had big blossoms, but they came with the disadvantage of being tender and thus disease-prone. In an effort to combine hardiness and continuous bloom, the four—one of which was the plant that Josephine had arranged to have sent from England to Malmaison—were crossed with almost every available rose.

The four China studs generated an enormous family, and their offspring—referred to as hybrids—include innumerable combinations of color, size, and character. The most practical means of classifying the modern hybrids is in terms of hardiness. Those which tolerate the cold best are the Hybrid Moss roses, the Hybrid Spinosissimas, or Scotch roses, and the Hybrid Perpetuals—which, despite their name, produce nearly ninety percent of their flowers in June. Shrub roses are also able to survive winter weather without protection. Roses that are moderately cold-tolerant include the low-growing Polyanthas, the Portlands, the Floribundas, with their fragrant clusters of double flowers, their graceful kin the Grandifloras, and the renowned Hybrid Teas, which are a cross between the delicate China Teas and the hardy Hybrid Perpetuals. Much to the chagrin of northern gardeners, the shrubby Bourbons, the Noisettes, and the true China Teas and their hybrids flourish only in mild climates.

Today, roses are the most versatile of all flowering plants, for there seems to be a rose to fill virtually every garden role. Tea roses and Hybrid Perpetuals make excellent bedding plants, with their elegant flowers and constant blooming, as do the profusely flowering Floribundas, Grandifloras, and Polyanthas. The large shrub roses can be used to enrich borders or provide background, while the spectacular bloomers can be trained as standards to highlight formal schemes. Climbers and ramblers covering arches, pergolas, trellises, and walls are the most desirable of all, as they provide the verticality that is essential to successful garden design.

To help focus attention above an otherwise flat expanse of blooming flower beds, gardeners often use verticals; and because roses resent shade



Modern rose, traditional lattice

and competition from tree roots, upright architectural elements are the most efficient way to incorporate them. The array of structures available for hoisting blossoms up high is as rich and varied as the flowers themselves: pillars and towers, scallops of rope or chain, arches and pergolas.

Roses are best displayed against a uniformly dark, evenly textured background that offsets their flowers. Pliny set his rose bed in a ring of cypresses; countless gardeners since have achieved the same effect by surrounding their roses with hemlock, arborvitae, yew, or boxwood. An evergreen perimeter or a masonry wall will turn the rose garden into a separate area, which may not be considered an advantage when the flowers bloom in June, but it does keep the not too graceful plants out of sight once they are past their prime.

Most rose gardens tend to be formally designed, with geometrically shaped beds that create handsome patterns even when the roses within them are not at their best. The French have an affinity for formal design which may account for their outstanding rose gardens. Two of them are near Paris: L'Hay-les-Roses is an encyclopedia of rose growing set up as a display garden with exhibits organized by both chronology and type; Bagatelle is a more formal scheme with symmetrical beds, standards, and topiary.

An English rose garden presents an entirely different picture, most likely because English gardeners do not like to see bare earth. Subshrubs or suffruticose plants are often set beneath the roses, for they are herbaceous perennials with woody lower branches, and thus are suitably scaled to stand up to the stems of roses. Subshrubs include many of the compact, low-growing herbs, from glossy-leaved teucrium to silvery cushions of artemisias.

Occasionally, English gardeners mix other flowers into their rose beds. A rose garden is essentially an exclusive collection, however, and whether the addition of other blossoms enhances it is open to debate. Russell Page advised that gardeners choose a theme, enhance it in every way possible, and eliminate everything that is distracting. If the delphiniums don't draw a disproportionate amount of attention away from the roses, the combination is a comfortable one—but in general, in a rose garden, center stage is best reserved for roses.

Lately, interest in the old-fashioned roses—the species that were grown prior to the mid nineteenth century—has revived. One of the staunchest supporters of old roses is Graham Stuart Thomas, an English plantsman who does not like to see roses in separate gardens, but prefers to use them as shrubs, in mixed plantings. They work well with herbaceous perennials such as delphiniums, lilies, irises, and *Alchemilla mollis*. Many of the old species and varieties flower only once a year, as do most garden shrubs. To Graham Stuart Thomas and the many people who are dedicated to old roses, their full-blown blooms, soft colors, and exquisite fragrances are well worth the wait.

Growing roses is not for everyone, however. A well-groomed, tidy rose garden requires constant weeding, pruning, spraying, and cleaning. Roses are an ideal choice for those willing to invest extra effort for the promise of a brief but brilliant return. They are for the extravagant among us who like to gather their eggs in one basket, reveling in a June display that can best be compared to fireworks: spectacular and short-lived. □









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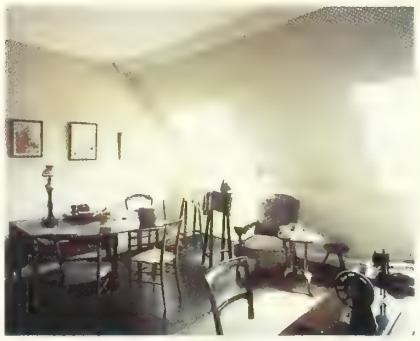
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(Continued from page 204) was relatively skeletal.

Lower down in the world there would be two instead of three servants in each domestic department. My father—by no means a rich man—had two on the stairs, two in the kitchen, two in the nursery, and only one in the dining room. Apart from a good-looking Maltese batman, these were all female, which was "not quite the thing," and all had names beginning with *E:* Emma, Edith, Ethel, Evie. In the end my mother got rid of the lot and made do with a married couple and a Swiss governess; later, when war broke out, these dwindled to a daily woman; in time, even she vanished.

Because he had been a soldier, my father hated having menservants around; they reminded him of the parade ground, he said. But I suspect a lot of country gentlemen relished the military overtones—playing soldiers with their staff. For over and above such basic duties as keeping the fires going and rouging the silver, not to mention ironing the *Times* (standard practice before 1939) and washing the guests' change (never pennies: fashionable people didn't bother with them), footmen spent much of their time being as useless and decorative as royal sentries. Indeed, in royal houses and certain noble ones footmen were chosen like guardsmen for their matching build and height; if one of them turned out to have feet the same size as his master, so much the better: he could break in new shoes for him. Old Lord Derby, for instance, insisted on perfectly matched pairs of footmen, not less than six foot three inches tall. The English Rothschilds went in for shorter ones. In the basement of their Piccadilly house there used to be an ivory yardstick, the sole purpose of which was to measure menservants; if one of them grew too tall, he could always be exchanged for a shorter specimen from one of their country houses.



Housemaids' sitting room at Erddig

Footmen were, of course, liveried—liveries usually by Lillico of Maddox Street—but, after 1914, no longer in knee breeches and stockings and seldom powdered, except on special ceremonial occasions. Powdered hair "made the top of your head feel as if it were in plaster," said Mr. Lee, the Astor's butler. "When we had dressed, we put a towel over our shirts, damped our heads, and then sprinkled our hair with . . . flour! It pulled a bit at the roots as it dried, but there's no doubt it looked very smart indeed."

Nowadays servants' skills are as obsolete as powdered hair. Where is the valet who "does" the soles of his shoes and launders shoelaces before he irons them? Where is the maid who knows exactly how much alcohol is required to take out difficult stains—foie gras, crème de menthe, brilliantine—from chinchilla or mousseline de soie? And is there anybody left who knows how to keep tiaras asparkle (Nancy Astor had five) and securely anchored to false curls and ostrich feathers? As for footmen, they too, are a dying breed: too old or too young or too swish.

If I know about the workings of upstairs/downstairs, it is because I was an upstairs/downstairs baby, as a little family history will explain. After distinguishing himself as a general in the Boer War, my father was knighted by Queen Victoria. Whereupon he retired and devoted the rest of his life to transforming a section of the British PX into a thriving department store, the Army and Navy stores. "The Stores," as customers called it, became *the* Establishment place to shop. There was everything an empire-builder could possibly want from pith helmets to pemmican, turtle soup to spats; there was the best wine and cigar department in London; there was also a photography department presided over by an enterprising young woman to whom my seventy-year-old father

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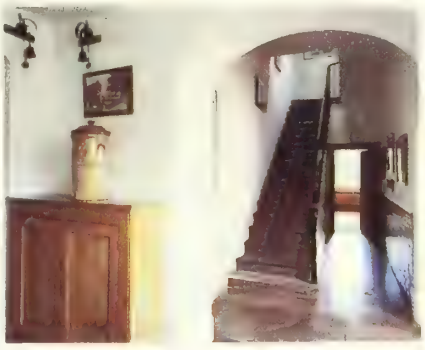
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as irresistibly attracted. The enter-
rising young woman resisted the at-
ntions, not to speak of the proposals
roffered by her aged boss. But Vic-
rian generals were used to being
beyed, and in due course she capitu-
ted. By the time my father died, six
ears of marital bliss later, she had pro-
aced three children.

As I grew up, I was conscious of a
ystery: my mother's family. Who ex-
tly were they? Why did we have so
any coroneted things—initialed with
R, it is true, but this seemed to de-
ote Rothschild or Rosebery rather
an our own rather ordinary name.
Then questioned about these matters
y mother would murmur something
asive. Was I illegitimate? I hoped so:
romantic. But no. When I was eigh-
en, my mother finally came out with
e—to her embarrassing, to me fasci-
ating—truth. She was descended
om a dynasty of servants: grand ones,
e was at pains to point out, but ser-
nts all the same. My grandmother—
ead long before I was born—had



The backstairs at Locko Park

been lady's maid to Hannah Roth-
schild who married Lord Rosebery, the
politician who dismissed his wife's re-
lations at the end of dinner by bidding
them, "return to your tents, ye children
of Israel." My grandmother's brother
had been the butler; other members of
the family had been footmen and
gamekeepers at Mentmore, the great
house which Rothschild money had
built and which was sold up by Soth-
eby's a few years ago. No, they certain-
ly were not light-fingered, my mother
was adamant when I asked about the
coroneted items. "The Roseberys and
the Rothschilds were very generous,"
she explained, "forever giving the fam-
ily lavish presents and, better still, lav-
ish pensions." A Rothschild pension
had set up a butling great-uncle as a ho-
telier—a profession which César Ritz,
directly or indirectly, had induced a lot
of well-trained servants to follow. Sev-
eral other relations, I was told, likewise
made it in the upstairs world.

As for my grandmother, she was
bright and attractive enough to achieve
the servant's dream of marrying a rung
or two above herself—a handsome li-
brarian—and banging the green baize
door once and for all behind her. As for
me, I like to think that my upstairs/
downstairs heritage has been responsi-
ble for certain advantages: for enabling
me to perceive life, like a Cubist artist,
from different viewpoints simulta-
neously, and for permitting me to
scramble up—and—more difficult—
down social ladders without, as yet,
falling off. □



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(Continued from page 186) up with disconcerting but not discomfiting incongruity. Another quite successful later creation is the downstairs guest room, based on a painting by G. Macculloch (Cully) Miller, Gertrude's son-in-law, of the blue bedroom of her studio in Paris. Dominated by a blue, canopied bed with a lush moiré spread, its calm green walls and sedate eggshell-blue chaise longue mark out this bedroom as the most—possibly the only—conventionally decorated room in the house.

It is the living room, though, that unquestionably dominates the rest of the building. Painted a warm, faded terra cotta, informally furnished with chintz-covered sofas and Brobdingnagian tables, warmed by fireplaces at each of the short ends, rendered unassailably elegant by the tall, black Chinese screens inlaid with iridescent mother-of-pearl and creamy ivory landscape motifs, this room is the obvious center for the activities of an idiosyncratic and self-determined family. Indeed, more than once during my visit, nibbling egg-salad sandwiches and leftover birthday cake—two of my favorite things for lunch—surrounded by various household pets and the ringing of telephones, I felt a certain nostalgic zaniness in the air, as though I had strayed into a performance of *You Can't Take It With You* staged by upper-class bohemians in, say, the Pazzi Chapel. It is also here that the presence of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney the sculptor makes itself most strongly felt. Ranged against the long wall facing the garden is a group of her small bronze sketches of subjects inspired by the First World War. They are impressive sculptures, expressive and sure-handed in their touch, moving in their ability to summarize deep feeling in relatively spontaneous formal terms.

The garden forms an essential adjunct to the studio proper, its broad symmetrical expanse complementing the loftiness of the indoor space. The beauties of the garden seem to have inspired extravagant behavior on the part of some of Gertrude's artist friends in the studio's heyday. "As soon as I saw the strangely dull pool I ran back to the enchanted house and stript and I dove in," wrote Arthur Lee. "Chanler [Robert Chanler, the muralist] came and waiting for him to undress I danced around your lawn like a faun in a fine frenzy and frightened your queer grey blue silk colored birds who fled awkwardly out of my way. . ." The garden also served as the setting for those memorable parties celebrating vernissages and attended by a heady mixture of Gertrude's artist friends. The painter Jerome Myers describes one such garden fête in his memoirs: "I can hardly visualize, let alone describe, the many shifting



A view of the garden and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's fountain.

scenes of our entertainment; sunken pools and gorgeous white peacocks as line decorations into the garden; in their swinging cages brilliant macaws nodding their beaks at George Luks—Robert Chanler showing us his exotic sea pictures. . ." At still another party, the ever-present Bob Chanler sent a surprise gift of two kangaroos. This was perhaps going too far, and the pair was returned abruptly to the sender.

The garden also bears witness to Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's impressive achievement as a sculptor. Known to the general public today as a tremendously rich woman, as the notorious aunt of "Little Gloria," or, quite rightly, respected as the founder and tireless animator of the Whitney Museum of American Art, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney is too often forgotten as the ambitious and successful professional sculptor she was in her day. As such, she was part of a whole group of prominent American women sculptors, coming of age in the late nineteenth century, who made their mark on the public spaces of their country and even in Europe; a group that included Edith Woodman Burroughs, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Janet Scudder, Evelyn Longman, Anna Hyatt Huntington, Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, Harriet Whitney Frishmuth, and, perhaps best known of all, Malvina Hoffman. In the beautifully laid out garden of the studio house, with its grape arbor, its wisteria, its pool, and its emerald-green lawn, are scattered evidences of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's achievement. Marking the central axis of the garden is her elegant bronze fountain, consisting of three male nudes supporting a basin embellished with vine leaves and grapes, a reduction of the full-size marble fountain she designed for McGill University in 1910. A similar marble fountain won her the Bronze medal at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. A massive bronze relief stands out against the foliage against the east wall, perhaps reminiscent of the artist's monumental *El Dorado* frieze and gates, a 41-figure sculptural complex which she exhibited at the same exposition. Most touching of all, perhaps, it is the bronze shepherd, originally designed for a cemetery, which now overlooks the vegetable garden, standing guard over growing things with benign dignity.

Yet of course, these garden statues, charming as they may be, provide little sense of the range, ambition, and public presence of Gertrude's sculpture. For that, one would have to travel up to Washington Heights to see her War Memorial, still standing at 168th Street and Broadway in New York, a work representing a soldier assisting two of his wounded comrades, or go to Potomac Park in Washington, D.C., to see her monument to the victims of the *Titanic* completed in 1912. Even more ambitious was her St. Nazaire monument, commemorating the first landing of American troops in France in 1917, perched high above a cliff on the French seacoast until the Germans destroyed it during World War II. Her colossal Columbus Monument, including both a stylized freestanding figure and a series of reliefs on a rectangular base, was hewn out of native

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House & Garden



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HIGH BOHEMIA

granite in Palos, Spain, a gift to Columbus's native land made possible by popular subscription in the United States; her lively equestrian statue of Buffalo Bill for Cody, Wyoming, was commissioned by the Buffalo Bill Association. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's final large-scale commission was the *Spirit of Flight* (also known as *To the Morrow*) for the New York World's Fair of 1939, a pair of soaring, stylized nudes, surmounted by three symbolic wings, taking off into space from a rainbowlike arc, the whole thing rendered in plaster overlaid with glittering metal leaf.

Strolling through the basement and outbuildings of the studio, one recaptures a sense of Gertrude Vanderbilt's vanished life as a sculptor. An enormous hook in the ceiling of the present living room serves as a reminder of the days when the studio was used as a workplace and heavy plaster, bronze, or marble statues were lowered through a trapdoor into the basement, and thence sent off to their final destinations. On a circular space at the side of the house, a version of *El Dorado* quietly weathers away; and in the basement, further testimonials to past sculptural splendor—fragments of *El Dorado* in plaster; a small-scale Columbus Monument figure; various scattered pieces of nude bodies and severed heads—serve as melancholy reminders that (contrary to the old saying) art, like life, may be all too short. One particularly poignant document, a small plaster model of a lifeboat, the men with raised oars, a woman and child standing in the bow, may well have been a first idea for a memorial to Gertrude's brother, Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, who went down with the *Lusitania* in 1915; or perhaps it was a first idea, later rejected, for the *Titanic* monument.

In any case, whether I think of this afternoon as a visit to a delightful if somewhat offbeat and original family home very much in touch with the present, or as a kind of pilgrimage to a historical monument commemorating one woman's precarious yet triumphant union of great wealth and significant artistic achievement, it is not easily forgotten. □ *Editor: Carolyn Solli*

ONE STEP BEYOND

(Continued from page 136) cloud-chamber image of the experiment that won Drs. Carlo Rubbia and Simon van der Meer the 1984 Nobel Prize in physics. Their discovery of three subatomic particles has been deemed a key to devising a unified theory to account for all natural forces. Yet deepening the bright metallic finish of the door is a pigment made in part from the artist's blood, a primitive response diametrically opposed to the advanced research the pattern beneath it depicts.

Beyond that arresting entry, the visitor steps into an even stranger space. This densely soundproofed, hermetic chamber—its only source of illumination an illusionistic light sculpture set into the ceiling like a glowing, hovering presence—serves to cleanse the senses of sight and sound before one proceeds into the loft proper. After such surprising preparation, the destination seems at first somewhat mundane, its industrial origins undisguised, its surfaces seemingly unfinished.



Flaring columns provide a sensuous foil for the rectilinear grid of the windows.

But more careful inspection shows the primary living space (a 97-foot-long stretch that runs the full width of the building) to be detailed with an exceptionally subtle sophistication. The loft's windows provide one instance. Some are multipaned originals, others are mullionless replacements, but most have been selectively frosted to give privacy as well as to obscure the gener-

ly dingy surroundings. Occasionally, ntalizing images peek through the an-made mist, like the incongruous ng-eaved roofs of the Japanese Bud- ıist temple across the street. Reflec- ons within the loft add to the air of ystery: highly polished surfaces of ncrete, granite, wood, and bronze spond variously to the constantly anging light, sometimes with ex- aordinary impact. The seven bronze ates fronting the chimney in the sit- ıg area have a softly burnished patina daytime, which gives way, when the arth is ablaze with fire at night, to a ore specific texture: row upon row of inuscule numerals. Each plaque has een engraved with a 43,000-digit ime number, the largest now known. ike the symbolic reach of the front or, this gesture juxtaposes the pri- al with the immediate.

Within this highly charged field of sion, the owners' art collection takes the intensity of perfect balance: ere is an interior where art has neither o much nor too little to compete with. Illusion is ever-present as a prod to sensory stimulation. Eric Orr's back-to-back waterfall sculptures—thin strips of corrugated copper set into the walls of the living room and bathroom—exert a mesmeric fascination on even the most visually casual observer.

> In the art-rich Vena-Mondt loft, illusion is ever-present as a prod to sensory stimulation

The main living room, extending from kitchen and dining area on one end to sitting area on the other, is punctuated by flaring concrete columns that give the loft the totemic dignity of archaic Cretan architecture. Actually, these columns are original to the building and were only slightly altered by the architect, who had them worked over with a bushhammer to deepen their surface texture. (James Stirling designed remarkably similar columns for his new museum in Stuttgart.) The occupants, appreciative of the sculptural integrity of these columns, have wisely avoided undermining them with the placement of small objects nearby.

The Vena-Mondts have chosen to live in this nobly scaled interior in a manner that some might see as minimal, but even a short visit proves otherwise. This challenging and yet accommodating design is an interior of a kind of rarely encountered: one that is not about things but about essences. In getting down to basics of form, material, and spirit, it opens the doors of perception on what home truly means: a centered place in the universe. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

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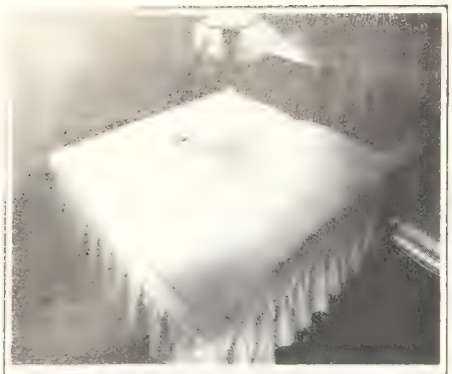
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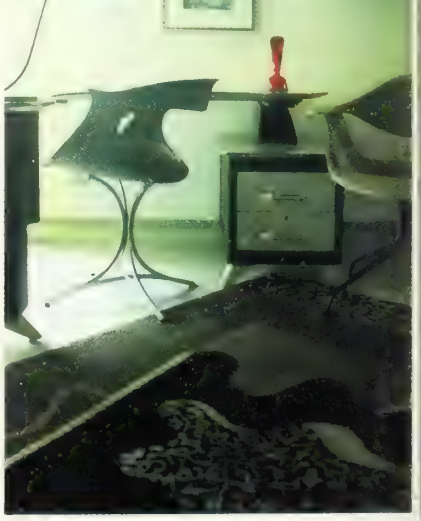
"You can read in the Mathsson recliner for five hours without moving," says Friedman

(Continued from page 155) with sliding doors allows an expansive view of the Hudson River. Yet the house is shielded from the direct rays of the summer sun by overhangs that permit the lower angles of the winter sun to penetrate the house. The gaze outward is directed by the low horizontality of the space, further defined by the warm tones of the cypress ceiling and the dark "bluestone" flooring. Forming an "L" to this main rectangular block is an indoor swimming pool that Breuer added in 1973. He also had designed the guesthouse built in 1957 on the slope behind the main house and linked to it and the garage by a wood-framed, covered walkway/stair.

Although only a few Breuer furnishings—built-ins—were left behind by Vera Neumann, Friedman and Pastor had no trouble figuring out how to furnish the house. Barry Friedman has long been an enthusiast of 1950s design and has recently been adding European and American pieces of this era to his gallery collection. "I was first interested in fifties kitsch," he recalls, "but the high-quality pieces soon drew me in." In their decision to decorate in the spirit of the architecture, Friedman and Pastor chose to combine a full range of furniture and decorative arts of the fifties (and a little earlier in some cases), executed by American, European, and Scandinavian designers. Included in this lineup are many standards: chairs and tables by Charles Eames, Eero Saarinen, Bruno Mathsson, Arne Jacobsen, George Nelson, Harry Bertoia, and, of course, Breuer. These representative pieces join furniture and objects by Dan Johnson, Joe Adkinson for Thonet, Greta Jalk, plus ones by such Italian and French designers as Flavio Poli, Lino Sabattini, and Jean Prouvé (whose desk base resembles some of the structural elements used in his buildings). Lamps by Serge Mouille, an Aubusson tapestry of an abstract motif by Mathieu Matégot, and an Italian wood tea cart with "wings" holding a Ravinet d'Enfert tea service are additional idiosyncratic accoutrements that activate this assemblage.

Yet most of the seating in this fifties museum is ultracomfortable: "You can read in the Mathsson recliner for five hours without moving," attests Friedman. The pieces also have been selected and placed with a special regard for line, color, and texture. Some show the biomorphic shapes of the free-form designs so popular at the time; others stay within the structural lines of a handcrafted or machine-finished aesthetic. By bringing in outré items here and there, like the low-scale leather pull-apart chair in the living room or the cattail lamp in a guest room, the Friedmans have kept the period setting from appearing staid or predictable.

Every now and then touches of kitsch can be glimpsed, plastic cactuses in the guest room, pinball machines in the former maid's room, or 1950s store mannequins in the pool lounge. But the overall mood is one of restraint. "This is meant to be quite different from our place in New York," Pastor remarks, explaining that they tend to entertain close friends and family more casually here. She also gardens a lot—"sometimes at night, when I arrive." Her husband, on the other hand, is inside doing exactly what one might suspect he would do in this home—reading interiors magazines of the forties and fifties. □ *Editor: Lloyd Ziff*



A view of Patricia Pastor's study

CHICAGO MODERNE



A Rosamond Berg construction above a Joseph Piccillo drawing in the living room.

Continued from page 212) light or two, including a sleek talian one on the study's desk and a pair of early Richard apper bedside table lamps that predate his famous Tizio lesign. All this illumination plays off a restrained palette hat intertwines painted blush-pink and lacquered auber- ine walls. In the dining room, walls above the pale-pink nolding-frosted wainscoting are upholstered in a heavily extured, glazed pine-green fabric that at first glance looks ike leather.

"The colors simultaneously complement and subdue the ower of the art," notes Gregga. "This project was not at all matter of bashing down entire walls. A lot of what we did is nseen in a sense, but the place really has a very nice feel- ng."

Gregga grouped Josef Hoffmann tables and a trio of Leo- old Bauer seating pieces on top of a French Deco area rug o reinforce the sense of intimacy suggested by the color cheme. And he scrupulously avoided positioning things round the perimeters of rooms. Both the bedroom and tudy desks were placed to cut the corners of the rooms. The lining room contains a pair of carefully unmatched tables— dark, angular design with a boxy base and a skirted-to-the- loor round one. When not put into service as a dinner-party uffet, the dark table is the stage for a changing array of art glass and small sculpture.

Throughout the apartment the subdued furniture and old art have a symbiotic relationship. So do the mixed me- dia. Michael Stevens's chairlike *Chinaman's Chance* in the entry hall is a delightful counterpoint for the room's pair of Mackintosh chairs.

"Maybe we're just consumers, but we enjoy being sur- rounded by things that we love, and art is very definitely a major part of our lives. We couldn't imagine living in a house without art. We're very fortunate.

"The real joy of it is that it's always changing, things are being moved around and maneuvered. That's the adventure and that's what makes it home. We're far from 'done.'" □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

CORRECTION

Due to a printing mishap, the photographer's credit for the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Marc Rosen, appearing on page 75 of the August issue of House & Garden, was inadvertently omitted. The photograph was taken by Horst.



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JOURNAL

CAPA CITY

Robert Capa: A Retrospective, International Center of Photography, New York, Sept. 14–Nov. 10.

A photographer widely known for his war reportage, Robert Capa is finally examined across the entire range of his work. With nearly a hundred photographs never before exhibited, this program brings the warmth, glamour, and vigor of Capa's vision into a more personal perspective. At right is his 1948 photo of Picasso shading then-lover, later-biographer Françoise Gilot. The show's chilling conclusion: an image captured moments before Capa was killed stepping on a land mine in Indochina in 1954. *Donovan Webster*

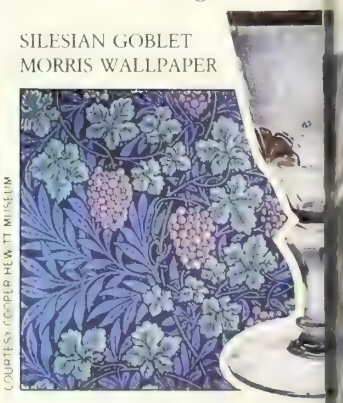


© ROBERT CAPA

DIVINE VINE

Wine: Celebration and Ceremony, Cooper-Hewitt Museum, New York, through Oct. 13.

Manhattan's most elegant attic serves up some 350 worldly or sacred objects that draw pattern or purpose from wine or vine: potent "cellar" souvenirs indeed. *Margaret Morse*



SILESIAN GOBLET
MORRIS WALLPAPER

COURTESY COOPER HEWITT MUSEUM

BUILDING ON THE PAST

The latest monumental federal building to be restored and sensitively renovated is the Pension Building—now the National Building Museum—in Washington, D.C. The red brick Italianate structure, designed by Montgomery C. Meigs, was completed in 1887. Its most spectacular feature is an immense central hall divided by a double row of colossal Corinthian columns, *far left.* Arcaded loggias, which wrap around the hall, give access to office suites and modulate the interior space.

Keyes Condon Florance, in conjunction with Giorgio Cavaglieri, masterminded the project, which has included replacing the two-acre roof and converting some of the offices to exhibition galleries.

Four concurrent shows will mark the opening of the museum's galleries on September 20. John Russell Pope's competition proposal for the Lincoln Memorial (1912), *center,* and William Thornton's rendering for the West Elevation of the U.S. Capitol (1795–97), *near left,* are from one of these, a collection of drawings for federal buildings. *Anne Rieselbach*



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COURTESY SANTA BARBARA MUSEUM OF ART

THE OTHER ROCKWELL

The Paintings of Rockwell Kent, The Santa Barbara Museum of Art, till Sept. 1.

Best known for his book illustrations, Rockwell Kent was first and always a painter. This 80-canvas traveling retrospective is the first ever to follow the controversial Kent from young landscapist to Ancient Mariner. Even while fixed in the sniper's aim of McCarthyism, Kent never lost his realist skill, evidenced by *Asgaard in January,* 1958, *left.* *D.W.*

WHITTLIN' DIXIE

Southern Folk Art, Museum of American Folk Art, New York, through August 25; tours the South through Nov. 1986.

Curator Cynthia Rubin traveled 4,000 miles to search out the 90 works in this show. From a seaman's carved allegory to a stippled mail pouch whose leather is treated as delicately as petit point, these heartfelt and largely anonymous creations speak palpably of life in the old rural South. On an inlaid chest, *below,* a house design presages Post Modernism by 150 years. Rubin's book *Southern Folk Art* (Oxmoor, $35) pictures an even larger inventory of surprises. *M.M.*



COURTESY THE MUSEUM OF EARLY SOUTHERN DECORATIVE ARTS

BURNING BRIGHT

Richard Haas remains the peerless limner of architecture in works both confoundingly illusionistic and bracingly realistic in their commentary on urban life. In his most recent



COURTESY BROOKE ALEXANDER GALLERY

show, at New York's Brooke Alexander Gallery, Haas took a more apocalyptic turn in a series of conflagration scenes, including *Burning Pier: World Trade Center, above,* a pastel recalling J.M.W. Turner's luminescent nocturnal renderings of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster afire in 1834. *Martin Filler*

PRINCE OF PRINTS



MATTHEW WITKOWSKY

Giovanni Battista Piranesi The Eighteenth-Century Eye, San Juan Capistrano (California) Library, Sept. 9–Oct. 19.

To celebrate the second anniversary of the library for which architect Michael Graves won a 1984 AIA Honor Award, Libros y Artes, the institution's cultural support group headed by antiquarian Gep Durenberger, is sponsoring an exhibition and sale of etchings by the greatest architectural renderer in history, G.B. Piranesi (1720–1778). The source of the 400 prints (including the *veduta* of the Pantheon, *above*) from all stages of Piranesi's career is the renowned London dealer Ben Weinreb's Architectural Gallery. *Elaine Greene*

BURGHER KINGS

Masterpieces of the Dutch Golden Age, High Museum of Art, Atlanta, Sept. 25–Nov. 10.

When Holland won liberty from Spain in 1579, a century of prosperity—and glorious painting—ensued. From this land of Locke and Spinoza came works that North Sea scions still own, such as Jan van Goyen's *Ice-Scene, below.* Other Dutch artists shed luster on interiors and the creatures in them, from burgomaster to scullion to spaniel. Lowland painters embraced high spirits and high realism religiously: in tantalizing feast or haunting *vanitas,* ripeness was all. *M.M.*



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(*Continued from page 195*) book of designs and photographs of those floors," says Frankfurt. "I'd never seen anything so beautiful, and I wanted them everywhere. So I persuaded Cile Lord to try her hand at painting them for me. Before long we transformed everything."

The furniture reflects the same presence of natural wood. Most eighteenth-century Russian pieces are copies of French or Italian designs, often painted. But at the turn of the nineteenth century, with the introduction of Empire and Restauration styles and the emphasis on natural woods, Russian cabinetmaking and furniture design came into its own. Russia is a land of forests, and wood is a native Russian element: the monuments of anonymous folk artisans and craftsmen, like the wooden Church of the Transfiguration at Kizhi, are unique in European art. With the introduction of Western models into Russia in the eighteenth century these craftsmen, most of them serfs, found a new challenge, and their talents gave an extraordinary dimension to the cabinetmaker's art. The Russians had, after all, an empire of their own, and enormous palaces to fill. The exaggerations they introduced into the international styles of 1800 to 1830 were profoundly dramatic. Massive curves appeared, as if the wood itself were dictating the style of the piece, and polished expanses of matched burl and inlaid woods reflected the exquisite skill of craftsmen for whom wood was a familiar and a loved presence.

But fine Russian pieces are comparatively rare, not to be found everywhere. "We're lucky here in New York to have a shop like La Vieille Russie," Frankfurt says. "It's one of the magic spots of the city; I haunt the place." Much of her furniture, especially the Russian pieces, was bought in Italy, thus reinforcing the historical connection: a charming Russian gueridon with carved monkey heads was found in Florence. And Italian furniture styles, compared to the French, do have some of the same strangeness as the Russian—odd proportions, quirky touches of fantasy, "like the furniture you see in your dreams," Frankfurt says.

No one, of course, knew better how rooms could reflect our dreams than Russian writers like Pushkin, Lermontov, and Gogol. They could easily have described this house and felt at home here, perhaps have stretched out to read during a long Russian night: every bed and sofa in this house is rich in pillows, and good lamps and books stand by in abundance. And beneath the eaves is a real Russian *svetelka,* a dormer room all done in red, a place to meditate while snow falls beyond the small windows.



An 18th-century Russian sewing table tops a faux parquet Russian floor by Cile Lord.

"The ballroom scenes in Tolstoy and Pushkin—I wanted rooms like that," Frankfurt explains, and the salon is a skillful evocation of the charm of those rooms. The gleaming floors reflect muted daylight behind silk Austrian shades, while by night candles and crystal glitter overhead and fleeting reflections are caught between gilt frames in the antique mirrors that are the primary wall decorations. "A ballroom is all about reflections. The Russians understood that. The last scene in Balanchine's *Vienna Waltzes* is a perfectly Russian creation." The satin-covered borne is a quintessential ballroom adornment, and the walls are glazed the same green as the entrance hall of the former Mikhailovsky palace in Leningrad, now the Russian Museum.

"I suppose I wanted a stage set for my imagination," Suzie Frankfurt says. But she has created something more. Hers is a house permeated with a Romantic vision, and the vision is based on one of the great moments in the history of European design. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



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(Continued from page 168) Magriel says that he seeks a "flow," a measured progression, from piece to piece in his arrangements. In practice, the ensemble is held together by the subtle but resilient thread of the collector's sensibility for quality. Only after several visits and pleasurable study of each drawing in its turn, each one having a quality of discovery about it, did it suddenly occur to me that the apartment had hardly any furniture in it. Nothing to distract from the drawings had been allowed.

The photographs to this article describe quite a different place in the mid-1980s. The challenge of displaying a collection of sculptures that range in date from Gaston Lachaise back to the remote antiquity of a Hittite figurine from the Bronze Age, circa 2000 B.C., naturally called for an adjustment in strategy. Collectors of pictures have to contend with the multiple possibilities of frames; sculptures are freestanding and must be raised off the ground in some way. Small sculptures are undoubtedly the most difficult works of art to mount effectively. Magriel's response to this problem is creative, if difficult, for museums at least, to imitate: he uses important pieces of Art Deco furniture as pedestals for his collection. The deep tones of wood and lacquer together with their Deco massiveness endow this furniture with sculptural qualities of its own. Meanwhile, the geometry of Art Deco provides a perfect foil to the intricate details of the small sculptures. The selection of ancient Greek and Hellenistic terra-cotta heads is arrayed on top of a cabinet by Jules Leleu. On either side of the couch a striking pair of Gilbert Rohde chests display Magriel's choice of blanc de chine vases and a group of statuettes and heads in unusual materials, including a French Gothic ivory *Head of Christ/Memento Mori* and a German boxwood sculpture, circa 1600, of *Cleopatra*.

Finally, these Art Deco chests serve to organize the relatively unbroken spaces in the apartment. Counting the works one by one leads to the discovery that perhaps a hundred sculptures are displayed in open view in these rooms. The arrangement gives an exciting sense of variety but none at all of crowding. Neither is there any suggestion of disorder: none of the pieces scream for attention, and all of them stand on their individual merits. Through the magic of art Magriel is able to create a microcosm of the world on a tabletop. One does not realize, and Magriel typically does not point out, that the collection is confined to heads. The dramatic exceptions of course are two magnificent Cambodian torsos. A female deity of the tenth century accompanies a robust male of the eleventh century as naturally as if they were the portraits of lovers. But the match was made by Magriel about nine hundred years after the fact.

The most daring aspect of Magriel's arrangement is his use of paintings and drawings as backdrops or foils to his sculptures. The pictures are hung just above the cabinet tops so that their decorative values enhance the prominence of the sculptures.



The immense dome of the Hagia Sophia in this painting by Langel encloses Renaissance figurines on a Gilbert Rohde chest. The Deskey lamp illumines a German boxwood *Cleopatra*.

It is almost impossible to say exactly why these juxtapositions are so striking. In the first place, the points of contact between the pictures and the sculptures are never obvious. Most important, Magriel has selected paintings and drawings whose colors respond to the muted earth and metal hues of the sculptures. The Renaissance bronzes and boxwood carvings emerge subtly, palpably from the cavernous interior of the Hagia Sophia, Istanbul, as depicted in a nineteenth-century painting by Josef Langel.



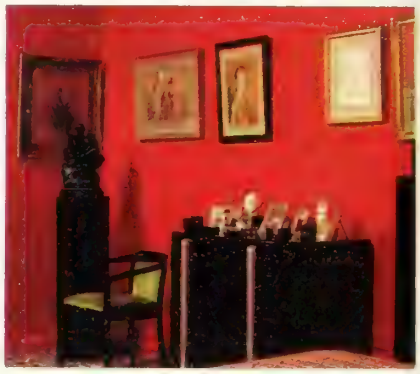
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Most of the pictures in the apartment are the works of similarly obscure artists, who have managed this one time to catch the collector's eye. In the entranceway, where the latest magazines are customarily stacked, Magriel has hung an *Interior of a Russian Printing Office* as limned a century ago by an unknown Muscovite by the name of Theodor Egorovich Moriahin. (It does no good to seek enlightenment from the collector about these painters; once when asked for his appreciation of Langel's other works, Magriel replied, "Never heard of him before or since. I think he's moved to Sheepshead Bay or something.") Among the few names of note in the current group of pictures is that of Jean Jacques Henner, academic painter of redheaded nudes, whose name is usually an inducement to turn the page. Magriel has found Henner's masterpiece in drawing (for which he had to pay commensurately): a beautiful male nude is the central motif of this treatment of *St. Sebastian Tended by the Pious Ladies*.



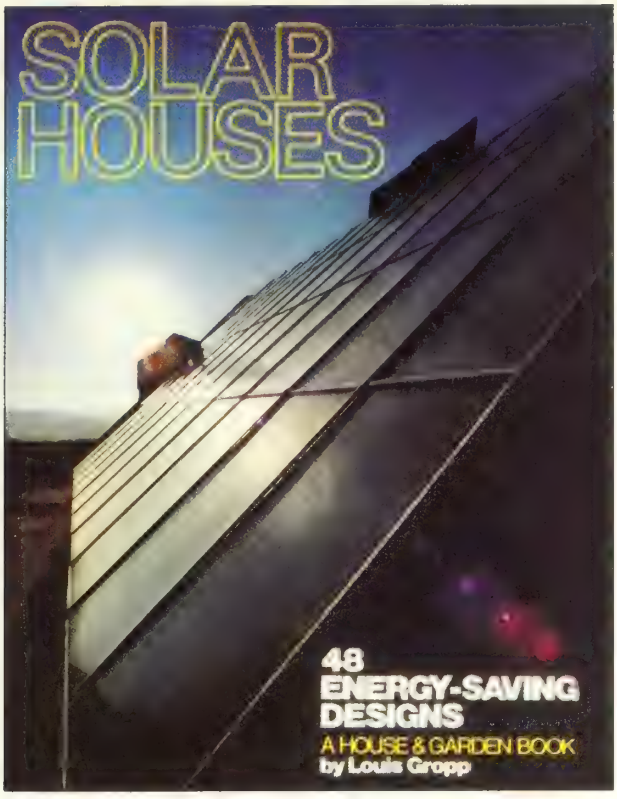
Favorite drawings line the walls of the bedroom. The bronze nymph is by Fjelde.

The chalky whiteness of this figure relates in some indefinable way to the ivory tones of the classical Greek terra cottas serried on the cabinet underneath the drawing.

Who else but Paul Magriel would proceed to acquire a sumptuous, predominantly black painting of Mary Magdalen by a *follower* of Henner, a certain Juana Romani? This unrepentant Magdalen stands as mediator between the semi nude Cambodian torsos and a superbly demure head of a little girl in bronze by Charles Despiau. Crossing currents of this sort abound in Paul Magriel's collection and apartment; the reader is invited to make his own discoveries from the accompanying photographs.

By happy chance, an exhibition of 89 of these sculptures will be shown in four Eastern museums during 1985 and 1986. The exhibition, "Aspects of Sculpture: The Paul Magriel Collection" is on view this summer through September 15 at Guild Hall, East Hampton. Subsequent installations will be in the fine-art museums of Springfield, Massachusetts (September 23–October 27); Wesleyan University, Connecticut (November 8–December 15); and Allentown, Pennsylvania (December 22–February 16, 1986). The fully illustrated catalogue, designed by Centro Di, Florence, is available from Union Square Art Books, New York City. □





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A SCENT OF SUN AND FLOWERS

(Continued from page 132) *is* deeply marked by the work of Colefax and Fowler. Although Mrs. Parish is right in insisting that her specifically Anglo-American interpretation of the style deserves to be considered apart from this influence, her objection, in this small case, is ill-founded. But here we should let Mrs. Haupt pick up the story.

"I call it my little 'conversational,' " she says, now perched on the disputed piece in her drawing room, "and it *was* copied from Haseley Court. I was there maybe twenty years ago. Nancy was away but I'd gone to see the topiary chess set because I had a topiary garden at the time. Anyway, the caretaker said, 'Would you care to see the house?' and I said, 'I'd adore to,' always having been mad for houses, and then . . . 'Oh!' I said, 'This is divine!' For years I just kept it as a lovely memory. But that house had a place in my mind. And when I deaccessioned my art collection it was the opportunity to have the English country house look on the elegant basis I'd always wanted."

She remembers that when she first started growing orchids she had to send to England for the bulbs. Her decision, long ago, to adopt the English use of flowering plants in terra-cotta pots indoors was an attempt, she says, "to bring an earthy feeling to a rich feeling." Her ideas about gardening, in fact, bear the same English influence as Parish-Hadley's ideas about decoration, and complement them, having the same hallmarks: expensive simplicity, a deliberate downplaying of grandeur, and a contrived apparent lack of contrivance. Although Mrs. Haupt's apartment was basically a "cosmetic" job, nothing Parish-Hadley applies its talents to could really be so characterized. The walls were variously "dragged, stippled, and *glazed*," in Mrs. Parish's words, not to mention marbleized by the incomparable Robert Jackson. The flowing unlined silk taffeta curtains were mocked up in muslin and then realized with an attention to detail that Mrs. Parish likens to old-fashioned Parisian dressmaking, while Mrs. Haupt, in Albert Hadley's words, oversaw "every gimp, tassel, and ribbon," almost all of which were custom-made. "It was just as if she were back at the magazine," Mrs. Parish says, referring to her client's tenure as the editor of *Seventeen*. "A perfectionist," she adds, now almost purring, acknowledging a kindred soul.

"I *was* very meticulous about what was printed under my name as an editor," Mrs. Haupt comments. "And I had an electrified magnifying glass and saw things that the art department never saw. You see, I have that kind of pride." She is now sitting in the library. Once a dining room, it has become her favorite room to be alone in. "I truly *live* here," she says. "The kind of social life that takes people out every night has never interested me. I'd rather read. I have a very curious mind, you see, and you can't turn off a curious mind. Age doesn't diminish it. In fact, it increases it. I'm having a wonderful time now, for instance, learning about rain forests." There follows an extended digression on the subject bristling with learned statistics. "Where else would you learn this if you weren't reading about rain forests all the time?" she asks.

Invariably, her thoughts return to nature, and in particular to her flowers, "my friends, my companions, and my children." Still, for someone who has never had curtains before, she shows a new-found appreciation of artifice. "It's such a marvelous turn of events for me to have this whole new atmosphere," she says. "I must say when the sun comes through the curtains . . . I'm pulling their skirts out all the time. And people say, 'Oh, aren't you afraid of what that sun will do?' I say, 'As long as there's still Paris and I still have a few pennies to scrape together . . . I'm going to have my unlined silk taffeta!'" □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

NORTHERN LIGHT CAPTURED

(Continued from page 175) spaces and the huge volume of the studio is a 17-foot-wide core that neatly accommodates the utilitarian areas—the bathrooms, pantry, storage, and stairways—and links a gallery for Jim Howell's work to the box. Its skylight supplies vertical light penetration and also additional solar gain, its freestanding masonry walls provide the necessary thermal mass, and its penthouse/lookout from which the Howells have witnessed whales cavorting and ships going down, becomes the outward expression of a distinct area within.

The Howells clearly appreciate the work of Morgan and Lindstrom as much as the architects respect the owners' ideas. For Sandy, there was "magic at work" in the ability of each party to envision the other's conceptions and turn the idea of "a cabin in the woods" into "the biggest one-bedroom house on record," whose beauty of light and variety of spaces are a daily marvel to her. She awards Morgan and Lindstrom the highest kudo, though, for "allowing our egos, in the end, to prevail over theirs."

In describing his work, Jim Howell talks carefully about the richness of subtle variations in color and light, about the movement of color to create a light or reality, about silver being a noncolor because it is luminous, how white is a necessity for the study of light. He says his paintings brought him to this special spot, and you believe him because the quality of light in the house and studio is so close to that in his work. The architects have always thought of this building as his largest canvas.

Howell loves to tell the tale of the artist Bonnard crumpling a piece of tinfoil in order to study the modulation of light because, for Jim, living in this house is like that piece of foil. The building attracts the big roiling sky over rugged water and holds it captive for his study. He could pay the architects no higher compliment. If light is truth, then this is an honest building. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

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Black lacquer tables and a Cowtan & Tout chintz have been used in this New York drawing room decorated by Parish-Hadley. Story page 128. Photograph by Feliciano

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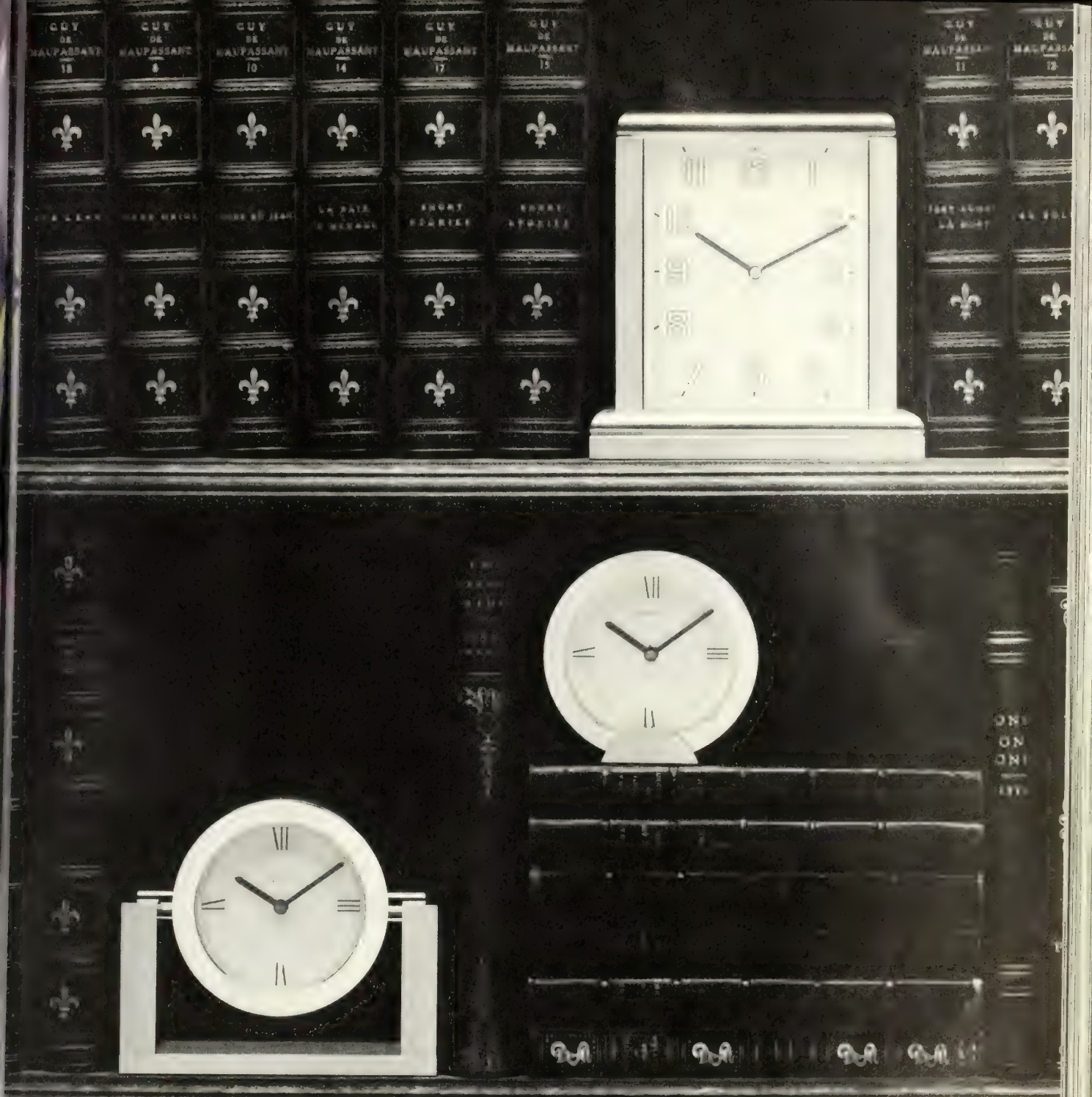
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CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

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JAMES LORD is the author of *Giacometti,* a biography of Alberto Giacometti just published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

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ALAN PRYCE-JONES was the editor of the *London Times Literary Supplement* and is the author of several novels.

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TONY SCHILLING, the head gardener at Wakehurst Place, writes about his own garden in *The Gardener's Garden* edited by Jerry Harpur.

SUZANNE WINCKLER lives in Texas and is a contributing editor to *Texas Monthly*.

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211 EAST 58 STREET NEW YORK THROUGH DECORATORS AND FINE STORES



He likes Bach.



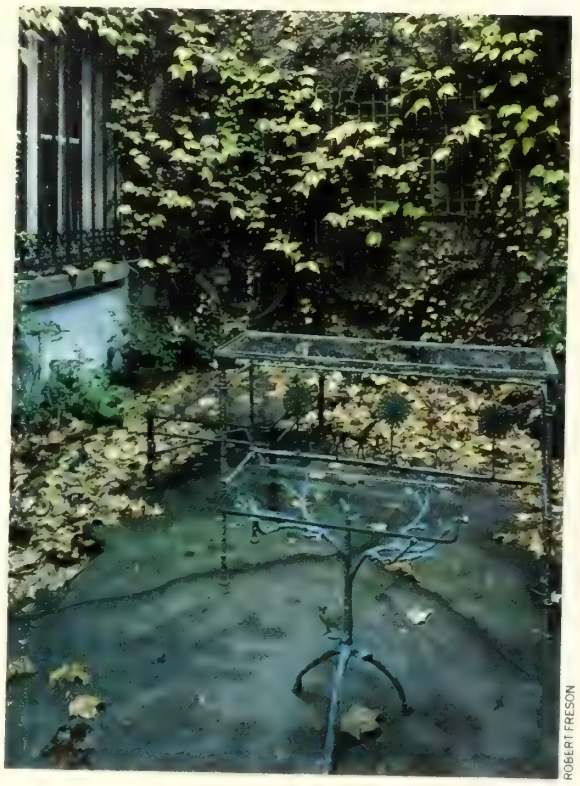
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

By now, careful readers of House & Garden are aware of this writer's penchant for modern design, encompassing those pristine objects that celebrate the machine aesthetic—objects by design giants of the fifties like Charles and Ray Eames, whose handsome storage system shown on this page is one of several pieces by them in the "High Styles" exhibition opening at the Whitney Museum of American Art September 19. Editor Martin Filler was one of six curators for that show, which chronicles the year in American design that just happen to be synonymous with House & Garden's own 85-year history. See page 196 for Ralph Caplan's critique of the show, at the Whitney through February 16.


ROBERT FRESSON


FIFTY 50 GALLERY

Above: Handwrought table by Diego Giacometti. *Below:* Machine-made storage unit by Charles and Ray Eames.

Even as I cherish our collection of fifties machine-made pieces, like many modernists I would gladly make room for one of the masterfully handcrafted designs by Diego Giacometti, the brother, model, and collaborator of the sculptor Alberto Giacometti. The vitality captured within the lean lines characteristic of the work of the brothers Giacometti is, for me, not unlike the compelling strength I find in the best of modern furniture, where the pared-down forms reveal the beauty inherent in the structures themselves. As word came of the artist-craftsman's death at 82 this summer, we had already scheduled our piece on Diego Giacometti, page 156, which we now offer as tribute to this unassuming, gifted man.

Still another beautiful and expressive approach to making furniture is seen in the work of George Nakashima, who finds the inspiration in wood that Giacometti found in metal. Almost two hundred examples fill the Nelson Rockefeller Japanese-style house at Pocantico Hills, now home to Happy Rockefeller and her sons. When Mrs. Rockefeller first showed us the house and gardens, perfectly sited on a sloping hillside overlooking the Hudson River, we knew there would be some beautiful photographs to come from photographer Mick Hales; see page 162. The text by Paula Deitz held surprises, however, for her research uncovered an until now little-known tale of how Nelson Rockefeller orchestrated the multiple talents required to bring a traditional Japanese country house to fruition in America.

In this issue, our art department's Richard Pandiscio has a photograph of the new nightclub, the Palladium, that reveals at a glance the many-layered design that has New York agog. Martin Filler's text also uncovers those layers, explaining Arata Isozaki's design, in collaboration with Andrée Putman and a score of artists, page 216.

Two of those artists are Kenny Scharf and Keith Haring, and you will have an opportunity to take an unusually personal look at their work in this issue with Marvin Heiferman's story on the Scharfs' retreat on an isolated beach on the coast of Brazil. Beginning with his own house there, Scharf and his friend Haring have literally been painting the tiny town of Bahia inside and out. Our design director Lloyd Ziff made the trip to Brazil with photographer Tseng Kwong-Chi to get the story, page 202.

Miles from Brazil, Oberto Gili photographed the Reigning Prince and Princess of Liechtenstein standing in a flower-filled meadow of wildflowers high above the Schloss Vaduz, the official residence of Liechtenstein and repository of a great ancestral collection that will be on show in New York October 26 through May 1. Rosamond Bernier's text on the Art of the Liechtensteins, page 218, is required reading for visitors to the treasures at the Metropolitan Museum this fall.

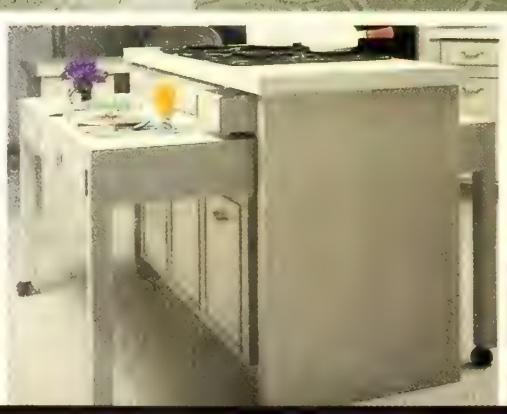
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HOUSES WITH A PAST

By Mark Girouard

KINKELL
by Gerald Laing
Ardullie House, 1984, 180 pp., £9.95

THE MANSIONS OF LONG ISLAND'S GOLD COAST
by Monica Randall
Hastings House, 1979, 240 pp., $27.50

THE LATEST COUNTRY HOUSES
by John Martin Robinson
Merrimack, 1984, 240 pp., $19.95

THE INSPIRATION OF THE PAST
by John Cornforth
Viking, 1985, 256 pp., £20

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S HOUSE
edited by Alvilde Lees-Milne
photographs by Derry Moore
Merrimack, 1984, 151 pp., $26.95

THE VIRGINIA HOUSE
by Anne M. Faulconer
Schiffer Publishing Ltd., 1984, 160 pp, $25



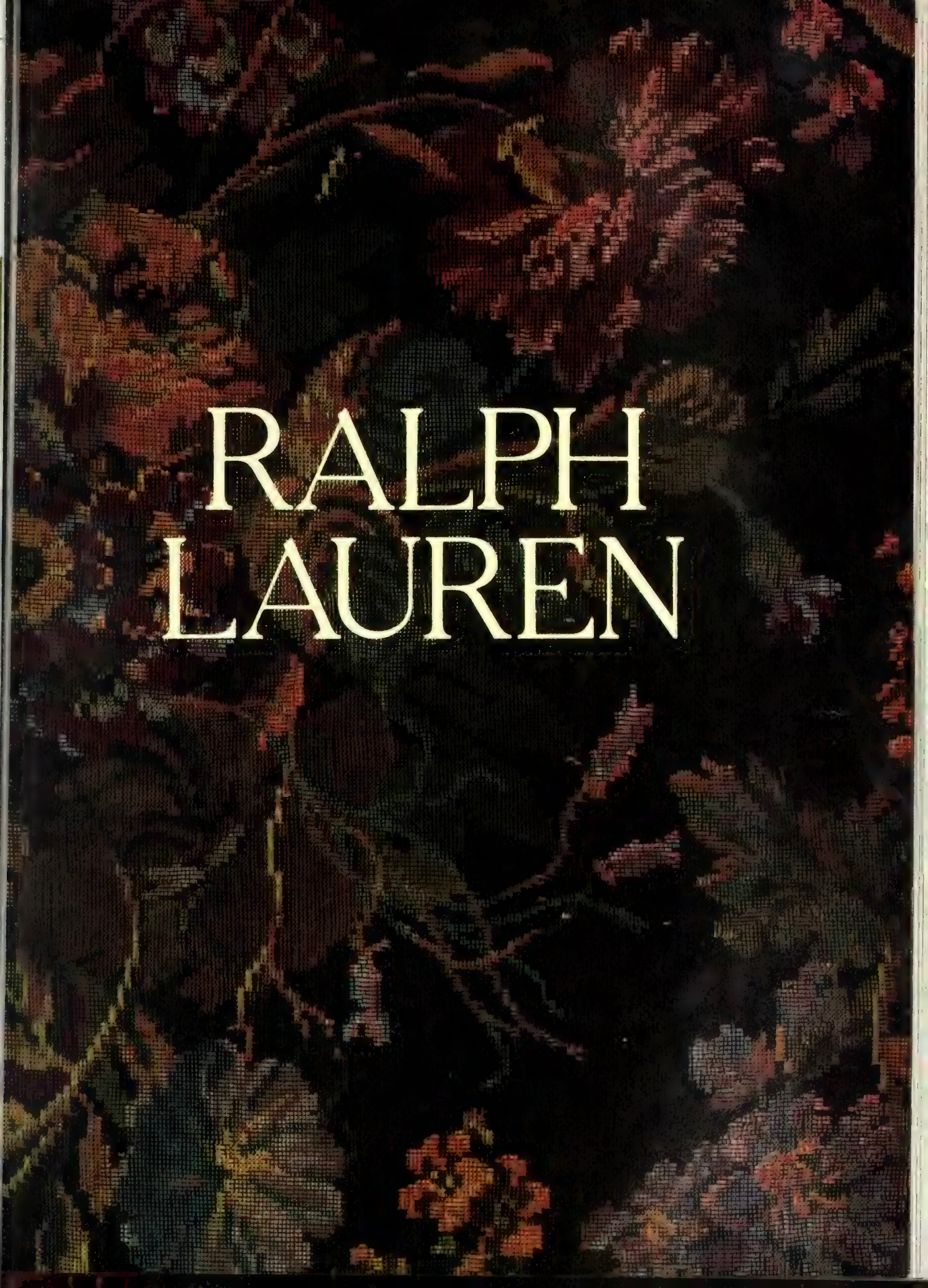
Take seven hundred pieces of the best French Sèvres and ormolu, add French furniture to match, sprinkle with portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough, line with Aubusson carpets and genuine Louis Quinze paneling, encase with copies from select portions of the chateaus of the Loire, simmer well, and what do you get? *Style Rothschild,* redolent of the 1880s even if every single object in view dates from a century or two earlier, except for the potted palms.

How to take elements from the past and mix them together to produce something new is what most of the six books under review are concerned with. Behind them lies a frame of mind which only really got under way in the nineteenth century. Up till then a certain amount of collecting of old pictures and classical marbles had taken place, but the instinct of most people on inheriting their parents' house was to chuck out all the boring old junk and dash up to London or Paris to buy as much smart new furniture and fittings as they could afford. If they could afford to rebuild the house as well, so much the better.

A hundred years later their grandchildren or great-grandchildren were likely to be lovingly restoring decayed seventeenth-century stonework, personally stitching away at tapestries and hangings in order to prolong their life, and combing the attics to rescue everything which their immediate forebears had despised. But however much they loved the past, they were by no means re-creating it. The *style Rothschild* was only one of the many different new recipes concocted out of old elements. Mellow old manor houses festooned in creepers, surrounded by herbaceous borders, and filled inside with the soft colors of scrubbed old oak, faded tapestries, Morris fabrics on comfortable shapeless sofas, and huge bowls of tumbling flowers and leaves, were centuries away, in spirit as well as time, from such houses as they had been when first built, crisp, bright, and new, for ambitious lawyers or on-the-make courtiers.



Top: Mrs. David Bruce's London sitting room. *Above:* Kinkell Castle as restored by artist Gerald Laing.


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BOOKS

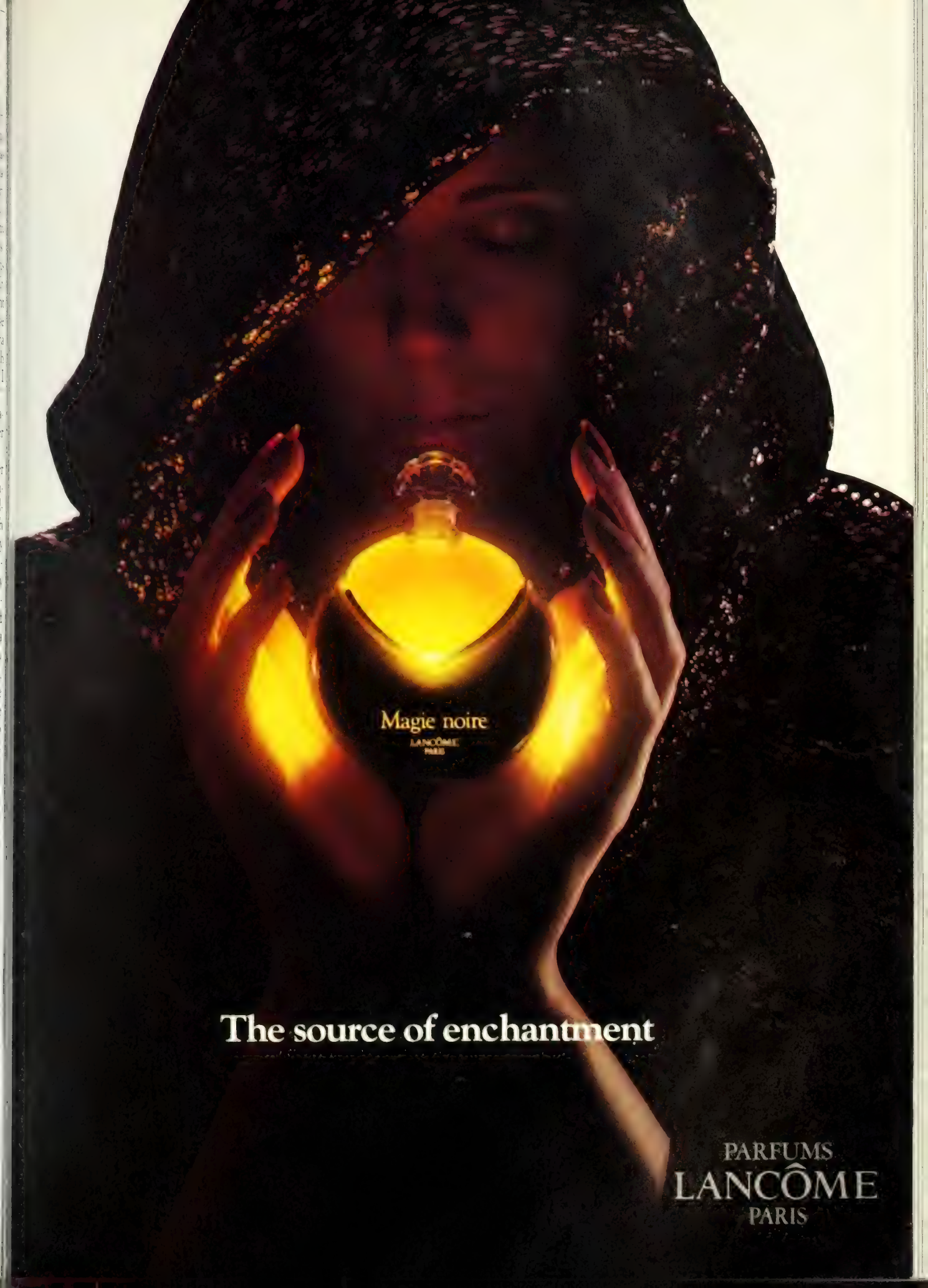
John Cornforth's *The Inspiration of the Past* starts by discussing styles in country house decoration from the late nineteenth century onward. But the bulk of the book is made up of a full and sympathetic study of John Fowler, the decorator who dominated English country houses, or houses which imitated English country houses, from the 1950s until his death in 1977. He was a perfectionist, a professional who knew his craft backward, a delightful, gifted, quirky, and demanding man who liked lively, rich ladies and did up their houses with flair and panache, on the presumption of a comfortable life-style ("I presume there will always be *two* servants to make the bed," he said to a customer, when designing the bedroom). His inspiration, unlike that of the Tudor-manor-house-dwellers of earlier generations, was in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He enjoyed playing with color, and had extraordinary skill in combining different shades of the same color. He was fascinated by the whole craft of drapes, fringes, and tassels, especially as developed to heights of elaboration and perfection by upholsterers of late Georgian days. He was extremely knowledgeable about the past; his clients were well supplied with old possessions often of superb quality, and many of them lived in historic houses; but the end result was as typical of the 1960s and John Fowler as earlier "period" interiors were of the 1890s, even if his particular 1960s was one from which all hint of Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, abstract modern art, and modern furniture was rigorously excluded. Within his limited bounds he was a creative man—all to the good in privately owned houses, but more controversial in the many English National Trust houses which he decorated. Somehow, even if he set out with the best intentions, did "scrapes" to find out original color schemes, and tried to efface his own personality, they always ended up looking like John Fowler houses, and the colors always looked like John Fowler colors.

His influence is much in evidence in *The Englishwoman's House*. This is edited by Alvilde Lees-Milne, whose husband was one of the dominant personalities in The National Trust for many years, but the 28 houses illustrated are described by the ladies who live in them. They are mostly nice, comfortable houses full of gay fabrics and pretty things prettily arranged, and, as I know from experience in several cases, very pleasant to visit or stay in. But the end impression is a little monotonous, perhaps because too many contributors are friends of Mrs. Lees-Milne, or share her tastes. Exceptions are Jean Muir's flat in London, entirely decorated and upholstered in different shades of white, or the country house of irrepressible octogenarian Barbara Cartland, who keeps young on health foods and writing 25 books a year. I suspect the terrible word "vulgar" would form on the lips of the other ladies in the book in connection with her taste; but at least it makes a change.

The natural habitat of John Fowler and most of these ladies is in old country houses, or in the old rectories, village houses, or pretty cottages which form an aureole round the country houses for those of more modest or declining means. There are so many houses of this kind available in England that one would think the demand would exceed the supply, but in fact a surprising number of new country houses have been built since the war, especially by those who inherited one which they found too large or for some reason disliked, but who wanted to continue living on their family property. John Martin Robinson has disinterred over two hundred of them, and writes about them in *The Latest Country Houses* with compulsive readability and engaging humor.

The great majority are in different variations of the Georgian style, an entirely reasonable choice for people of conventional tastes and inherited possessions, who want something dignified, comfortable, and not too appallingly expensive. It would be nice to be able to say that contemporary country-house architects faced with contemporary life-styles on the one hand and the traditional elements of Georgian architecture on the other had been able to fuse them together into some kind of modern classicism that was both enjoyable and creative. But it happens all too rarely—in a few houses designed by Raymond Erith, for instance. On the whole, these are harmless, boring houses designed, one suspects, for harmless, boring people.

It was something of a relief to turn to


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Manuel Canovas



A few owners and their architects would really let themselves go

Monica Randall's *The Mansions of Long Island's Gold Coast*. Surely, with all those millions of dollars pouring out of New York into Long Island, and New York itself being such an extraordinary place, a few owners and their architects would really have let themselves go, and some wild and wonderful or exquisitely fastidious houses would have resulted. But alas, although the variety is there, the quality is not. Among all the Louis Seize, Colonial, Half-timbered Tudor, Castellated, Spanish Baroque, Loire-Chateau, Lombardesque, Italian-palazzo, and what-you-will houses there are remarkably few that I would have been tempted to leave New York to see, nor can I shed a tear that so many have been bulldozed out of existence. In fact, the most decorative structure illustrated in the book is Ms. Randall herself, as photographed on the cover.

The Virginian houses photographed and briefly described by Anne Faulconer are in a different world, and a much more sympathetic one. Seen from an English point of view, what is attractive about them is not the "touches of grandeur" described in the introduction, but their lack of pretentiousness. Even the grandest of them, such as Shirley and Westover, are very small beer compared to grand English country houses of the same period, and rest on the basis of far more modest fortunes than were poured into the Long Island mansions. Unlike English country houses, which lived off rent from their tenant farms and kept their own home farms well out of sight beyond their parks, most of them were working farms, with their barns, stables, and cow sheds clustered round them, and were lived in by gentlemen farmers or, in the case of the more modest ones, just by farmers. They were essentially provincial, built on the edge of the Western world on modest budgets, out of local materials, by local builders who picked a few decorative details out of pattern books and applied them to their clapboard structures. The results are supremely livable in buildings, part of the attraction of which is that they were working houses which grew naturally out of their particular circumstances.

The leap from eighteenth-century houses in Virginia to Kinkell, an Elizabethan tower in the northwest of Scotland, is a long one in point of time and distance, but not all that long in spirit, for these Scottish towers were another provincial type perfectly tailored to their circumstances and resting on small budgets, practical needs, and a modest sense of status. *Kinkell* describes how a sculptor and his wife bought a tower which had been built in 1594, enlarged and made more comfortable in the eighteenth century, and then abandoned and left in ruins since the 1939–45 war. With the greatest zest, and the help of a handful of local builders, they set about making it uncomfortable again, knocking down the later addition, tearing out the big Georgian windows and putting back tiny Elizabethan ones, and ripping out later woodwork and plaster to get back to the original stone walls and flagstones. It's a delightful story, told with great liveliness, and informed with a nice mixture of practicality and idealism—practicality because what they were aiming for was not a holiday retreat but a house in which a sculptor could work and bring up a family.

Gerald Laing in fact becomes so enthusiastic about the nature and genesis of Scottish towers, the nuts and bolts (or lack of them) of the restoration, and all the problems, diversions, and personalities involved in it, that he scarcely tells one what the tower looked like inside at the end of the day, nor do his illustrations give all that clear a picture of it. Clearly, though, it was and is a very different affair from the Fowler mixture of fringes, drapes, fine furniture, and subtly sumptuous colors, which John Fowler was in fact installing in Scottish country houses not so far away at much the same time. It makes rather a welcome change from the Fowler world, which can become a little claustrophobic after too long an exposure. But I suspect it might work both ways, and after a good dose of down-to-earth Kinkellism a little Fowler luxury would not come amiss. □



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BILLY BALDWIN

In his posthumous autobiography with Michael Gardine, the quintessential American decorator recalls how he got his big break

Very soon after I took my first job with Mr. Benson's decorating firm in Baltimore a most remarkable event occurred which changed my whole career as a decorator. I was sitting at my desk at Benson's when in came the glamorous Mrs. Thomas Symington, looking absolutely marvelous wearing beautiful clothes that she had bought during her honeymoon abroad. She sat right down and said to me, "Now, listen, young man." I can almost hear it. "I hope you have plenty of time to spend with me because you are going to work for me whether you like it or not. I have finally found a house that I think can be made very attractive. It is in the country and I feel that the only possible way it can be made attractive is if you will help me with it.

"At the moment it is perfectly ghastly, but it is one of the most beautiful hills outside of the city on the edge of the Green Spring Valley. The post office is called Lutherville and I am sure you know it."

I did indeed know it and Edith had the wisdom to see that it had possibilities without spending too much money, and she had taken a long lease on it.







LOUISE DAHL WOLFE STALEY WISE GALLERY

Above: Billy Baldwin, standing fifth from left, at a party at Amster Yard, June 1947. *Below left:* Ruby Ross Wood's country house, Syosset, New York. *Below:* Louise Macy and Billy Baldwin reflected in a mirror in Ruby Ross Wood's office. *Right:* His mother in her wedding traveling clothes.

We discussed it, and then she told me what she had done on her honeymoon. She had been to Paris, London, and Madrid, where she had chosen the most imaginative, offbeat decorative furniture rather than serious museum examples. It was entirely for the personal, the unusual, and the unfamiliar that she had bought the great amount of furniture that she and I were to assemble in the house for her.

Mr. Symington had no say in it; in fact, he had no say in anything except to adore her. Indeed, he should have adored her because he had been away from Baltimore for quite a while and she was about to reinstate him there. He had had a very unsavory divorce in the state of New Jersey before he married her.



The moment came for us to go out to the country to see the house. It was indeed as she said, built on a lovely piece of land, high above the valley with a beautiful view. The house was late Victorian, and surrounded on the front and two sides by an enormous veranda. Inside, there was a large hall running from the front door and terminating in a big drawing room with large windows looking onto the garden. To the left of the hall was a very large dining room, and to the right there were two rooms at the front of the house separated by a hall going out to the front veranda. These were little rooms for cards or music and could be used as incidental sitting rooms. I

FROM BILLY BALDWIN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, BY BILLY BALDWIN WITH MICHAEL GARDINE. COPYRIGHT © 1985 BY MICHAEL GARDINE. PUBLISHED BY LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

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is 1895, the heart of what was known the "Gibson Era" or "Gay Nineties." t a society ball an elegant young dy awaits the man to whom she has romised the first waltz. She is dressed the height of fashion: pearl choker, bbed silk gigot sleeves and ostrich- ather fan. Her silk brocade skirt is esigned to flow gracefully with the hirling motion of the waltz—the opular dance of the day.

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could see we were going to have a wonderful time because so many of the rooms did not have to be entirely devoted to long sitting comfort. There was a big living room that took care of that, and the two little rooms could be after-dinner party rooms, or before-dinner cocktail rooms.

Edith, without knowing what she had been doing on her European buying trip, had picked out the most ravishing suite of Louis XVI furniture that I have ever seen in my life. It was small scale, painted off-white, had a settee, four armchairs, two side chairs, and was covered in cream-colored satin with stripes of pink and cherry. This suite was to go into one of the two little rooms. She had also bought a big white Chinese screen with birds of brilliant plumage in magenta and blue. Her small collection of white Capodimonte horsemen I could see sitting on the mantel. There would be a good bare floor with a small rug to take care of the sound of the cardplaying or the cold. This house was to be lived in all year and could indeed adapt itself that way.

Across the little hall there was the other room. In it we put a wonderful group of Louis XV furniture that we promptly covered in orange satin, and we found the most wonderful lemon-yellow Chinese paper with orange and green bamboo for the walls. In that room were to be hung a pair of superb Chinese Chippendale gilt mirrors.

The living room was a big room, which we did in an extremely pretty pale absinthe-green paint. Edith and I made a little trip to New York to buy materials, and we went straight to Macy's. They had wonderful stuff in their drapery department, and we quickly found, for the green room, a very pale yellow satin for slipcovers and upholstered furniture. We bought some black and gold Queen Anne lacquer tables and two remarkable Irish hunting pictures whose riders wore pink coats.

When it was all done, Edith had a party, and among the people who were there was Pauline Potter, and she was wild about the house. She told me, "I never expected to see anything like this in America, nor have I. I've seen lots of extremely attractive houses, but I've seen nothing with this much imagination. I have one criticism. Why do you have those two tomato-red cushions in the drawing room? I find when I go in that room I see them and nothing else. You have accented the most unimportant thing in the room. Just go out there and take them out of the room and see what happens."



Pauline Potter's debutante picture, Baltimore, 1926.

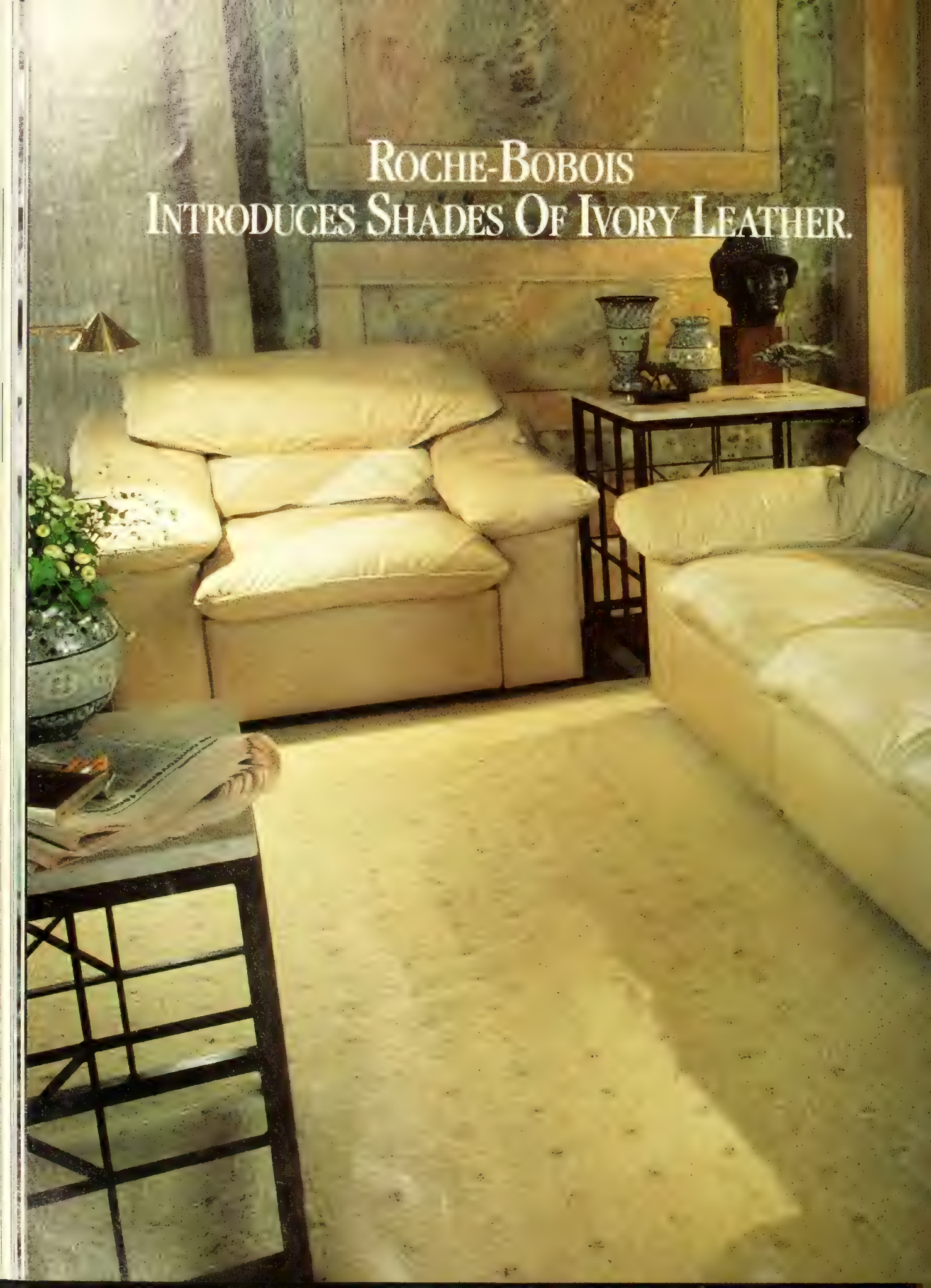
I did, and I have to confess it made all the difference in the world. The elimination of that note that I thought was a necessary accent had been totally destroying the room. Pauline taught me that at that early moment in our relationship.

In the dining room we painted the walls a shiny dark green, the color of a magnolia leaf. At that time there were very few dark green rooms. It is true that Elsie de Wolfe had done one, but it was years before, and I felt what I did was not to invent, but to revive and attribute to the great Elsie de Wolfe. The windows were hung with chintz, green with huge white magnolia blossoms. The chairs were Portuguese Chippendale, very offbeat, very carved, and the seats were upholstered in white leather, which for 1930 was a wild innovation.

At that time my great ideals were Syrie Maugham of London, who had taught us all the value of white as a color; Frances Elkins from California, the brilliant sister of the great architect David Adler; and Elsie de Wolfe.

Upstairs there were bedrooms for Edith and her husband. Hers contained a very pretty French bed, a lot of white muslin, and had great comfort. His was very chic, and painted a dark brown. There was a guest room papered in pale green paper with silver


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flowers, and a beautiful Venetian bed covered in brocade of the same coloring, and also a big double guest room with flowered curtains and flowered spreads on the bed. The walls were covered in a strong pink, blue, and yellow plaid wallpaper, and the last double guest room was all white with Nile-green curtains.

When the house was completed, as I have said, Edith had a dinner dance for about fifty people, and believe me, those fifty people were picked for a few definite things: looks, charm, fun. Well, we all got there, including quite a number of racing people because it was the Maryland Hunt Club weekend, and the most marvelous thing happened: Edith's horse won the race.

Ruby Ross Wood was staying with Edith that weekend for the Maryland Hunt Club Ball. She had been dragged down to it by her husband, Chalmers. She despised every single thing about hunting and Maryland. She always referred to the Baltimoreans as "those peasants." Ruby accused Chalmers of torturing her: "Every minute of the day that you are hunting, I'm lying in agony thinking that your neck will be broken on one of those damned horses."



Fox hunting in Maryland; Mrs. Thomas Symington, center.

I had never met Mrs. Wood, but I had heard that she was going to be at the Hunt Club Ball, as I had met Chalmers, who was a most attractive agreeable person, in the hunting field, and he had said, "I'm so glad you will be at the Hunt Ball because Ruby, my wife, is coming down for it."

On the night of the ball, which was the night after Edith's dinner party, I was at a table across the ballroom, and I couldn't see Mrs. Wood in the crowd. To my great surprise, as soon as the main course was over, Chalmers came to me and said, "Billy, do you mind coming across the room to meet Ruby, my wife. She wants to meet you very much."

So I gulped, and as I approached the table I saw a woman with big dark glasses, wearing a raincoat. Indeed, there were lots of drafts and it was chilly in the ballroom, but every woman was almost naked in her ball gown, and there was Ruby, shivering, in a rage, and in a raincoat! She said to me, "Will you please sit down, young man. I can hardly speak I am so cold in this wretched place, and I have very little to say, except that I am staying in the most extraordinary house, one of the most attractive houses I have seen in years. If we ever recover from this goddamned depression, I really think I would like to have you work for me. The last thing that I ever thought was that I would have a man in my business. I have an extremely good staff at the moment, but, truthfully, don't let me lose you."

Ruby loved the house that I had done for Edith, and you may be sure there was not much chance of her escaping me. Every time that I had to go to New York I went to see her, and in 1935, a telephone call came for me in Baltimore.

A voice said, "Hello, this is Ruby Wood. I would like you to lunch with me."

I said, "But, Mrs. Wood, where?"

"Well," she said, "at the Pierre Roof. Edith Symington will be there to make things easier for us."

When Tom Symington died, it was found that he didn't have a penny; he had spent every cent. He had died suddenly in Edith's arms in the train coming back from Fairfield where there had been a horse show. It was thought, of course, that she was going to be a dashing rich widow, but she had not



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got a penny. Edith had become the great friend of the Woods through Chalmers, and when they came to New York, the Symingtons often stayed with the Woods. Ruby adored her, but later Ruby didn't speak to her because she became so jealous. However, after Tom's death Ruby said to Edith, "Now listen, my dear, Baltimore is no place for a poor widow. I am going to get you out of that Goddamned place, and I will get you a job in New York and a good one." She immediately spoke to Edna Chase and in no time Edith had a job at *Vogue,* which payed enough to allow her a small apartment at the Pierre Hotel. She became enormously popular in New York in every way.

"Well," she said, "I feel I need a gentleman with taste and I have found him in you, wasting away in Baltimore"

The day came, and I went up on the morning train to New York. I arrived in pouring rain, and went at once to the Pierre Roof. There was Mrs. Wood, again in a raincoat, and there was Edith looking perfectly adorable. Mrs. Wood, I discovered at that moment, smoked without stopping, and said nothing. She didn't utter a word during lunch. Edith and I had to make conversation, which was not difficult, but it wasn't made easier by Mrs. Wood not saying a word. So finally, when lunch was over, Mrs. Wood turned to me and said, "Young man, would you like to see me?"

"Oh," I said, "Mrs. Wood, that is really why I came."

"Well," she said, "come with me. Edith will have to leave us now. I'll take you to my office."

As we got in her car, I met Paul, her French chauffeur, who was to become a great friend. We rode down from the Pierre to 57th Street and Madison Avenue. We walked into her office and she stationed herself in front of her desk,



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l feet have been sculptured in meticulous
ail, and her lovely face painted by hand.

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her. With all the special little touches one
uld expect from a Carol Lawson creation.
tice, the blue satin bow perched atop her
den curls . . . her ruffled pink-and-white
ka dot dress accented with tiny satin
ebuds. Even her own pet teddy bear.

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w collector doll that combines the finest
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ose supervision. Each will be accompanied by
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ritten commentary about the fairy tale that
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o additional charge.

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required now. However, the accompanying
plication should be returned by October 31st.



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and removed from her wrists the most extraordinary gold bracelets, which had dozens of big gold seals attached. It was really quite noisy. Without turning around, she said, "I suppose what you want to know is how much I am going to pay you."

I said, "Well, Mrs. Wood, it would be very interesting, for I don't know whether I can afford to work for you."

"Well," she said, "that is going to be arranged somehow. I don't know really quite how, but it will be arranged. I have talked to my assistant who is not too happy with your coming on. She is a top member of the firm and you can't possibly replace her, but you can add to her. I feel I need a gentleman with taste and I have found him in you, wasting away in Baltimore. We must get you away from there as fast as we can. There is obviously no work for you there. The house of Edith Symington stood out like a beacon light in the boredom of the houses around it. Will you take thirty-five dollars a week?"

I felt as though I had been shot, and I said, like a child, "I'll have to go home and ask my mother." I left almost immediately but I did have time in the station to telephone Edith and say to her, "I think I have a job. She wants to pay me thirty-five dollars a week."

Edith said, "Don't worry about that. I'll see that you don't starve."

When I was at the door, Mrs. Wood had said, "Of course, I will give you my apartment to live in for the summer because Chalmers and I are in the country and you will have my maid. So you will have no rent to pay, your laundry and valeting will be taken care of, and I think we can squeeze out enough gin so you will be able to have a nice martini when you come home every day."

So I got into a train that afternoon, crying with excitement and pleasure, and thinking, how would I ever get along with her, for Mrs. Wood hadn't really said much. I got to Baltimore and went home, and my mother said to me, "Where have you been? Have you been to town to see your old aunt?"

"No," I said. "I have to tell you that I have not been. I have been in New York."

My mother said to me, "Did you get the job?"

I said, "You know nothing about it."

She said, "I don't know anything about it, but I know that you went to New York about a job, and I hope you got it because you must go if you did."

So I told my mother, and bless her heart, she said, "I will give you fifteen dollars a week so you will have fifty dollars a week."

Mrs. Wood had told me, "After Labor Day when Chalmers and I come back to the apartment, you will have decided for me whether you are going to be a part of my life forever, or be out of it. On the afternoon of Labor Day, I will triple your salary, and see that you get a nice apartment which you will be able to pay for, or I will say, I'm terribly sorry, Billy, I made a mistake. The job is over."

On the second day I was at Mrs. Wood's office she said, "You are to sit in the office next to mine." It was the most striking thing I had ever seen. I had a secretary and was told that I was to do no work whatsoever, but I was given a list of shops to go to for a month. At the end of the four weeks I was to take Mrs. Wood to the shops and show her what I liked, and from my choices she would be able to determine my taste.

At the end of the probation she said, "Well, you passed." I got a lovely little flat, and something like one hundred dollars a week and from 1935 until her death in 1950 I worked for Ruby Ross Wood. Those years, no doubt, were some of the most happy and creative ones in my life.

Ruby was ill with a long agonizing cancer performance, and I wasn't allowed to see her the last six weeks before she died because she thought she looked too awful. It was absolute vanity, only. I could have talked to her and we could have had a perfectly good afternoon. She died in her lovely dressing room off her bedroom. Nobody saw her, not even her sister, because Ruby said, "I have become a spook."

I learned of Ruby's death from her husband; he said, "Billy, Mrs. Wood is dead," and he burst into tears. "Oh, damn it. I didn't think I would at the end. I've already cried for so long." □



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THE HVAR SIDE OF PARADISE

A lavender-scented island off the Dalmatian coast

By Naomi Barry

Not too many people make the trip
) The Promised Land
nd happily turn
round for home
gain. But Lovrenko,
robust young car-
enter from the Adri-
tic island of Hvar,
elt he already had his
:den . . . so why
hange?

"Marry a local girl
nd stay with us,"
egged the relatives
ho have made good
1 California and Con-
ecticut. He didn't
ee what he had to
ain.

We wanted a week under the
un in a place that would be
oth far and near and whose
atural beauty had not yet been
ockmarked by too many oth-
rs after the same thing. Not
asy to find. We decided to
hance on Hvar, which is part
f the Dalmatian archipelago
hat stretches from Split to Du-
rovnik, sandwiched between
he islands of Brač—famous for
ts stone—and Korcula, reput-
edly the birthplace of Marco
Polo.

It seemed off the circuit but not unattainable. There was a regular ferry from Split, a two-hour ride. Several times a week, the coastal steamer came in from Dubrovnik, a six-hour cruise loaded with youthful backpackers of half-a-dozen nationalities.

If wishes were boats, however, I'd sail in on a pleasure yacht. The Italians obviously know the way for when you come around the corner and into some secluded cove there riding at anchor is a flotilla of Italian yachts. Quite sensibly, for Dalmatia has the most beautiful coast in Europe.



MARGYTA RANITSAS



Top: Lavender fields on the island of Hvar.
Above: Harborside buildings, village of Vrboska.
Below: Momus Café in Jelsa.



On an August Saturday afternoon I telephoned a telegram from Italy to Hvar, spelling out the text letter by letter.

"Well, that's like sending a message in a bottle out to sea," I said.

I should have had more faith. Along the caravan routes of the world, the message always gets through.

At eight A.M. on Sunday, Dan Tana was phoning us from Jelsa to Porto Ercole.

Belgrade-born Tana is the Amerikanski of Hvar, the native son who proved that fables are true. He is proprietor of a successful restaurant in Hollywood. He produces films in the U.S. and in Yugoslavia. He is the spark plug of the aggressive Brentford Football Club in Britain. Throughout the year Tana shuttles between Los Angeles and London but summers are spent in the house his father built in Jelsa. No wonder half the town is calling on him for help, counsel, and advice.

His house is a swinging door for the friends from abroad. So we went.

You smell Hvar almost before you see it. The island floats in a nimbus of lavender. Unprepared for the first whiff, you catch your breath in the sheer excitement of inhale-exhale. The perfume emanates from the flanks of a rocky landscape patchworked with clumps of lavender bushes within low walls of white stones.

I am no different from any other visitor slightly crazed with the scent and

rushed into a field to grab an armload of the fragrant stuff. Distilling the lavender has been a traditional source of income for the islanders. One hundred kilos produces three kilos of oil.

"If you want to know what Hvar is all about, I'll get Lovrenko to put on a picnic," said Dan. "He loves to do it. He'll be free on August 15."

"Leave it all to me," said Lovrenko. "*Nema Problema.*"

"That's why I like it here," the Dutch girl Elvira had explained. "The people have problems but they all act as if they didn't."

"*Nema Problema.*" Leitmotiv of the island. If hearing it a hundred times a day is not enough, you can take it home with you printed on a T-shirt sold on the quay where the steamers dock in Hvar.

Lovrenko fetched us from the little jetty below Dan's house. It was one of those days when Heaven decides to give mortals a treat. The lavender had just been harvested and the air was sweeter than a nosegay. The channels between the islands were calm as a chain of lakes and through the emerald waters you could have read a newspaper a couple of fathoms down. Lovrenko headed his small, well-constructed boat toward a peninsula where a friend owned a spot of land. About twenty minutes later he landed us on a pine-shaded rock.

In the resorts of France and Italy August 15, Assumption Day, is a holiday to shun . . . unless you are crazy for crowds. Depends on your childhood nostalgia, I guess. One sticky midsummer night in Paris the chauffeur of the Indian Embassy drove me up the Champs-Elysées. Traffic was a bumper-to-bumper crawl. I was in fret but he was all relaxed smile.

"You like this?" I asked.

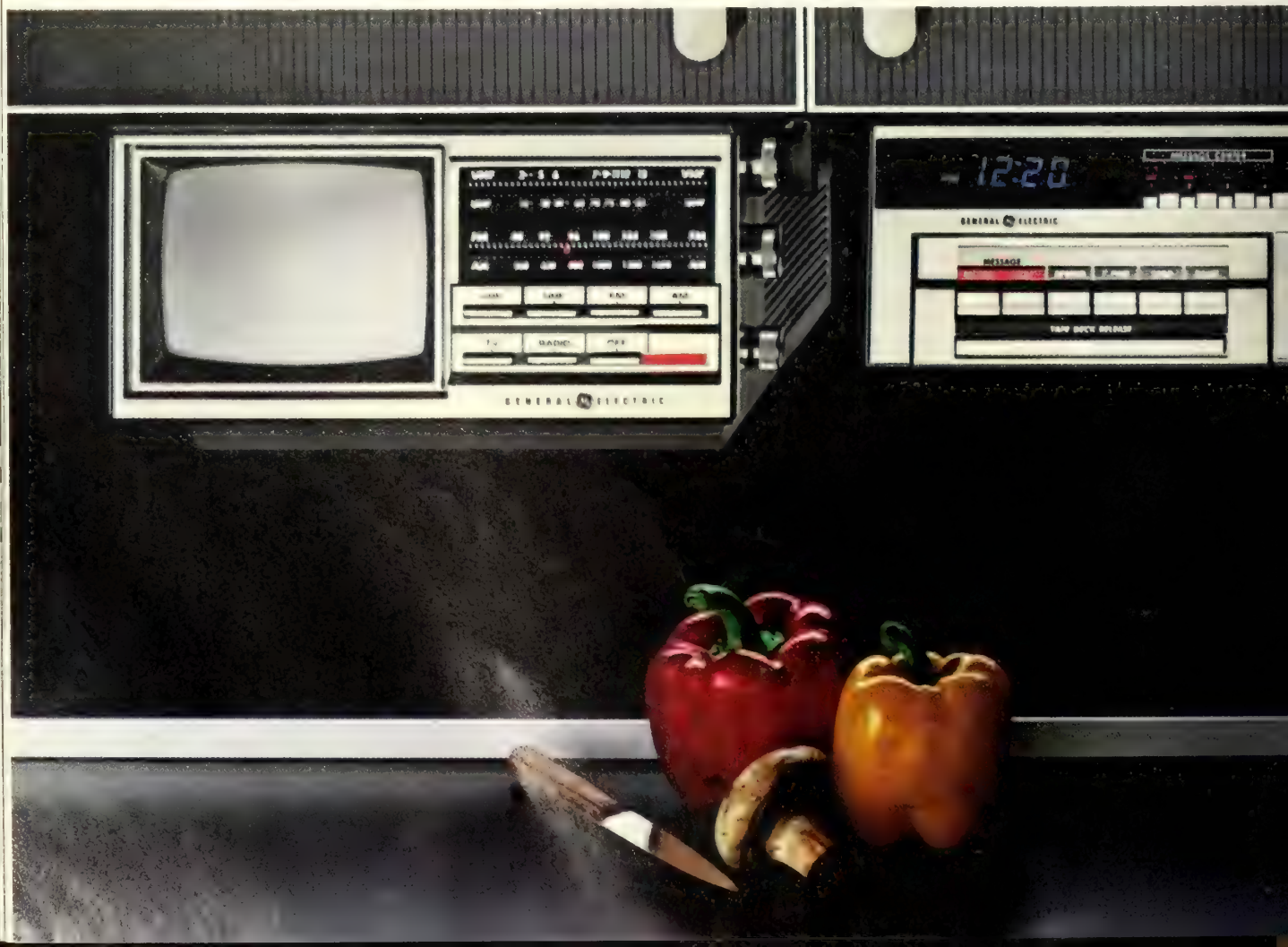
"Oh yes. It reminds me of Benares."

On this Yugoslav August 15, even Jelsa was a roaring bash with the local wine going down in cascades and every family feasting on roasted lambs from the salt marshes of the nearby islands

"Glad I'm not in town. I'd be drun by now," said Lovrenko as he unloaded the supplies and led us up a path d signed for goats to his friend's grov But here, so conveniently close to Jels nature was deliciously undisturbed. few people, widely spaced, gave a sca to the landscape of islands jutting o of the tranquil sea. Each became a st performer. I watched the progress of single strong swimmer far out powe fully moving toward a distant shor Three intrepid wind surfers skimme along with the speed of motorboa and suddenly were out of sight. An o casional shapely body lay bronzing o the table rocks that rim the water edge.

These Southern Slavs can be stu ningly beautiful and splendid legs a the norm. Down on the Jelsa rocks v had gotten to know Lydia, a lon limbed naiad with golden-biscuit ski Dressed, she is a judge in Zagreb.

"Surprised me," said Da



Thought she was a model."

Lovrenko ushered us into a clearing arpeted with pine needles that felt like elvet under bare feet and enclosed vithin a low parapet of rocks. A honey-noon salon for a nymph and a faun. Their clever exterior decorator had sed a circle of stone outcroppings as tools around the altar-grill. The sun-ight dappling through the pines ighed, "Manet come back for me ow."

With the respect you give someone lse's house, Lovrenko shinnied up a ree and hacked off a branch that hung oo low over the grill for its own good. He then concentrated on lunch, work-ng with the dexterity of a professional hef.

Lovrenko had definite ideas of what onstituted an Illyrian picnic, dismiss-ng the al fresco pasta of the Italians as nsuitable. Funny how Illyria suggests Elysium. It was that kind of a picnic. Serried rows of silvered mackerel grilled over the fire. A half-dozen pork



Sunlight and pine needles weave the blanket for Lovrenko's picnic.

chops per person to compensate for the lamb chops monopolized by the residents of Jelsa. The rosemary to flavor the meat was there for the picking in the woods.

Rounding out the substantial were sun-ripened tomatoes, green salad, and thirst-quenching watermelon. Wine of Hvar was passed from hand to hand in the large wooden beaker that is a staple in every island household. When mouth could munch no more, we stretched out to read and slumber until it was time for a wake-up swim in the divine waters.

Lovrenko had established his point. If he had opted for a big-money country, what would he have had? A good job. And if he were careful with his pay, in a few years he could afford to return here for a short vacation. Why bother?

For Special, one makes a trade. De luxe does not exist but there are half-a-dozen Grade A hotels. Some of the rooms and apartments for rent in private houses are superior to what you might have expected. The old architecture is glorious and you tend to ignore





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what went up in the present postwar, which fortunately is low-lying. So re-read your *Walden,* hire a boat with a four-horsepower outboard engine for about twenty dollars a day, and live in the pure outdoors.

Back in the Age of Mythology, Hvar was home to Cadmus, the Phoenician Prince who brought the alphabet to the Greeks, and his wife Harmonia, daughter of Aphrodite and the war god Ares. Around 385 B.C., Greeks founded a colony they named Pharos. Hvar is its Serbo-Croat derivative. In succeeding centuries, everybody stopped by and attempted to take over. Illyrians, Romans, Huns, Ostrogoths, Slavs, Saracens, Turkes, Venetians, English, French, Austrians, Italians.

The island is a capsule history of the shifting powers of Europe. The game was played all over the checkerboard starting with Demetrios of Pharos, lieutenant and consort of Triteuta, Queen of Illyria. What went wrong between them nobody any longer remembers, only that in 229 B.C. Demetrios betrayed Teuta. The betrayal led to a ten-year war between Rome and Illyria. Rome won but Illyria subsequently gave her four emperors, including Aurelius and Diocletian.

Venice had the longest tenure, over three-and-a-half centuries, and left the gorgeous heritage that makes Hvar more than just an island in the sun. From 1420 until 1797, Hvar, under the name of Lesina, served as the Serenissima's chief naval station on the long sea run from Venice to Constantinople.

From the moment you step from the steamer onto the broad quay paved with white stones gleaming like marble you can see she was treated as a place of importance. The rich cityscape within the walls is a treasure of patrician houses, churches, monasteries, bell towers, stone pedestals to hold the flagstaffs, bas reliefs of the Lion of San Marco, chiseled crests of arms. The handsome piazza before the cathedral is the largest square of Dalmatia.



The counts who governed in the name of the republic were nobles some of whom belonged to doge families like Gritti and Dandolo. The aristocratic sixteenth-century loggia and clock tower which front the port are all that remain of the palace of the ruling counts, alas. The building in its entirety must have been a stylishly impressive edifice leaving no doubt of Venetian power and grandeur.

Only patricians were permitted to live within the walls and they too resided in splendor. The palace of the nobleman Vukašinović had no less than seven balconies ornamenting its façade. The Venice-inspired Hektorović mansion with its elegant pointed Gothic windows—although never finished—is one of the landmarks of Hvar.

The Arsenal sheltered the war galleon every commune had to maintain for the state's fleet. The island's galleon was one of the ships that fought in the Battle of Lepanto against the Turks in 1571 and the surviving figurehead—an awesome dragon—is on display in the theater upstairs.

The theater is a gem dating back to 1612. It has a double tier of boxes, 31 in all, a charming painted ceiling, and the original stage backdrop depicting the city in this period of its glory when the repertory included works by the Hvar literati, now Croatian classics. For a week each May the theater becomes a playhouse again for the leading companies of Yugoslavia.

The island has been so dotted with fine buildings, paintings, sculpture and artistic treasures that in 1950 Hvar sensibly created a Center for the Protection of the Cultural Heritage. The wealth of Hvar was such that the collections are an eye-filling repository of gold, silver, laces, brocades, incunabula, and wood carvings. Churches and monasteries vied for paintings and among the great names are Tiepolo, Palma the Younger, and Tintoretto whose *Burial of Christ* hangs in the Dominican Church of Stari Grad. As donor of the painting, the poet Petar Hektorivić is portrayed as the old man beside his daughter Lucretia. But how did the fifteenth-century English stone carving of scenes from the Passion make its way to the Franciscan monastery in Hvar? Then one remembers that a principal product of Hvar has al-

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ways been ship captains.

Part of the pleasure of Hvar is to explore the many islets that sit on the sea like a scatter of skipping stones, sheltering in the coves that were pirates' delight. At Palmižana, Dagmar Menighella runs an inn, an art gallery for Yugoslav artists, and a restaurant renowned for its rich lobster soup.

Dagmar's husband is incurably ill in a Zagreb hospital and she lives on this island off an island with her three children, working eighteen hours a day, because for two hundred years Palmižana has been Menighella land and its luxuriant vegetation is the creation and toil of Menighella generations.

Venetians long ago denuded the islet of its trees to build their ships. It was Dagmar's father-in-law, a botany professor at Dubrovnik University, who made new plantings of pine, mimosa, agave, and cactus. Before the illness, Dagmar and her husband traveled in winter and brought back specimens of flora from Malta, Mexico, Tunisia, and Brazil. Her husband paved the path that now connects one shore with the other.

"The whole world comes here because there is no water like it," said Dagmar. "The Menighella family made this place more beautiful. I want to leave it more beautiful for everybody because this place is a big dream."

She wears sunglasses to hide the dark rings of fatigue so that for the world her face is smiling and serene.

"It is hard but for these people it is good to see that a woman can manage alone. Hvar was too patriarchal. But now there are three women who manage . . . the harbor captain, the mayor, and myself."

Jelsa, thirty kilometers from Hvar port, is the choice for secondary homes of Yugoslavs who made money. There is an ever-present hum of cicadas, a whisper from pine and poplar, and an intimate village quality. The couples sing as they stroll back home after an evening of dancing at the Hotel Fontana. The open-air movie theater changes its program nightly and all the films are undubbed original versions.

"Good as a film festival," said Zoran, a visiting young psychiatrist.

In Jelsa you walk or cycle down to the port in the morning to buy freshly caught sardines or freshly baked *lepinja,* the good flat loaf of bread that is a distant cousin of the Turkish *pide.* For fish and atmosphere you go to Restaurant Jelsa, sometimes known as Dinko's, a restaurant owned by Dinko Tavičič, the son of Dan Tana's housekeeper.

At Gringo's, the generous pizza is a meal in itself.

"My father was born in Argentina," explained the proprietor. "When the family came back here he could speak only Spanish so the kids in school called him Gringo. He was proud of it. I am Gringo the Second. My little son is Gringo the Third and my little daughter is Gringitza."

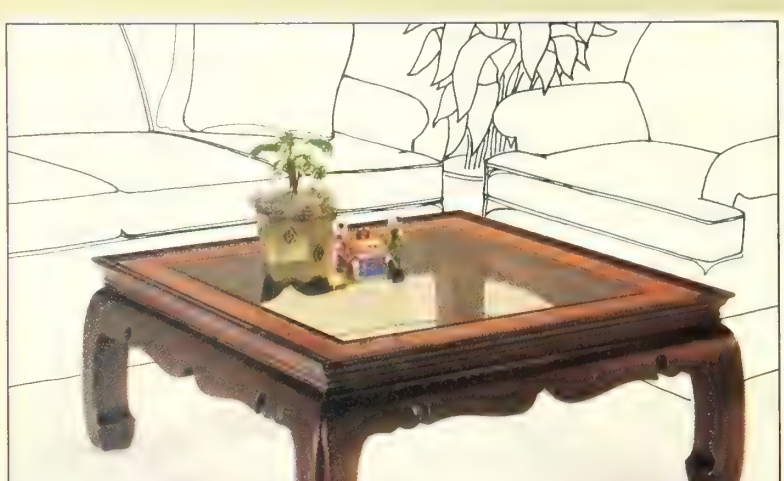
Gringo II, real name Slavomir, is probably the most active hard-working young man in Jelsa. In addition to the pizzeria with its outdoor terrace and indoor video games, he has a boat-rental service, runs a water-ski school, and maintains a mechanic's shop for boat engines.

Yugoslav socialism is supple. If employees number no more than five, private enterprise is encouraged. If the business is seasonal, the employee quota can go up to ten. If your wife is willing to work, the family can have an additional enterprise and she is entitled to five employees.

Jelsa's social rendezvous is the Momus, the café-bar whose tables are quickly filled from eight A.M. breakfasts until midnight. The best espresso, the best cappuccino, the best fruit salad, the best toasted sandwiches, the best ice cream, the best service. Mario Gamulin, the owner, did his training in Milano and brought back to Jelsa a touch of Italian Smart.

Momus is a sophisticated contrast to the half-open public telephone booth in the little piazza. There is always a patient queue. Listening to the conversations is the favorite entertainment of the old lady who lives upstairs.

"Come up and have a coffee with me, dearie," she shouted down to the young woman whose calls pleased her the most. □



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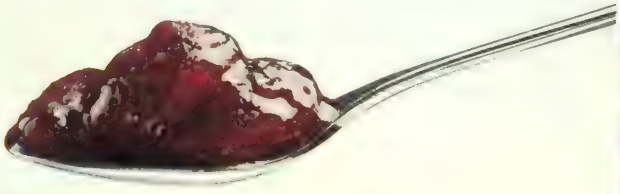
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You're right

GALAXY

The room's subdued coloration brings out all the subtleties in Galaxy's "Queen's Treasure" carpeting, shown here in "Raspberry Tint."





Galaxy's "Simply Beautiful," featured here in "Green Lake," is ideal for romantic settings with its rich, deep pile.



Shedding some light on the subject.

Nothing affects atmosphere more directly than light. Here, soft and adjustable lighting lets you decide the mood. Pinpoint spotlights above the bed focus light at lap level for reading. A corner lamp casts a warm, gentle glow above the writing desk.

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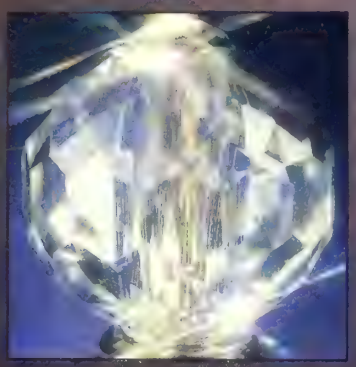
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THE PASSIONS OF COLETTE

The life and legend of an extraordinary writer

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

Jottings from a journal: 1948
First trip to France

Grasse, July 16

Last night we dined with Colette—and sixteen others—at Countess Charles de Polignac's. Our first glimpse of her was disconcerting. We had expected, foolishly enough, to see an alluring young woman. Instead, there was the aged author of *Gigi* and *Chéri*. Wrapped in a cape she made her way slowly and laboriously about the fragrant cypress-dotted garden, a sprig of jasmine in her hand. Night was closing in.

When we were introduced every shrewd line in her face—a cross between that of the madam of a bordello and the mother superior of a strict order—told us she had seen the likes of us before. And no doubt she had. At table she spoke little and listened with the absentminded air one sees in geniuses or neurasthenic children. The only time she came to life was when a desiccated aristocrat (How difficult it was to catch their names, what dolts we felt.) identified the exact year of an old Armagnac. It was 1893!

"The year I married Willy," Colette ventured in her deep voice, her *R*'s rolling on her tongue like Chaliapin's, her expression that of a fortune-teller who has hit on the truth. But when encouraged to continue she lapsed into silence.

July 17

This afternoon we played Mozart's "Two Piano Sonata" for Colette and the party of last evening. Germaine Tailleferre with whom we are staying

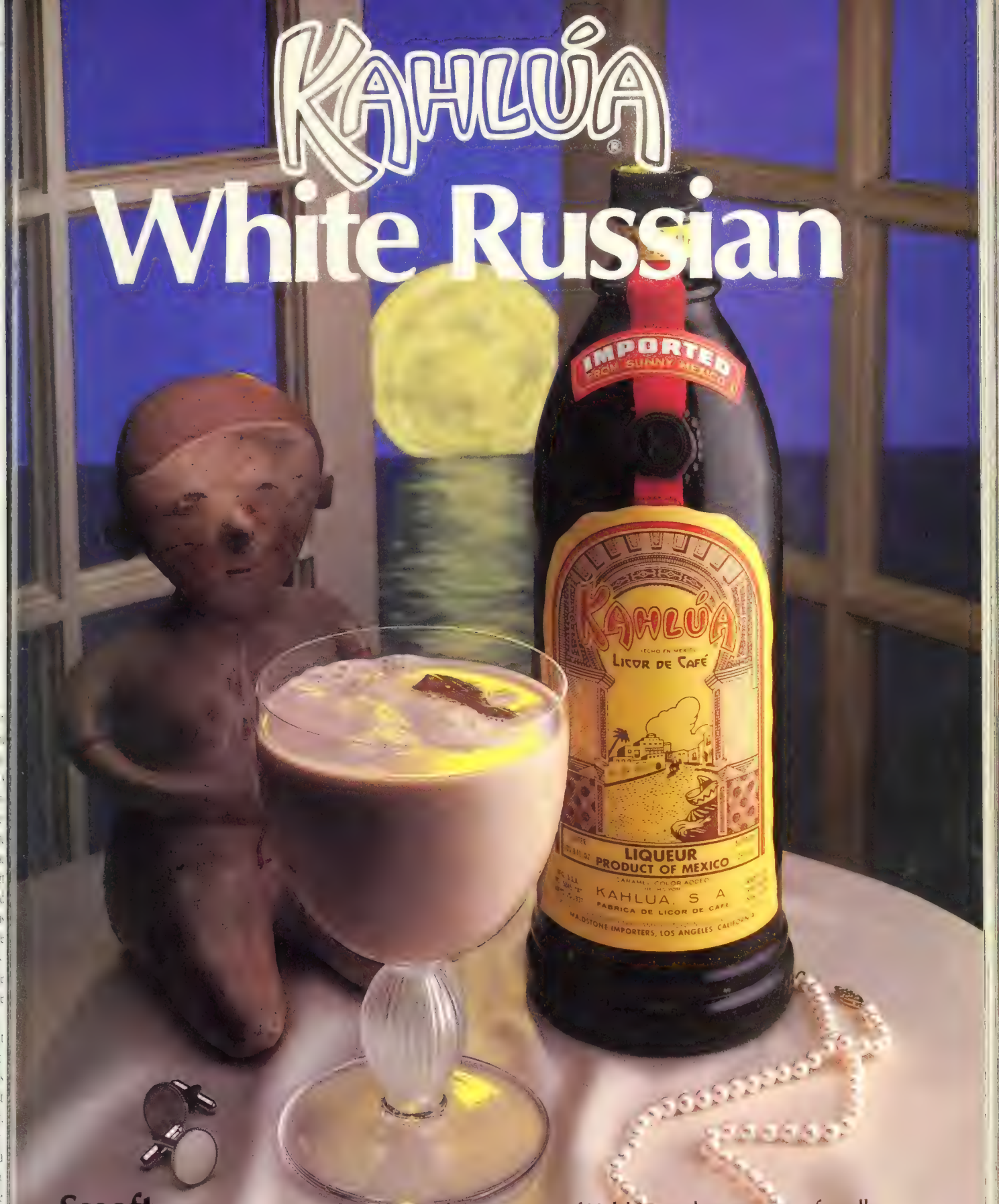


Top: Colette created scandal in *Rêve d'Egypte* playing opposite her friend the marquise de Belboeuf. *Above:* With her husband Henry Gauthier-Villars.

invited Picasso who lives nearby in Vallauris. He won't budge but asked her to bring us along to his atelier tomorrow. What luck to have France's leading woman composer take us under her wing. And what an unproprietary way she has of showing us France and French life. With her usual tact she suggested that we follow the Mozart with Ravel and Debussy as Colette had been close to them both. *Figure-toi,* as they say over here. Humbled and at the same time stimulated by Colette's presence we played well. Our reward: the most discerning effervescent smile one could ever hope for.

"You see, my generation didn't speak English," she said, half modest, half proud. As she complimented us her years vanished along with our first impression. The aureole of frizzy hair, the archaic grin, slant eyes, bulky body, and heavy sandals now belonged to a Burgundian earth goddess. Suddenly she had become the young woman we had hoped to meet.

But it was her pleasure in our playing that made us happiest. Especially when Germaine told us that Colette was a



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fine pianist and had shared the music critic's desk at *Le Matin* with Debussy himself years before. A long chat about Colette, a delicious bouillabaisse at Toto's in Cannes and "so to bed."

From that day we were devotees of Colette. Years later by way of our book *Misia* we went to see her last husband Maurice Goudeket, and her daughter, Colette de Jouvenel. Not unexpectedly they gave us conflicting accounts of her character. Genius, like great beauty or indeed great ugliness, has a way of blinding one. Although daughter and husband were hardly blinded by Colette they saw her through astigmatic eyes.

For Colette de Jouvenel—an appealing pug-dog of a woman—her mother was an unpredictable celebrity: cruel yet kind, close yet distant, a star with whom she could not hope to compete. For Maurice Goudeket—a gentle prize-fighter of a man—she was the love of his life. When they met, he was 37, she was 52, an aging woman grateful to be in his young arms. Not long before, her five-year love affair with her stepson Bertrand de Jouvenel—begun when he was not quite 17 and she was 47—had come to a dramatic end.

We met Colette de Jouvenel at her mother's apartment overlooking that delectably ordered salon, the gardens of the Palais-Royal. The rooms were still full of Colette's possessions. On her desk lay the kind of school notebook she liked to write in. Alas, it was empty. A funerary air, a lost presence, hovered over us. Even the lively view that Colette had described with such zest (there is a wonderful photo of her feeding a flock of pigeons gathered on the window sill) seemed to have become a gray and lifeless postcard. "Only spinsters have written about my mother," Madame de Jouvenel complained as she urged us to "do" a book on Colette.

Our visit to Monsieur Goudeket was more surprising. After Colette's death he had married a woman much younger than himself, produced a son, and was leading a seemingly bourgeois existence. Except for one detail. Their apartment was a shrine to his first wife. As we examined the Colette photographs, paintings, framed letters, and manuscripts that covered the walls we must have betrayed a certain astonishment, for Goudeket was quick to assure us that his young wife adored Colette as much as he did. We hoped for her sake that it was true.

The collected works of Colette might be called *A Fictional Memoir*. Unlike Madame de Staël or George Sand—no mean narcissists themselves—she was her sole heroine. No event from her childhood to old age went unobserved, unexamined, unrecorded. She was a woman in heat, passionate about men and women; about sensations, flowers, four-legged creatures, and food; and above all about the words, phrases, and sentences with which she expressed the sensuality of her nature.

No passerby, no meal, no hour of love, boredom, or despair went unexplored as, stitch by stitch, color by Bonnard-like color she wove the tapestry of her life. Yet her self-revelations do not seem enough. Biographies continue to appear. Each contains new theories, new gossip, new scandal about the woman who it was thought had told all. The latest, liveliest, and certainly the most profusely illustrated is a book by Geneviève Dormann called *Colette: A Passion for Life*.

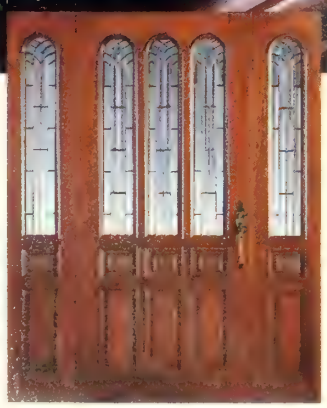


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The watercolor pictured is one of a group of 'House and Garden' views by Parsons and other English watercolorists to be offered on October 30, 1985.

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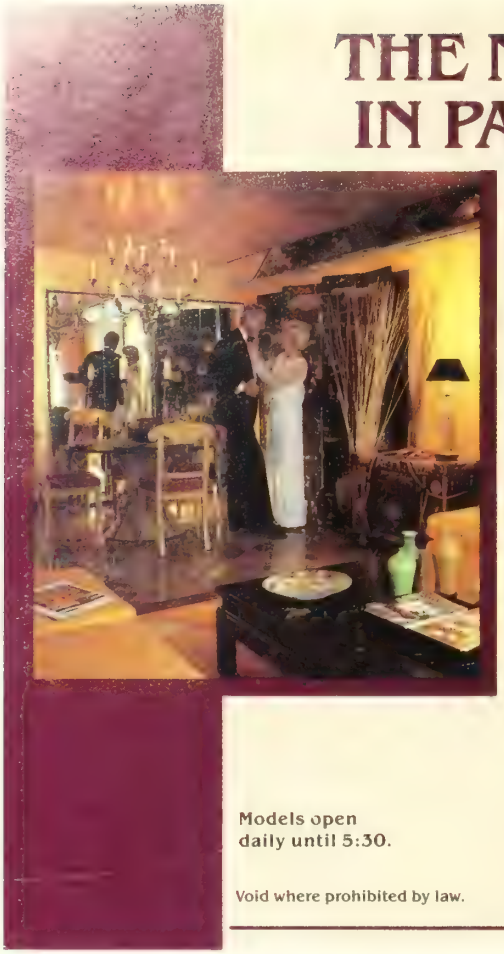
Reading Colette's story and studying the photographs in this handsome volume tempt one to think that her life was her finest work of art. Until one remembers how, at her best, she was able to distill experience into prose, swift as a Lautrec drawing, intimate as a painting by Vuillard.

One can only suppose that dark needs held Colette and her husband Willy together in a web of interdependence, affection, and resentment

In a review of Joanna Richardson's biography of Colette, Gabriele Annan wrote with a fastidious shudder that it was "difficult to love Colette without finding oneself enrolled in a club." The statement might as easily apply to writers as various as Shakespeare, Balzac, Svevo, or Verga. Be that as it may, Madame Dormann's biography–cum–picture book should gain new club members and fascinate the old clan. For the photographs give fresh dimension, Kodakian insights into Colette's passage through life. They "enrapture us," as Proust said, "with the verisimilitude of portraits which appear to be on the point of speaking."

Among her other pursuits Colette was a professional actress who enjoyed nothing more than posing for her likeness. Thanks to her self-love we are provided with a rare visual history. Like a nineteenth-century novel Madame Dormann's book begins with Colette's native village in Burgundy and the house where she was born. We see her mother, her father, and their neighbors leaving church in their Sunday best. Then we are introduced to the heroine. At five she is already pensive and infinitely clever. The years go by with pictures of her youth when suddenly we are confronted with a photo of Colette at twenty. She had just


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married Henry Gauthier-Villars and moved to Paris.

"Willy," as he was called, was one of the more unsavory *monstres sacrés* of the city: a journalist, music critic, and plagiarist with a stable of ghostwriters whose books were published under his name. The Colette of those years was tailor-made to his taste. Her boyish face, strong neck, and the mannish hat out of which snakes a spectacularly long and lustrous braid of hair, must have titillated the man who collected obscene German postcards and arcane pornographic literature. Turn the page and there is Willy himself. With his top hat, fierce moustache, aristocratic nose, and glaucous eyes he is a dead ringer for Edward VII. Or is it Queen Victoria, as Colette was later to suggest? King or queen, Willy belonged—in a France where such things were a great issue—to a far more exalted class than did Colette. And so it is the story of an upper-class roué who had led an apparently innocent village girl to the altar.

Certainly Willy treated his young wife shamefully signing his name to her first books

One of the more striking images in *Colette: A Passion for Life* is a portrait of the married couple. Overbearing and worldly, Willy has turned his back on Colette who, eyes downcast, leans submissively on his shoulder. Is he a brilliant man-about-town? Or is he merely the corrupt litterateur Colette described with such bitterness? As for Colette, does her face suggest an unwilling victim or a willing slave inextricably, thankfully bound to her Svengali? Certainly Willy treated his young wife shamefully when he signed his name to her first books. Yet—and Colette did not expand on the possibility—had she not married him and had he not locked her in a room and forced her to write, might she not have re-

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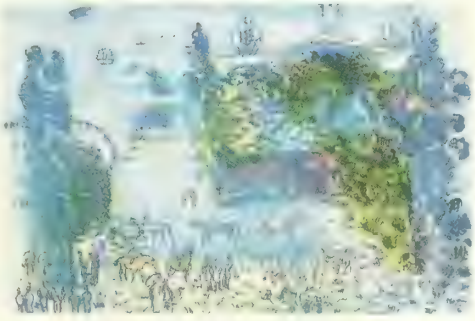
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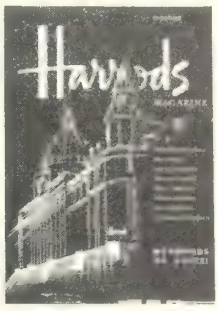
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mained Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette, an unexpressed provincial lost in erotic dreams?

Her years with Willy are difficult to fathom. Madame Dormann girlishly claims that Colette was "in love" with him, a rather broad term which, in this case, would require a Proust to dissect and clarify. One can only suppose that dark needs held them together in a web of interdependence, affection, and resentment. Certainly it is unforgivable that her husband traded on her talent and cheated her. Still one can spare a little sympathy for Willy, whose own talents were suffocated by a writer's block, who saw his pupil outstrip him and gain the respect of those who initially had thought of her as just another of his outrageous whims.

Colette, as the critic John Charpentier wrote, "got her spontaneity, humor and that divination which made her understand the animal and vegetable world from her mother." But it is equally true that her cultivation, worldly outlook, and daring exploration of women were stimulated by the amusing husband who signed his music criticism, "Letters of an Usherette." It was he, after all, who taught her to be a writer. And it was through him that she was to know Proust, Valéry, Debussy, César Franck, Gide, Mauriac, and Cocteau.

Cocteau remembered seeing the Gauthier-Villars at the skating rink on the Champs-Elysées:

> At one of the tables sat Willy, Colette and her pet bulldog, Willy . . . with his bishop's hands folded on the knob of his cane. Beside him our own Colette, not the solid Colette who offers us raw onion salads and does her shopping in sandals at Hediard's. . . . No it is a thin, thin Colette, a sort of little fox in cycling dress, a fox terrier in skirts.

Fair as she tried to be, Colette failed to give credit where credit was due. Nowhere does she thank Willy for his brilliance as an editor and literary guide. However tortured their thirteen years together were—had she chosen she could have left him—she emerged from the dark tunnel of her marriage one of the most original and accomplished women of her day. Strangely enough she rarely wrote of the carefree moments she enjoyed in those years. Dwelling as she did on Willy's infidelities, she neglected to mention her own flirtatiousness.

In unpublished letters to José-Maria Sert, the young Spanish painter who came to Paris in 1899, we find the Colette of the Belle Epoque. Her letters are as irreverent, as mocking, as insouciant, as Claudine herself. She asks how he plans to heat his studio and suggests, in her naughtiest manner, that several women in his bed at the same time might help keep him warm. With Bohemian intimacy she offers to shop for sheets, peignoirs, and bath



In 1912 Colette played in a pantomime called *La Chatte Amoureuse,* part of a revue at the Paris music hall, Bataclan.

towels for him. One wonders what her friendship with a man not given to platonic relationships entailed.

"Dear Sert," she wrote, "My 'Sundays' began a week ago. Without you. I've had pretty women, a few imbeciles and many pretty young men who make a profession of their—beauty. Some of them came last year. But this year they're bringing their friends along! When you come you'll be mad about them. One is a blond boy of eighteen, dark eyed and red mouthed. Another is even better. I only know his *nom d'amour*. It's Natalie! He wears a beautiful Lalique necklace with two enamel pendants. You see I'm using all my wiles to attract you!"

"Dear Sert," reads a letter from Bayreuth, where Willy was reviewing the Wagner festival. "We shall hear Parsifal at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The performances are jammed with the French. The shop windows make me die of laughter. You would drop dead with disgust if you saw them. There are pictures of swollen Rhine maidens with billowing breasts and derrières, swimming in rippling water. Modern-style

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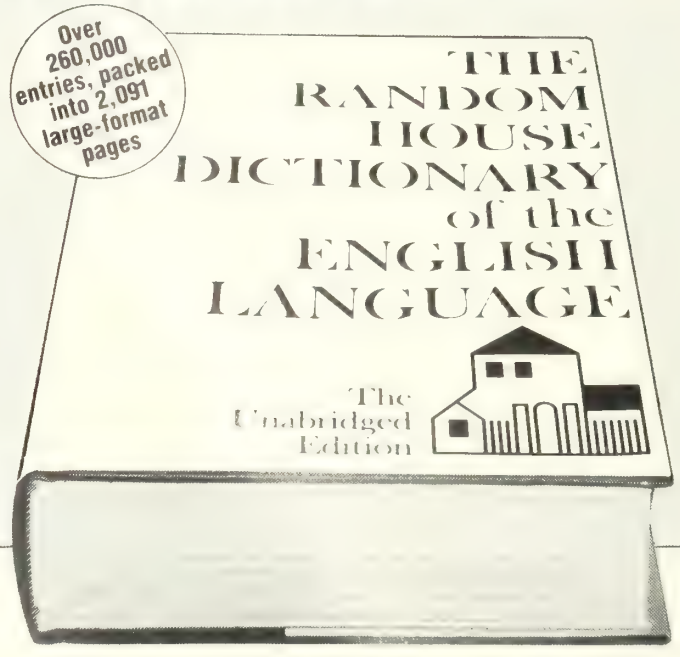
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"Sert, I'd never been in a sleeping car. The joy of feeling the rails beneath

When Willy and Colette separated, she became the lover of the marquise de Belboeuf, daughter of the duc de Morny

me while I lay naked between the sheets kept me up half the night. Down the corridor Willy, choked by the heat, cursed the unfamiliar linen. Delmas [the handsome Wagnerian baritone] was on the train. God, that man is beautiful at seven in the morning in his pink nightshirt. Armed with his sponge-bag he waits his turn at the W.C. It's unimaginable to have been born with such a gift for noble gesture and dramatic posture. Sert, just imagine Delmas sitting on the mahogany oval, brandishing the crumpled tissue as if it were Wotan's lance."

As if her alliance to Willy had not been strange enough, when they separated Colette became the lover of the marquise de Belboeuf, daughter of the duc de Morny, Napoleon III's illegitimate half brother. Perhaps Colette, having been identified with one conspicuous eccentric, felt the need to move on to another—like those women who, having left a millionaire or a distinguished aristocrat, cannot consider living with anyone less grand. It would seem that love, for Colette, was a sporting event with the odds stacked against her. As in her novels, unhappiness was in her, never the tragic note.

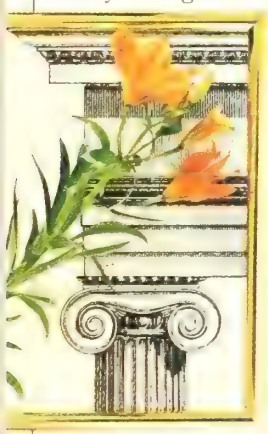
"Missy," as the marquise de Belboeuf was called, was kind, maternal, and a transvestite. In *Colette: A Passion for Life* we see photographs of Missy as a Roman emperor, a young dandy, and an Arab horseman. There is no trace of humor in her face. A tortured childhood had seen to that. Colette's new liaison amused Willy, who, it was said,


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Since its first flowering several dozen centuries ago, the Greek style has been making successful comebacks in almost every era from the Romans on. The latest "return performance," after a disappearance of some decades, is going on right now. Hardly a "new" room can be seen without a column or two standing around.

One of the surprising things about the perennial Greek revivals is the chameleon-like adaptability of the style to all sorts of often widely divergent national sensibilities. All those columns and capitals and caryatids, those processions of Greek keys and scrolls, easily become French, English, German, Russian and American details. And, mysteriously, these details are recognized forever after as being distinctively characteristic of each "national" style. You can't envision Napoleon without his Empire trappings; nor England without its brothers Adam; nor ever imagine Scarlett O'Hara without her Tara.



Today's neo-classicism however seems to be an international phenomenon, sprouting and flourishing independently all over the globe. Some say that designers all over the world are simply reacting against the spare and minimal fashion that's been another international phenomenon in recent years. Many of the definitions and uses of classicism currently popular seem to provide just the warmth, wit and links with traditionalism that acute modernism is accused of being short on.

Probably even more of a surprise than the Greek style's ubiquitous adaptability is the lively and exhilarating color palette that characterizes the present revival. Past revivalists, no matter what their national hue, seemed to take their color inspirations from the pallid bones—all those romantic ruins—of the art they sought to revive. They ignored the evidence of the dramatic and exuberant colors that sheathed those classic columns in their prime. When Elsie de Wolfe first saw the Parthenon she is said to have exclaimed, "Why, it's beige! *My* color!" But when Aristotle and friends looked at *their* Parthenon they saw it ablaze with real color—sea-blues and orange-reds, sun-yellows and leaf-greens, all spiked with gold and brass. The Greeks, as writers have been pointing out for centuries (and which may account for the Hellenic hold on healthy imaginations through the ages), were very interested in life and *its* many colors; they had little interest in bones.

In the grand living room of the nineteenth century Tribeca penthouse shown here, designer Jeffrey Weiss has taken his Greek cue from the architectural detailing of the fireplace wall. You can see the Greek style's adaptability in the comfortable mixing of Empire, Biedermeier and over-stuffed modern furnishings. And you can see what can be done with all these neo-classic elements when the palette is true Greek rather than some revivalist's latter-day romantic interpretation. The sunny, rainbow-hued selection of fabrics, papers and carpet would surely have been right up Aristotle's alley. And they certainly fit in with





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today's more informal traditionalism.

The fabrics used include a lacquer-red cotton sateen print with embroidery motifs, on the daybed. There's a surprising melange of colors, patterns and textures, on the cushions. A slubbed stripe on the settee. Seen in the mirror, a wallpapered wall provides a calming and very modern background (a close-up of the chalk-dabbed paper pattern and the red-navy-yellow Greek key border can be picked out in the swatches shown at the top of the page). The draperies of rosy-sand and sky-blue taffeta make a serene yet also colorful backdrop for the room's many color splashes.

The modern temperament is also reflected in the durability of the azure 100% Dupont Dacron® polyester that covers the tufted chair and on which the sandaled foot is perched in the inset picture on the left-hand page. Its qualities would more than likely also have intrigued the luxury-loving yet logical Greeks.

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sometimes traveled in train compartments marked "Ladies Only." One day when the conductor admonished him for sitting in the wrong section, Willy haughtily drew himself up, saying: "But I am the marquise de Belboeuf." There was no further discussion.

During her affair with Missy, Colette earned a living as a dancer and a mime. Although she shuddered at Willy's crass way of exploiting her, she showed no more discretion than he when she struck out on her own. One hardly thinks of Colette as a show girl, but there she is in Mme. Dormann's book, breast and thigh exposed with the best of them. When one considers how her contemporary Virginia Woolf would have winced at Colette's advanced pose, one wants to shout *bravo*! and *encore*! And indeed an encore was obligingly produced when, in 1910, she published *The Vagabond,* an evocative novel about her life as a traveling music-hall performer.

Colette is not generally considered a revolutionary writer. Yet *The Vagabond* is the forerunner of that genre of women's novels that deal openly with the problems of freedom, independence, and virility in the female sex. "Let me finish my tour," the narrator writes her lover, "putting into it an almost soldierly sense of duty and that sort of workers' application with which one must not mix our happiness." But it is Colette's plangent, Debussyesque art that makes her work durable. One has only to read a paragraph to see how she could turn the dross of her music-hall days into shining metal.

"I dance and dance," she wrote, "a beautiful serpent coils itself along the Persian carpet, an Egyptian amphora tilts forward pouring forth a cascade of perfumed hair, a blue and stormy cloud rises and floats away, a feline beast springs forward, then recoils, a sphinx, the color of pale sand, reclines at full length, propped on its elbows with the back hollowed and straining breasts. The only real things are dancing, light, freedom and music. *Nothing is real except making rhythm of one's thoughts and translating it into beautiful gesture.*"

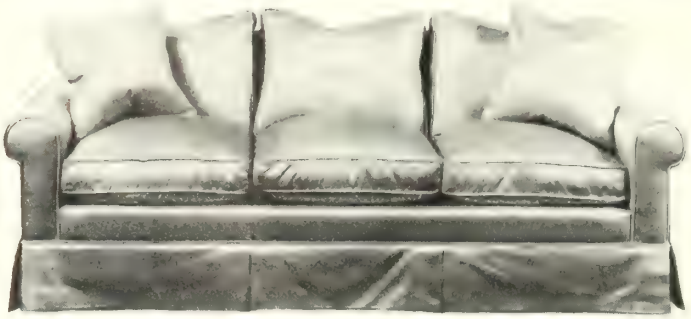
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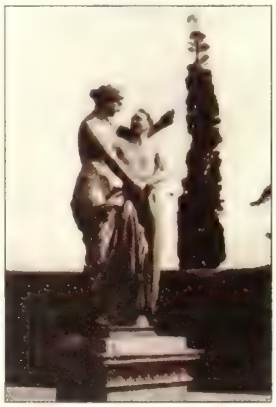


THE LIFE OF THE HOUSE PARTY

Personal recollections of English country life between the great wars

PATRICIA, VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN

I always found it quite extraordinary that one managed to fit in four meals a day at these house parties. You started off with breakfast (you came down to breakfast with the gentlemen if it was a shooting party), where you had eggs, sausages, bacon, perhaps devilled kidneys, plaice, all on a hotplate; and then on the sideboard ham and tongue and perhaps game pie, or something like that, if you wanted it; and naturally, toast and marmalade and coffee. Lunch would always start with an egg dish or something, followed by a main course, followed by cold meats on the sideboard if anybody wanted them; pudding; cheese; and dessert. And then tea. For a big dinner party, a really posh dinner party, you would have either thick or clear soup, followed by fish, followed by the *entrée*—chicken or quails. Then you had saddle of lamb or beef; you had pudding; you had a savoury; and then you had a fruit.



Cecil Beaton caught Rex Whistler, the Sacheverell Sitwells, *top,* among others under the carpet; some practical joking, *above,* at Taplow Court.

At a shooting lunch, you obviously had to be quick, so you just had one enormous, delicious main course: for instance, pork with vegetables and so on, and then a pudding—plum or some hot pudding—and cheese. With the cheese you always had the most delicious plum cake.

A tremendous headache for the hostess, if she had, say, sixteen people to stay, was to give them different neighbours at each meal for however many meals it was. There would certainly be a *placement,* but not any taking of the ladies in to dinner. That was not on at all.

Patricia Hambleden was a Herbert, a daughter of the 15th Earl of Pembroke. Her mother, Lady Beatrice, was a sister of the 6th Marquess of Anglesey. Brought up at Wilton House, Wiltshire, Lady Hambleden has been one of Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother's, longest-serving ladies-in-waiting.

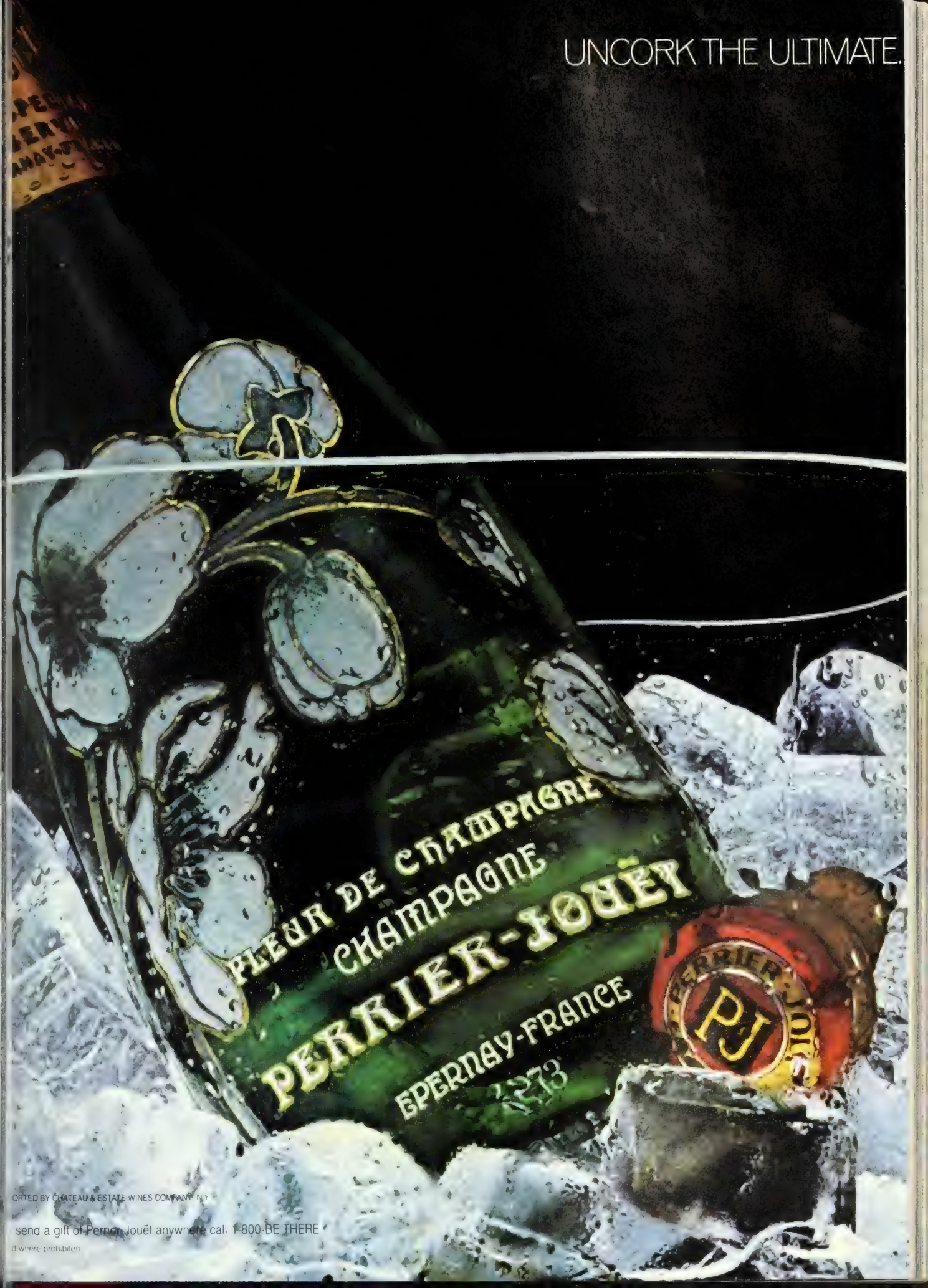
DIANA, VISCOUNTESS GAGE

People didn't come as far as Cumbria just for weekends. They usually came to Holker for a week or ten days—with the whole family. Some people used to come on their way up to Scotland, and some on their way back. They always suggested themselves. My mother would say, "When would you like to come?" and then we would fit them in as best we could. They would bring lady's maids, valets and even their own sheets. Lady Wolverton and Lady Islington both brought their sheets: I suppose they thought they were better than ours. Some people considered it an insult, but my mother was delighted. It saved her own sheets.

Most of the guests got up for breakfast, but it was a very movable feast—it would probably finish about half past eleven. Then my mother used to make a list: who wanted to go riding, who was going to play lawn tennis, go fishing, play golf. There were a great many activities to choose from.

My mother used to give something called a cotillion, which was a lovely,

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old-fashioned dance. You would ask about forty people and you would have a cotillion leader—David Cecil was very good at that. He and a woman, or a girl, would be the cotillion leaders. You'd all dance with your partner, and then people would come round with favours, like bunches of ribbon or flowers, which you could give to someone else, and then you'd dance with them. There were various figures: a girl would be given a looking-glass and a man would look over her shoulder, and if she didn't want to dance with him, she'd rub out his image in the mirror. If she did want to, she'd put the looking-glass down and get up and dance. Or the man would hold up a candle and whichever girl wanted to dance with him would blow it out. I think several people used to give cotillion parties during the 1920s. We would just wear black tie for that sort of party. In fact, we always wore a black tie, but at Belvoir, up to the last war, they always wore white tie if a woman was at dinner, or if the clergyman came to dinner.

A very favourite birthday treat for us was to drive in a waggonette to Windermere lakeside; you then got into a boat and rowed to an island, where you had a picnic. Then you came home, rather tired by that time. We also used to go out into Morecambe Bay with the fishermen when they were cockling. You danced on the sands, up came the cockles and you flicked them into a basket.

The other guests might shoot, or go fishing, or they might play games; but really they just seemed to stay. The house parties were continuous. When one person went, another would come. I don't know how the servants managed, but they always seemed wonderfully happy. Holker was a house of total sunshine and happiness. My mother loved having her friends to stay.

My great-uncle, the eighth Duke of Devonshire,—whom my father followed at Holker—had had a large family and didn't like to entertain. He liked to have a quiet life. When my mother first came to Holker, the butler said to her, "I suppose if anybody calls, it's not at home as usual?"

Diana Gage is the third daughter of Lord Richard (Dick) and Lady Moyra Cavendish. Her father was brother of the Duke of Devonshire, her mother a daughter of the Duke of St. Albans. She was brought up at Holker, Cumbria, a huge, amiable, Victorian house.

MRS. RICHARD CAVENDISH

My mother-in-law once said to me, "I don't know if I should, but I judge people by their picnics." Picnics at Holker were to dream of. You went off somewhere absolutely magical, a different place every day; if it was very hot, for instance, you went to a lovely shady wood. And then out came everything you can think of that is delicious. There was no question of taking servants—every single person had a packet for themselves. She thought of everything—kettles that could go onto bonfires full of water, with corks in them in case there wasn't any fresh water, and special frying pans, always pitch black. The drinks were packed separately. There were little boxes with Virginia cigarettes, and little boxes with Turkish cigarettes and there were always matches and cigars.

When guests left Holker, they were given a little *papier mâché* attaché case, with the most delicious things in it. For each guest there were home-made-that-minute, feather-light scones stuffed with Morecambe Bay shrimps. All the things were wrapped individually, and labelled. And then inside the attaché case used to be put a label with stamps, so that all you had to do was to shove the empty case into the nearest Post Office and send it back.

Pam Cavendish is the eldest daughter of Hugh Lloyd Thomas, who was briefly Secretary to Edward VIII, and a member of the Royal Household long after. Her mother was a daughter of Lord Bellew and half-sister of the former Garter King of Arms, Sir George Bellew. Mrs. Cavendish now lives in the Dower House at Holker.

LADY MARJORIE STIRLING

There was no conversation as such, except in very special houses; we relied on games and practical joking during house parties. At most country seats, time was devoted to very energetic, endless games—energetic physically, like Murder or Sardines. All over the house: it must have been awful for the host and hostess, but it was quite fun, sometimes great fun. And charades. And then tremendously intellectual paper games, of which I was absolutely terrified. My hosts and their family were always very familiar with the ones


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they chose, and very good at them. They were a nightmare for any shy guest, of which I was one. Even now, I remember somebody, today quite well-known, bursting into tears. Maybe young men talk more now—they're probably more intelligent. Then, at that sort of party, conversation was very rare. Some houses absolutely revelled in practical jokes: apple-pie beds and creatures in baths. One or two families were known for it. Sometimes you couldn't take it any more: you thought twice before going again.

Marjorie Stirling's father, the 8th Earl of Dunmore, was a Scot and a brave soldier, fighting in the Sudan, India, and in the Boer and Great Wars. Her mother was from Skye. Brought up in Scotland, Lady Marjorie Murray married in 1926 a banker, Duncan Stirling, latterly Chairman of National Westminster.

LOELIA, LADY LINDSAY OF DOWHILL

I never did relax completely at Eaton. I was pretty well nervous of everything. I remember my very first party of all, when I found myself—this shy, hopelessly inadequate girl—sitting between Winston Churchill and F E Smith (Lord Birkenhead), looking at the fantastic flowers spread out in front of me and the incredible food, being served snails of all things, and being pleased to be able to wear my lovely jewels, I didn't know how to cope, really.

I think the band hired from Chester was playing away, so after dinner everybody danced. It didn't amuse people like Winston and F E Smith in the slightest. They loathed it. Before you could say knife, they'd tottered round the floor once, and off. But Bendor loved it. Then, of course, he too nipped off to sit with his cronies in the smoking room, where they had the most tremendous talk about politics. I was always left having to shuffle round with some dreadful old bore of about eighty (Bendor was much too jealous to invite any younger men). The music went on, meanwhile, until guests started leaving. It seemed to me all night, but I think it must have been two in the morning.

Eaton had a certain way of doing things. Before I came, there was one of those huge expandable boards you shove the *placement* cards in—you can imagine how big it was for seventy-two. Bendor was fearfully bored by the difficult job of *placement*. As he never did anything that bored him, he used to put the people he wanted next to him and perhaps two other people. Otherwise, he'd put all the cards in, and never change them for the whole of the visit. I revolutionised the *placement* system. What a nightmare it was! You always set off by putting the amusing people together, so you did quite well for a time. But you always got to the bores. Your two greatest bores met absolutely irrevocably, and you had to start to rearrange everything. I kept a list of who everybody had sat next to previously, and only once made a mistake.

Our form of tipping was very different from other houses'. No tipping was allowed. It was made up to the servants: they got an equivalent amount according to the number of people who stayed. I know one house today where that still goes on. When I stayed there and tried to tip the housemaid who had looked after me so beautifully—this was only a few years back—she absolutely refused to take it.

Some of the guests took full advantage of their stay. I can remember once there was a tremendous hurry to catch the train (we'd had lunch too late), and people tore out into the waiting cars. One of the elderly bachelors staying over the weekend had hoarded a mass of stationery, sealing wax, cigars, cigarettes, matches, pencils—you name it, he had it—all in a drawer, which he'd obviously meant to whip upstairs and collect. As it was, of course, he was found out. Having been given a marvellous time and told not to tip, it was pretty mean to pinch everything in sight.

There was always a weekend tennis party around the first of August, after Wimbledon was over. Bendor was very keen on playing tennis: it was good exercise and he thoroughly enjoyed it. The bad players got the two outdoor courts. There was a marvellous *en tout cas* (it's now called a clay court) indoors, alongside the glass houses. It was very unusual in those days to have an indoor court, and it was a huge building. There was a permanent "pro" as part of the staff. In the middle of the afternoon, I'd say, "Oh, I think I'll come down and have a game at half past three," or "I'll just knock a ball about and then I think I'll practice my backhand." And then the poor man was made to play me backhands for

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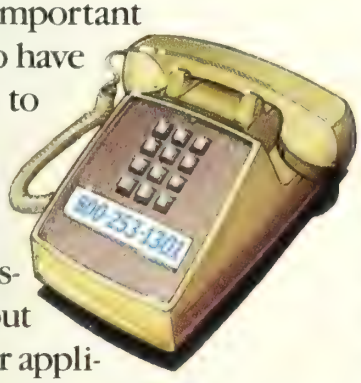
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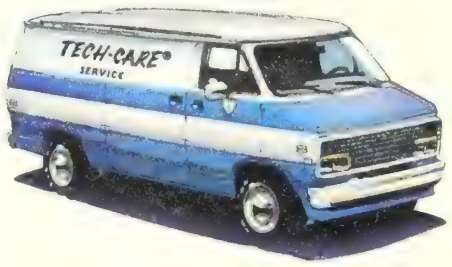


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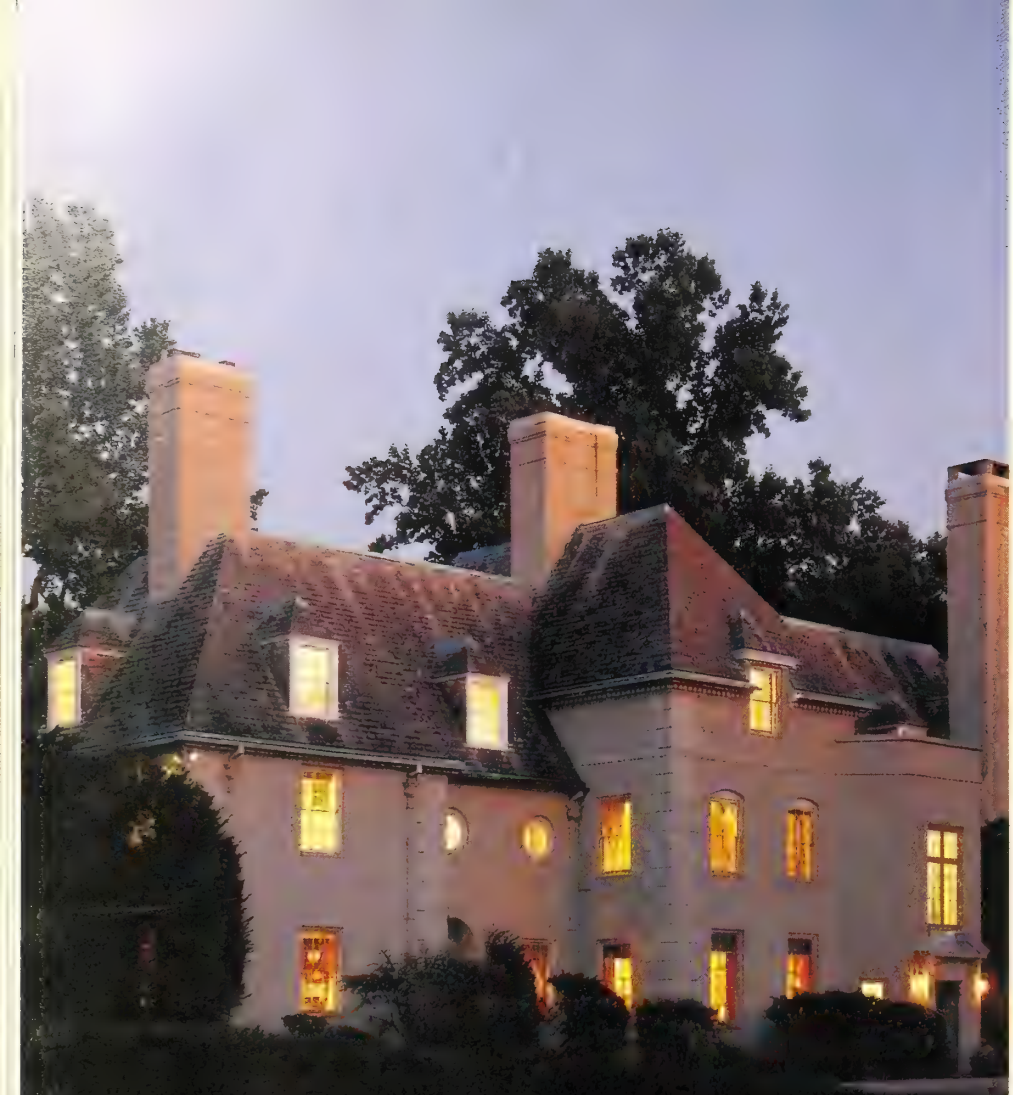
half an hour. I became good; anybody else would have been much better, but I was good. I liked it. A couple always came to stay—Mrs Satherswaite and Jack Hilliard—who were both Wimbledon players; not the very best, but Mrs Satherswaite was fairly good.

A few French people used to come over, because, after all, Bendor had a great life with Chanel, and he used to go and stay in her house in the South of France. So he had many French friends. Prince Arthur of Connaught came one year—he was a bit of a bore—and Princess Arthur, an even bigger bore. The only subject she seemed able to talk about was nursing the sick; she never came again. Although we curtsied and bowed, there wasn't a frightful flap made about their visit. I can't remember if I went and fetched them down for dinner—I hope not.

I twice went to stay in other people's houses on my own. That was a disaster, because Bendor rang up every five minutes, asking what I was up to. I didn't do it again.

People always say: "Oh, how did you manage those enormous parties? It must have been simply exhausting." In fact, it's far more arduous to entertain three or four than it is seventy people, because nobody knows where you are. They scattered themselves all over the house; I could sit comfortably in my own sitting room reading a good book, and they hadn't the faintest idea where I was. I sometimes did that, out of boredom. It was so hazardous having my own friends, because Bendor, after about the first year, automatically disliked them. They weren't what he called real people. He thought the curate and his wife were real people, as against the Salisburys or someone like that, who were far more rewarding to my way of thinking. Perhaps that was snobbish?

Loelia Lindsay is the daughter of the 1st Baron Sysonby, who, as Sir Frederick Ponsonby, was a long-serving member of the Royal Household. Equerry to both Queen Victoria and Edward VII, he was Keeper of the Privy Purse to George V. Loelia Ponsonby married, at the age of 28, as his third wife, Bendor, 2nd Duke of Westminster. They divorced in 1947 after 17 years of marriage. In 1969 Loelia Westminster married Sir Martin Lindsay. □





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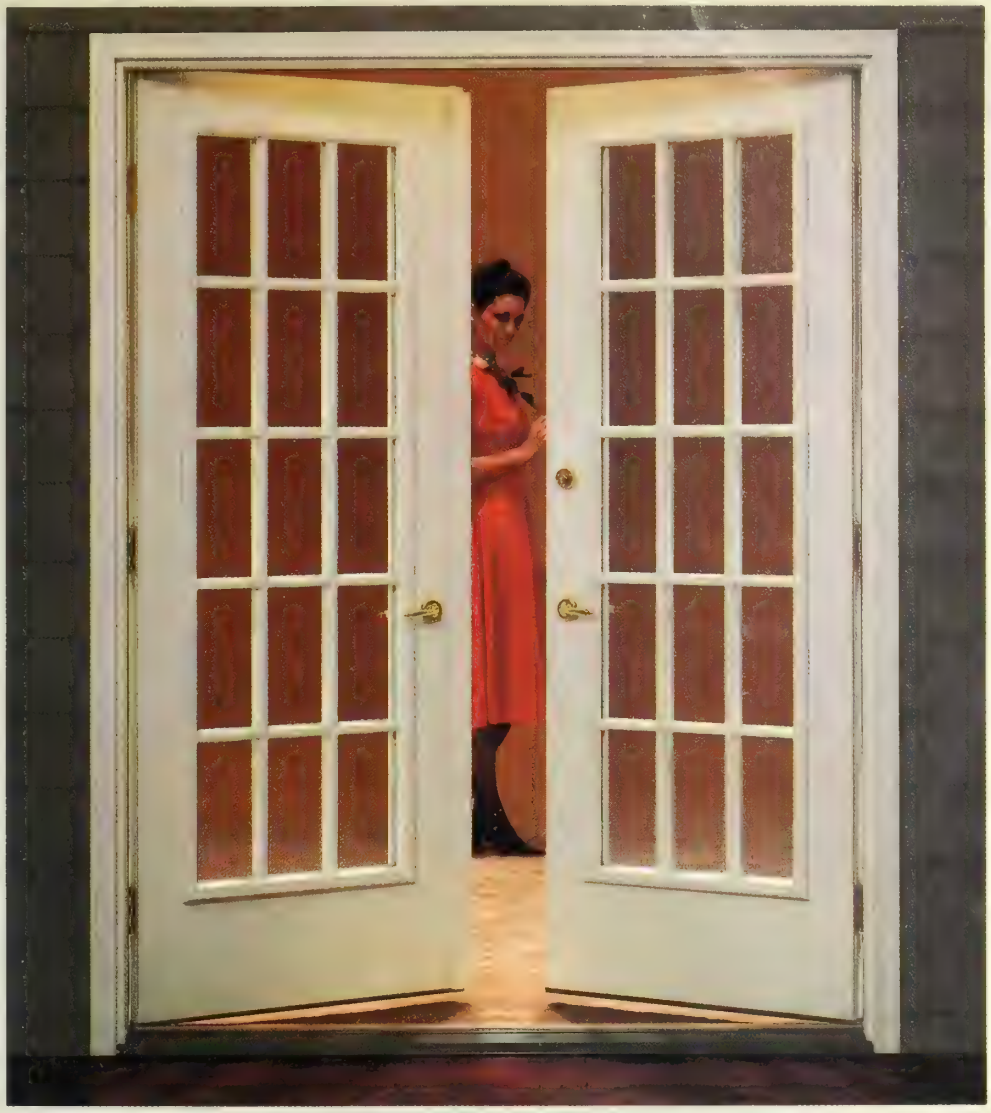


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LESS IS NO MORE

From the Prince of Wales to the Penny Press, sides were drawn on whether modern architecture has a place in the heart of England

By Martin Filler

On May 22 of this year came the long-awaited denouement to one of the most significant architectural controversies of the postwar period. Since 1962, the British real-estate developer Peter Palumbo had sought to create Mansion House Square, comprising a nineteen-story office tower and an adjacent plaza by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, in the heart of London's financial district. Twenty-three years later, the British Secretary of State for the Environment, Patrick Jenkin, ruled on what many saw as nothing less than the future of modern architecture in Great Britain. After a lengthy appeal and review procedure, Jenkin turned down the design as "wholly unacceptable because . . . its height and bulk . . . would fundamentally and irreversibly alter the character of what is for many millions of people the historic center of the City of London."



LOU BEACH

A distinction must be made between the City of London—the ancient municipality at the core of the metropolis—and the larger city of London, which embraces Westminster and other boroughs more familiar to the tourist. The city of London is one of the most wonderful urban evolutions in the history of the world, at once noble and humane, distinctive in its parts but coherent as a whole; the City of London has all the charm of its American counterpart, Wall Street.

That Jenkin's decision came sixteen years after the London Court of Common Council approved the Mies scheme in principle was not a result of bureaucratic procrastination but rather is a manifestation of the rising tide of architectural conservatism that has lately swept over Great Britain. The Palumbo Affair is far from being an insular development: it has wide-reaching implications for the conception and practice of architecture at the end of the Age of Modernism.

Jenkin's pronouncement followed by eight months his similar judgment against another hotly contested design for an extension to the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square by the London firm of Ahrends, Burton and Koralek. Though that far-from-distinguished scheme had fewer supporters than Palumbo's Mansion House Square proposal, the two projects became inextricably linked in the public imagination after the widely reported speech delivered by the Prince of Wales at the Royal Institute of British Architects' 150th anniversary dinner in the spring of 1984. Prince Charles, that well-known authority on contemporary architecture, characterized the Mies tower as "another giant glass stump better suited to downtown Chicago than the City of London" and the National Gallery addition as "a monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much-loved and elegant friend." The press understandably gave front-page play to this rare exercise in royal phrase-making, much in the spirit of Prince Philip's famous exhortation to British industry in 1961 to "take its finger out."

The "glass stump" and "monstrous carbuncle" thereupon grew from an issue that primarily concerned architec-



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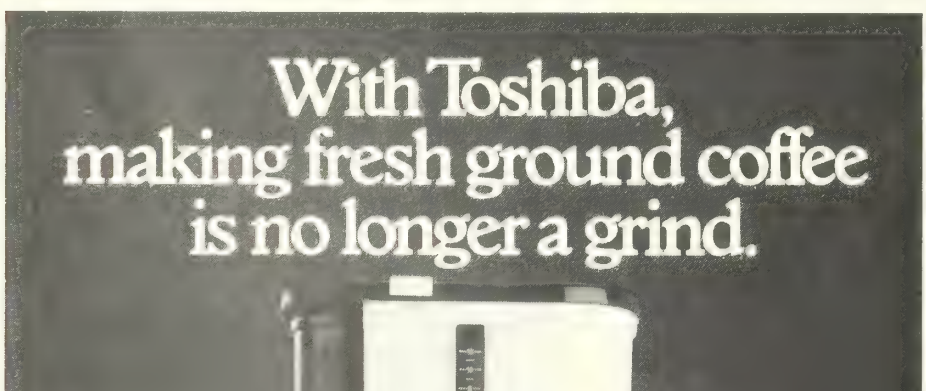
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Model of the Mansion House Square scheme, with proposed Mies office tower a center, Mansion House at left, and National Westminster Bank at right.

ture and city planning professiona and government functionaries to be come the focus of vigorous public de bate. It is hard to name any America building in recent years that has pro voked the emotion of the Mansio House Square and National Galler plans, but to understand why, on must first comprehend precisely wha modern architecture means in Grea Britain.

The British have essentially viewe modern architecture as an alien impor tation inimical to the indigenous build ing traditions of England's Green an Pleasant Land. Never mind that th Modern Movement is generally con sidered to have begun in earnest wit Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace c 1851 in London, or that innovative ar chitects from Karl Friedrich Schinke onward have admired the structural in ventiveness of the British industria vernacular, or that Charles Renni Mackintosh became the hero of th German and Austrian avant-garde i the early years of this century.

After 1933, the influx of architec refugees from Hitler's Germany to En gland (where many sojourned onl briefly before settling permanently i the safer haven of the United States gave an instant social stigma to the nev style. But modern architecture did no make major inroads on the British landscape until after World War II. I was then that the all-important ques tion of Class began to figure into th equation. Not only had modernism been adopted by the socialist Labou Party as the favored mode for th country's vast postwar reconstruction but it became indelibly associated with all sorts of thoroughly Non-U building types, from council housing estates t shopping centers to houses of worshi for Nonconformist denominations


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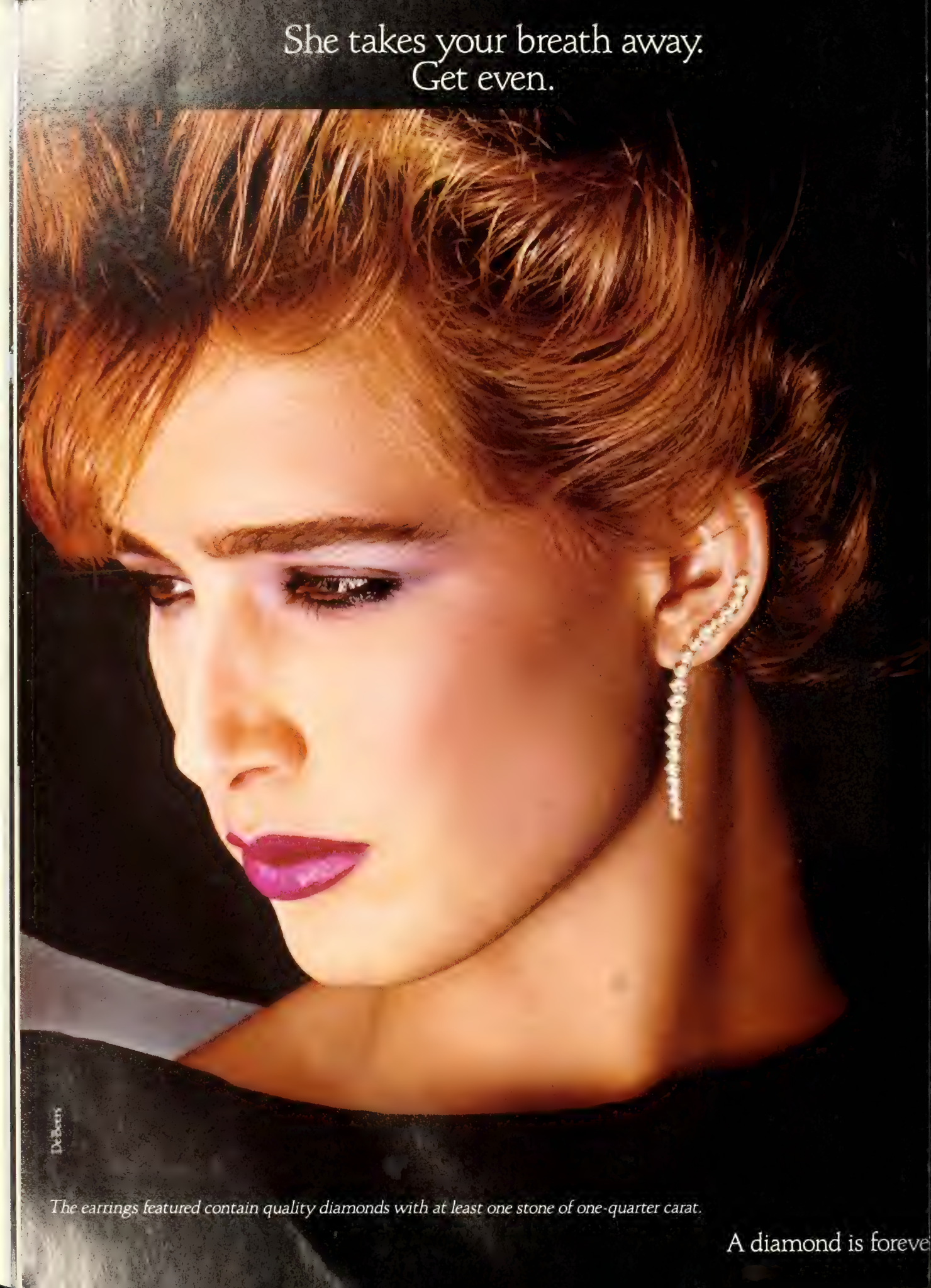
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But there was also reasonable justification for the hostility to the architecture of the Welfare State: it was overwhelmingly ugly.

Great architects have never been in plentiful supply at any period in British history, but they have been particularly scarce during the past forty years. (With no experienced constituency, the best of them all, James Stirling, has lately had to work almost exclusively abroad.) Thus when Peter Palumbo asked the German-born, Chicago-based Mies van der Rohe in 1962 to design a high-rise speculative office structure close to the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, the developer's main motivation was to attain the architectural excellence that had eluded his country for so long.

Completed a year before the architect's death in 1969 at the age of 83, the Mansion House Square proposal called for a 178,000-square-foot bronze and bronze-glass shaft set on the west side of the a six-acre site, which when cleared of its existing Victorian buildings would have created a landscaped piazza above an underground shopping concourse. With the Court of Common Council's provisional assent in 1969, Palumbo set about assembling the remainder of the land, an enormously complicated operation involving the acquisition of twelve freeholds (outright ownerships) and 345 leaseholds. It took him a total of twenty years to piece together the entire parcel—21 buildings, nine of which are listed architectural landmarks—at an outlay of some £10 million.

But when Palumbo at last returned to the Court of Common Council in 1982, his Herculean labors completed (so he thought), he found that a very different attitude prevailed than had in 1969. Although the 290-foot-tall Mansion House Square Tower would be only the sixteenth-tallest building in London, the proliferation of high-rise construction in the British capital since the sixties had at last begun to seem a threat to the predominantly low-rise scale that has remained remarkably intact. Even after a number of egregious defacements, London survives as one of the last great cities in Christendom where one can still read church steeples on the skyline.

Odd, though, that the uproar hadn't come sooner. Such disastrous intrusions as the London Telecom Tower of 1963–66 (the city's highest structure until the six-hundred-foot National Westminster Tower was completed in 1981) made the reaction to the half-as-tall Mansion House Square building seem like a classic case of shutting the barn door after the horse had bolted. Although the *Financial Times* architecture critic Colin Amery somberly predicted "the hand of death on the City if it is built," exactly the opposite view was expressed in the *Times* by Sir James Richards, who wrote that the Mies design "for its simplicity and sincerity might even in due course come to be regarded with affection—as a friend, you might say, on the face of a well-loved carbuncle."

But the Palumbo proposal's effect on the urban profile was far from the only objection to it. Ever since the wanton destruction in 1961 of the Euston Arch, one of the great monuments of early Victorian architecture in London, nostalgia for that once-despised style has been growing, decades after it had begun to be reappreciated by such bellwether enthusiasts as Evelyn Waugh and Sir John Betjeman. In the forefront of the Victorian Revival since the sixties have been the so-called "Young Fogies," whose perverse embrace of yesterday's second-rate instead of their own century's first-rate would seem even more menacing did it not accord so quaintly with the sentimental image of the English eccentric.

The most vocal opponent to the Palumbo scheme has been Gavin Stamp, the 37-year-old Young Fogy and architecture critic who waged a ceaseless campaign against the project in his pseudonymous column in *Private Eye* and in articles and interviews in a number of other publications. In one such dialogue in *Inside Art,* Stamp began by impugning Palumbo because his grandfather had the temerity to emigrate to England from Italy only as recently as the 1880s, and then went on to condemn Mansion House Square on the grounds that such plazas are patently un-English. When reminded by his interviewer of Trafalgar Square, Stamp countered that "no Englishman is ever seen in it except on a demonstration. . . . Only foreign tourists go there." Other reactions were even more xenophobic. After reading of the brouhaha in the *Daily Telegraph,* a Ma-



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jor Edward T. Finlason wrote to Palumbo, "You must be a barbarian and so must those who support you.... From your name you sound like a foreigner and possibly a Jew."

A remarkably dignified and self-contained man, the fifty-year-old Palumbo is a most unlikely vortex for the kind of controversy that has swirled around him. At the age of seventeen, he developed a schoolboy crush on the work of Mies while attending an Eton tutorial on the architect and has retained an undimmed affection for the minimalist Miesian aesthetic long after it has become an unfashionable taste. Mies's reputation has plummeted since his death, in large part because his reductivist formula became the major (though debased) source of countless banal glass boxes, the kind that gave the International Style a bad name. To many, the distinctions between the real thing and the shameless knockoffs seem scarcely worth noting.

But what several supporters of the Mansion House Square enterprise saw as its most promising feature was not the tower (the proportions of which appear somewhat squat in comparison to Mies's similar but more prepossessing Seagram Building in New York) but rather the plaza that would be created in that horribly congested part of London. Three buildings of considerable architectural interest, now largely obscured, would thereby be opened to view: Sir Christopher Wren's St. Stephen Walbrook of 1672–79 (Palumbo is the warden of the vestry of this church and the chief contributor to its restoration); George Dance the Elder's Mansion House (the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London) of 1739–53; and Sir Edwin Lutyens's Midland Bank of 1924–39. In fact, Wren and others had proposed a new piazza to be built on this very site after the Great Fire of 1666. Those concerned with historical precedent might have gone back to that venerable urban planning idea rather than stopping at the existing commercial structures of circa 1870.

And what of the quality of those Victorian buildings? The late Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, the indefatigable encyclopedist of British architecture, found only one of the nine listed edifices on the Mansion House Square site to be of any real distinction. Despite the outcry of the preservationists, it is clear tha the demolition of this generally medi cre ensemble would be no great loss t London, which is abundantly en dowed with far superior groupings o Victorian architecture. In fact, the gov ernment's final decision on the Mie plan did not rule out the removal o those buildings as part of a future de velopment proposal.

Amid the cacophony of voices raise for and against the Mansion Hous Square scheme, none came across wit greater authority than that of Sir Joh Summerson, the eighty-year-old dea of British architectural historians an nonesuch scholar of London in th Georgian Age, when the city's urba character as we still know it was firs fixed. Testifying at the Public Inquir in favor of the Palumbo plan, Summer son said, "The scheme before us sug gests an adventure in urbanism of kind not seen in London since the day of George IV and the 'Metropolita Improvements' of John Nash.... I carried to a conclusion it would rela the tension which gathers at this noda point on the city map and create an am bience of true metropolitan nobility. I releases the scenic potential of a num ber of remarkable buildings. It would add to the architectural treasury o London a monument of a very high ar tistic order. Any plan based on the preservation of buildings existing on the site would, in my view, be a deplor able surrender to a cult of 'period,' ex pressing itself in immature criticism and inflated valuation. I am absolutely convinced that this great adventure should be allowed to proceed."

At the end of his quixotic quest, Peter Palumbo reacted to the verdict against him with equanimity. "The Mies scheme is dead," he declared, but vowed, "We live to fight another day." With an extremely expensive property on his hands, and no prohibition against its being developed, Palumbo began looking into another design solution. Six weeks after his 23-year-old dream came to an end, he commissioned James Stirling to prepare a new scheme. But it must be noted that Stirling is perhaps even more actively detested in England than Mies van der Rohe. RIBA Gold Medal or no, Stirling begins his task with at least two impediments: he was raised in Liverpool, and he is alive. □

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Mount Shasta
by Stephen Shore

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The law designed to cool the dispute over billboard proliferation is causing more trouble than the billboards themselves

By Suzanne Winckler

One of my surrealistic fantasies is that I'll be driving down I-45 in Houston, which is to oversized billboards what Highway 1 along Big Sur is to epic scenery, and all those people and all that merchandise up there on those signs will come to life. The Nike athlete, King Kong size, will come hurdling over my car. The blond lumberjack from the Salem ad will be thumbing a ride. Various brands of beer, vodka, bourbon, and gin, no longer content to trifle with my weakness, will come sloshing down on the freeway. I will pull over and hold a cup out of my car window.

The dream, alas, is more fun than the reality. The billboard is a medium that could have been a twentieth-century art form—the Greek frieze or Mayan stela of our day. Instead, most billboards are either ugly or inane. Moreover, they are running amok across America, despite (many would say because of) federal legislation that is supposed to control them.

Debating aesthetics, however, has certainly provided the pro and con camps ample opportunity to overstate their respective cases. The billboard industry claims that the motoring public needs their signs in order to survive out there on the Interstate, which is absurd. Those opposed wish to equate billboards to acid rain and toxic waste, a bit of hyperbole on which I would beg to disagree. Nonetheless (and aesthetics aside) I am an errant supporter of the opposition simply because the issue of billboards has been debated and legislated all these years in the wrong place by the wrong parties. It is a local, not a national, issue, and that is the mammoth failing of the Highway Beautification Act. Is it the responsibility of Congress to decide how San Diego, Houston, or Atlanta should look? Should a congressman from Iowa care about the proliferation o tourist billboards in Florida? No, or both counts. The only thing the law has accomplished is to give the billboard folks ample cause for a united front. Like tickling a tiger on the nose, it elic ited a growl and a swat. The billboard lobby, the second-largest donor o honorariums for senators, probably never would have materialized if the various billboard companies had been fighting many local uprisings instead o one battle far removed from constitu encies.

The Highway Beautification Act was passed in 1965. Its intent was to regulate billboards along the Interstate and primary highway systems. Since those roadways are constructed and maintained by taxpayers, the theory, a once noble and naïve, was that a federal law would help to protect our investment. It was like municipal zoning writ large.

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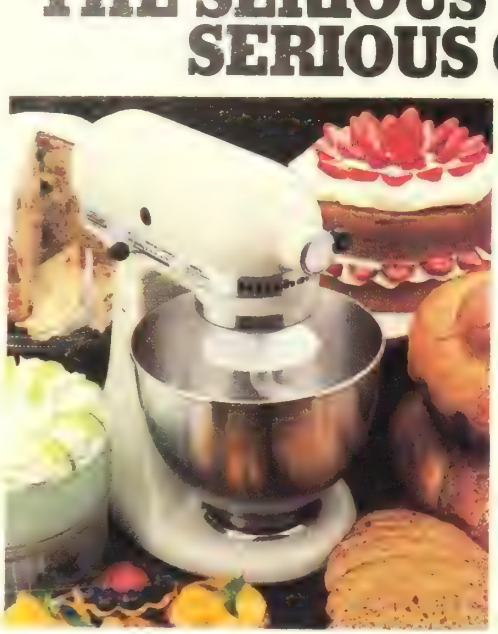
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But even in its first incarnation the act was a parody. Sure, it threatened to withhold federal money from highway projects if a state refused to remove existing billboards and restrict the construction of new ones, but—and here's the rub—these rules applied *only* in rural areas that were not zoned industrial or commercial. The act took no authority where federal highways pass through the hearts of our cities, which is exactly where most billboard companies want to put their signs because that's where they get the most exposure. Not only did it exempt control of existing billboards in these urban areas, it permitted construction of new ones as well.

The act also stipulated that billboard companies, and the owners who leased their land for the signs, had to be compensated for the removal of the signs—the feds would pay 75 percent, the states 25—and it was agreed that appropriations would be made each year by Congress to pay the federal share. This made the act an expensive proposition, one that some states could ill afford. When it came to enforcement, looking the other way was easy.

Let's face it, in an arena where the Vietnam War, Watergate, the Arab oil embargo, rampant inflation, military spending, toxic wastes, and the national deficit have been a few of the more pressing issues of the last two decades, the regulation of billboards was bound to get lost in the shuffle. The shouts from the grass roots in protest of billboards simply got drowned out in Congress.

Those shouts are being heard closer to home, however. Over the last decade cities across the country have begun to emulate San Diego, which in 1972 tried to move in where the feds had feared to tread by passing a very strong local billboard ordinance. On one major point these local laws are quite different from, and tougher than, the federal law. Virtually every one of the ordinances, rather than paying the billboard companies, gives them a certain number of years to amortize their investment after which nonconforming signs are theoretically to come down.

To nip this grass-roots effort in the bud, the billboard industry coaxed Congress to fix the Highway Beautifi-

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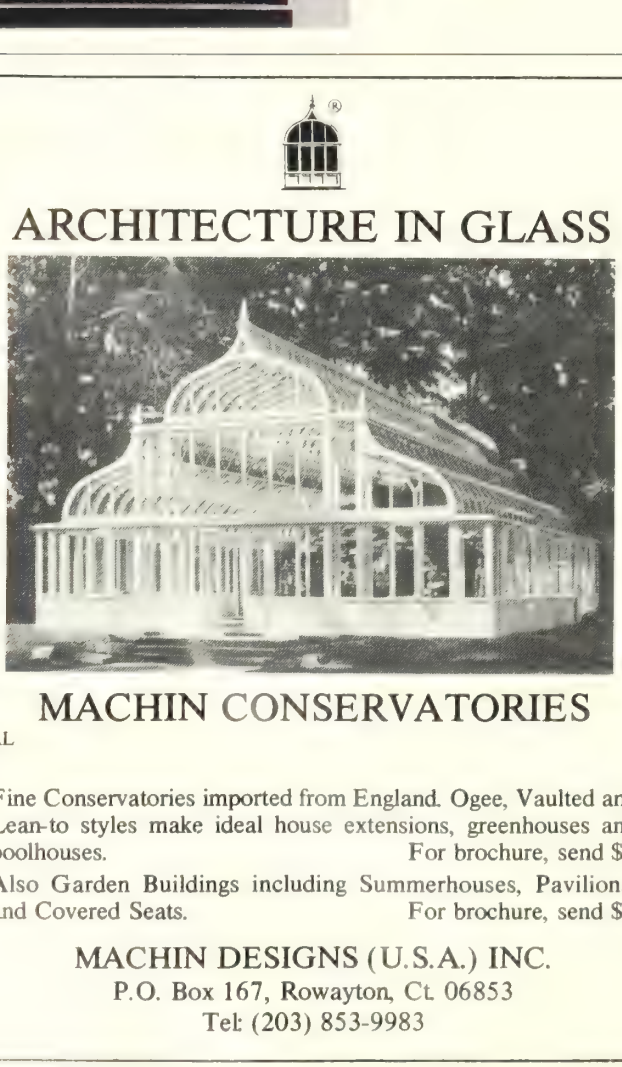
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cation Act in 1978 so that even *local* or dinances—which pertain to billboard on non–federally funded roads—would have to abide by the cash-com pensation clause. For taxpayers to hav to pay to remove signs that have essen tially gotten a free ride on our Inter state system is dubious enough; for federal law to then insinuate itself int the workings of local government i downright insulting. The cities have re sponded by taking the matter to court

While Congress and various lesse legislative bodies have supported th billboard industry's pleas for cash compensation, federal and state court have tended to maintain that amortiza tion is sufficient payback. (The expla nation is simple: lobbies hav tremendous sway over politicians, no over judges.) Nonetheless, the cash compensation issue has served the bill board industry well. In a country tha frowns (rightfully) at the confiscatio of private property, it has given the in dustry a battle cry, quite a symboli and emotional one at that. In more im portant practical terms, cash compen sation has thrown a monkey wrenc into local enforcement efforts. As lon as the politicians are sending one signa on cash compensation and the court another, billboard regulation is goin to be in a state of chaos.

The billboard folks know that sym pathy is not on their side. More citie are passing billboard ordinances wit amortization clauses, the courts are fo the cities, and there are louder rum blings that the Highway Beautificatio Act is a sham (two major reports cam out last fall, one from the General Ac counting Office, the other from th federal Department of Transportation highly critical of the act). As long as th industry can keep the cash-compensa tion amendment intact, they buy them selves time.

We can't roll back the clock twenty years, and although the Highwa Beautification Act may someday b modified, it is highly doubtful that i will ever be repealed. Short of that here are some alternative proposal and a few observations:

• The 1978 cash-compensatio amendment should be revoked. It is clear intrusion into the workings of lo cal government. The method of pay ment for removing nonconforming signs on non–federally funded road

ays, whether it is cash compensation amortization, should be negotiated the state or municipal level.

There could be, of course, an alternative method of payment for billboard removal, which you might call e Billboard Superfund. While television, magazine, and newspaper advertising underwrite their mediums, billboards do not support or even ıbsidize their forum. Not one penny om billboards has built a road or reıired a chuckhole, much less helped gulate sign violators that even the llboard industry would describe as atant. Billboard companies should ıy into local kitties, and that money ıuld pay for taking down signs that viate local laws.

Robert Lee, past president of the utdoor Advertising Association of exas, had a fairly predictable reonse to this idea. "We do not want to ıy to eliminate ourselves." There is a orld of panic in that remark, and it elps explain the aggressive Goliathan sponse of the billboard industry to all rms of regulation. They think their lversaries would like to wipe them ıt, and in fact their adversaries have ft that impression. One claim to fame the anti-billboard contingent is that of 1984 every last billboard was banhed from Vermont. It took a long me, it cost that state a lot of money, ıe achievement is to be applauded, ut you can see how the industry could oint to Vermont and say, "See, they ant to kill us." It is unfortunate that ıe billboard issue has been so maddg, because all the pawing and snarlıg have masked the fact that reguıtion can only help the billboard ıdustry. Based on the economic thery of diamonds and caviar, limiting ıe number of signs in America will nly increase their value and therefore ıe rates that the industry can charge or billboard space.

It is one of the great ironies of the lighway Beautification Act that the arious trees, bushes, and shrubs ome of them planted with taxpayers' ıoney) that the law is supposed to enourage are now being cut down by illboard companies. In seventeen tates it is quite legal to do so; and in at east 24 states it happens all the time illegally (there were 253 recorded inances in those states in 1983, and it is kely that countless tree fellings go un-

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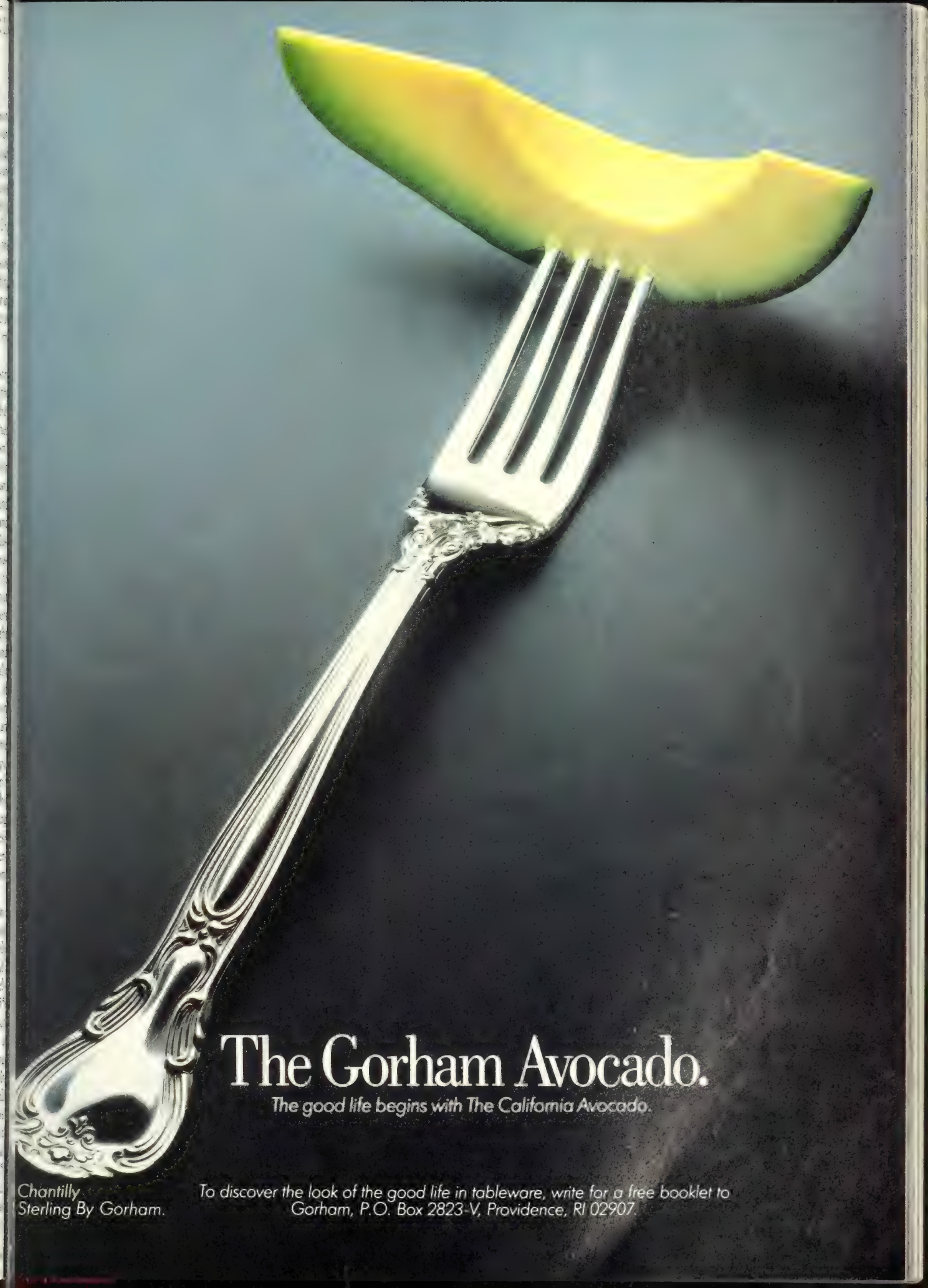


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reported). Even though most reasonable people agree that it is a reprehensible activity, stopping it is not a high priority in the realm of crime prevention. The federal act doesn't deal with the control of vegetation around billboards, and it probably shouldn't. The problem should be confronted on the home front, by methods of exposure and embarrassment of the offending parties, whether they are bureaucrats and politicians who condone tree cutting or the ax-wielding billboard companies themselves.

• As for people in the tourist industry who fear not being able to attract the attention of the touring masses, they should consider that Hawaii banned billboards 58 years ago and it hasn't hurt them at all. Tourist promotion could shift in concept—from billboard to brochure. A few years ago, a friend and I were driving up the lovely and billboardless Natchez Trace in Mississippi. Midway we stopped at a pleasant Colonial-style visitors center (to use the bathroom, of course), but we paused at a rack of pamphlets and gathered up several. Back on the road, I read them while my friend drove. They ranged from delightfully hokey to glossily professional. All of them gave us much more information about our options as tourists than any billboard could have, plus some nice history and lore about Mississippi. If state governments can't or won't provide visitor centers, then why couldn't the local outdoor advertising associations build centers themselves? No one should underestimate the persuasion of providing a free bathroom to travelers.

• Everyone should take the long view. The billboard as we know it is about twenty years old. It owes its relatively brief existence to the freeway and a sufficient number of automobiles traveling somewhere around the speed of 55 mph. Although it is hard to predict how we *will* be commuting in fifty or a hundred years, it is clear that nothing much stays the same in this country. It is conceivable that the billboard will become just a quaint emblem of the late twentieth century, in which case it would be prescient of the National Register to declare a few miles of I-45 in Houston as a national landmark. How else will our progeny know what American cities looked like in 1985? □


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WHERE ANYTHING GOES

In your most personal room, you can decorate in your most personal way

By Mark Hampton



Do you remember the nice conservative bedrooms in the movies thirty years ago? There were twin beds, usually in a sort of colonial style. At the windows, there were venetian blinds with organdy tie-back curtains and sometimes simple printed curtains over the tie-backs. The twin beds were pretty spartan, and when the mother and the father of the household—Spencer Tracy and Joan Bennett, for instance—went to bed, their robes were always neatly laid over the footboards. (If there was a crash in the driveway in the middle of the night, these robes would be put on and the belts tied before any investigation began.) During the day, the twin beds were covered with neat bedspreads made of chenille or some other plain material. This very chaste bedroom was obviously a carefully researched interpretation of the way nice people lived. People who weren't so nice had, in all honesty, better bedrooms. Take Scarlett O'Hara. Her Atlanta bedroom when she was the new Mrs. Butler was fabulous. In fact a lot of those gorgeous Hollywood ladies, when they were not playing role-models, slept in bedrooms that looked outrageously sumptuous years ago and now look quite acceptably wonderful. The fact is that nondescript, boring bedrooms, far from being the right stuff, are simply disappointing and wrong-headed. As we all finally know, there is nothing the matter with a seductively sybaritic bedroom. It is no longer considered an error of taste. For many people, it never was.

Billy Baldwin always said that Sister Parish's ability to create luxurious, feminine bedrooms was unequaled. No one could be more correct and well-bred than Mrs. Parish. Yet that has never stopped her from living in or creating for others bedrooms of great extravagance and luxury: spectacular curtains and valances with fringes and rosettes . . . beds hung with chintz or silk taffeta, the posts painted and carved and gilded . . . fat, puffy sofas with comfortable tea tables or coffee tables in front of them . . . writing tables, chaise longues, gossamerlike throws to protect ankles from the cold (Where on earth is the cold coming from anyway, you might ask) . . . pictures, objects, books, and memorabilia of all sorts everywhere. These are the things that give a bedroom the atmosphere that Billy so admired. They make it personal, and it is this element of the personal that leads to the intimacy that all really luxurious bedrooms have.

The upholstered sleigh bed made popular by Syrie Maugham in the thirties.

Your bedroom should be the most intimate and private room in the house. If it is not, then it is a little sad. The kind of personal indulgence I'm talking about shouldn't even be exposed to the criticism of others. It really *should* be private. A result of all this delicious privacy is the freedom to gather around yourself all the trappings of personal comfort and luxury. That does not necessarily mean good boxes or Leonardo drawings. It means wonderful linens of whatever style or era you prefer, enough pillows and quilts and blankets to make you comfortable. If you hate beds covered with pillows, then by all means dispense with the pillows. The only dogma worth observing is one that is self-imposed. Extravagant flowers in your bedroom can be appreciated far more there than in another room. Some people, on the other hand, dislike sleeping in a room full of flowers. Again, preference, not rule, should govern.

There are collections that are too small or too silly or too arcane for most public rooms. They can be perfect for the bedroom. Sentimental objects and snapshots may look foolish in other rooms, yet in bedrooms they can be a source of great delight. Then there is the realm of personal utility: a writing table covered with charming implements and nicely engraved paper . . . beautiful files and boxes and folders to hold all the paper and writing materials. And finally, all the books. Where else can you get away with the

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untidy stacks of books that are delightfully cozy-looking in a bedroom?

At last comes the centerpiece of this realm, the bed itself. Glamorous beds have always been fascinating, and they have certainly been plentiful in the history of furniture design. Canopy beds, more than any others, symbolize rank and richesse, but they don't necessarily have to be pompous. They can be a lot of fun and they have been for centuries. Tudor England produced carved and turned affairs that are solid, protective refuges from the outside world. Hung with some old velvet or crewel, these beds are practically rooms unto themselves.

In the seventeenth century, bed hangings became still richer than the Tudors' with astonishingly complicated patterns of galloon sewn on in curves and great, puckering scrolls. Spain and France and England all produced these tours de force of the artisan's skills. By the end of the seventeenth century, upholsterers in England especially had developed their craft to such an elevated state that they were able to create beds of a breathtaking beauty and virtuosity that in my view have never been surpassed. Deeply carved baroque canopy frames were entirely pasted with velvet or damask and then, glued into the seams, miles of frothy silk tassel fringe were used to complete the effect of staggering opulence. These prodigious canopies were sometimes suspended without posts from the ceiling and rose to heights of fifteen feet and more. They were divinely absurd.

In the eighteenth century, carved ornamentation became lighter in England and France as well as in the colonies. Lovely freestanding beds combined a fairly broad list of attributes—craftsmanship, practicality (those hangings did, after all, keep out the cold), luxury, self-expression, and beauty, not to mention comfort. French beds gained an even lighter appearance with the introduction of the smaller canopy supported by iron rods tapering inward from wooden posts, the rods then being swagged and ti with cords and tassels or elaborate r settes. The bedrooms of Hubert Givenchy's beautiful house near Cha tres, often seen in photographs, a furnished with these graceful bec called *lits à la polonaise*. M. Givenchy rooms also exemplify another chara teristic of many French bedrooms that everything in the room—bed, cu tains, and upholstery—is covered the same patterned material, a devi that gives a room great continuity ar forms a superb background again which to arrange interesting furnitur

Unlike the grand state bed domina ing a formal, albeit impersonal room, dazzlingly luxurious bed can also b the focal point that permits a bedroo to contain many disparate aspec without looking disorderly. It can giv to the room the scale that is required t subdue the presence of the books, th television (if there is one), and all th pictures and objects that migh abound. If, on the other hand, yo don't allow the clutter of books and T

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s, the great bed is just as pleasurable its own. Its monumentality makes it citing. Furthermore, adventures in apery and upholstery are limitless. ou don't even have to worry about perimenting; I can hardly imagine a sign that hasn't already been tried in e way or another.

One of the best twentieth-century aptations of a previous style is the holstered sleigh bed made popular Syrie Maugham in the thirties. It is a sign that still bears her name, and al-ough interpretations vary from one holsterer to another, the original oportions have survived more or less act. The fact that so many successful aptations have been made attests to e brilliance of Mrs. Maugham's idea. ie bed in the illustration is an exam-e done with exuberant extravagance. ie whole thing is covered in cream-lored satin and every edge is mmed with a two-color tassel fringe. ie basic idea of covering the entire rface of the frame of a piece of furni-re with material was not new to Syrie Maugham, if we remember the English upholsterers of the seventeenth century. What Mrs. Maugham did was to apply their technique to a nineteenth-century piece of furniture, using a material that we all associate with the thirties. That's a pretty interesting combination. The rest of this room, which was decorated in 1936, conformed to the mood of the bed. The back-hanging was also cream satin. The floor was covered in white sheepskin, another of Mrs. Maugham's favorites. The walls and all the furniture were painted white. The bed was the focal point.

This marvelous bed design is often seen with tufting, a detail that works perfectly with the curves and the mood of a sleigh bed. A recent and very beautiful version was just made by the firm of MAC II for Bill Blass and is covered in antique paisley, an idea that is both original and wonderfully decorative. Surrounding the bed, which comes out diagonally into the room from a corner, is a collection of paintings and drawings of enormous charm and beauty. The atmosphere of the room is one of pattern and mellow surfaces. Because of the exquisite pictures and the rarity of the antique paisley, there is also a mood of tremendous luxury. Nothing could be more different from the all-white environment of Mrs. Maugham's room. That, I suppose, is the test of a design. Just how many different ways can it be used? The answer, of course, is a good many indeed. And beds, if you stop to think about it, allow more room for fanciful design and the stamp of personal taste than any other single piece of furniture. What else lends itself to such a degree of invention and even folly? You can't do it with chairs and sofas or tables. But, for some reason, bed design welcomes individuality and even eccentricity. How wonderful and logical that whatever the mysterious forces are that guide the act of decorating, they permit us the greatest range of self-expression in the most personal piece of furniture in our most personal room. □





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THE TRIUMPH OF TRADITION

Parish-Hadley brings a comfortable splendor to rooms that otherwise might have been conventionally grand

BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

A drawing of Venice by James Holland and *The Banyon Tree* by Edward Lear hang over an 18th-century French console. *Above:* Lacquer and mother-of-pearl table with a chair covered in Cowtan & Tout's "Bouquet Anglaise."



Parish-Hadley style: pale, gentle prints and pastels for an old-fashioned and traditional look in this spacious drawing room. Tiepolo, Géricault, and other old master drawings hang on the far wall; two Louis XV stools covered in a Clarence House stripe sit on the English Axminster rug, circa 1830. All sofas have been done in Quadrille's "Shalimar."







Imagine a woman set a little apart from other women by a rare combination of attributes and circumstances. She is not old, she is not young; she is neither an intellectual nor a butterfly; she has a sharp eye and a tongue not exactly sharp but certainly formidable at will. She is a romantic, by no means a soppy romantic, but still a woman of the world who responds to beautiful things and compelling people, just as George Sand or Lou Andreas-Salomé responded to Flaubert or Nietzsche. You can compare her to a practical eighteenth-century bluestocking like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who combined a sensible domesticity—she worried about the price of meat—with literary talent and an ambassadorial flair. She is one of those women who can hold their own in any company without assuming a false masculinity. Some men might find her slightly frightening, but that could be because she is cleverer than they.

A view into the dining room, *above,* through the doors covered in Coromandel panels, toward the Chippendale mirror. *Right:* Louis XV chairs are around the table set with Bohemian glassware from Czechoslovakia and palm trees bought in a Cairo bazaar and later silvered; 18th-century murals by Jean Pillement decorate the walls.







In the blue sitting room an Adam mirror hangs between some 19th-century English watercolors of Oriental scenes over a sofa done up in Brunschwig's "Filigree" floral chintz. Chinese figures sit on an 18th-century bookcase, against walls covered in Brunschwig's "Ravel." Between the curtains are pelmets painted by Robert Jackson; the needlepint rug is English 19th century.



In the oxblood-red-lacquer library with its three walls of floor-to-ceiling bound books, a detail, *above,* of a Greek bronze. *Opposite:* Childe Hassam's *Flags—Fifth Avenue,* 1917, hangs over the Louis XVI clock on the mantel; cows, a bull, and two pigs all by Herbert Haseltine attest to the owner's love of animals; painting by Meissonier of a man on horseback is to right of fireplace.

And imagine that she is so placed in this life that she can do more or less whatever she wants. She has happiness in marriage behind her, but with time she has come to be on her own, with few close family ties to absorb her energies. Because she has money she has power, but usually she does not care to use it. And when she does choose to be powerful she is guided by remarkably good sense and by a high degree of kindness toward the outside world.

Where would such a woman elect to live? She might have chosen Paris or a country house in England; but, as a good American, she was no doubt right to set up her private empire here at home, where she can watch over its various provinces at close range. She would be at home anywhere; she would always be busy, always surrounded by lively people and situations which need nursing or, perhaps, rebutting. What in fact she has done is to construct a shapely life on several planes. She must like comfortable simplicity or she would not have created an unpretentious country home near New York, balanced by a Maine retreat. But in order to fulfill herself she has to live also at the center of things. Which means New York itself.

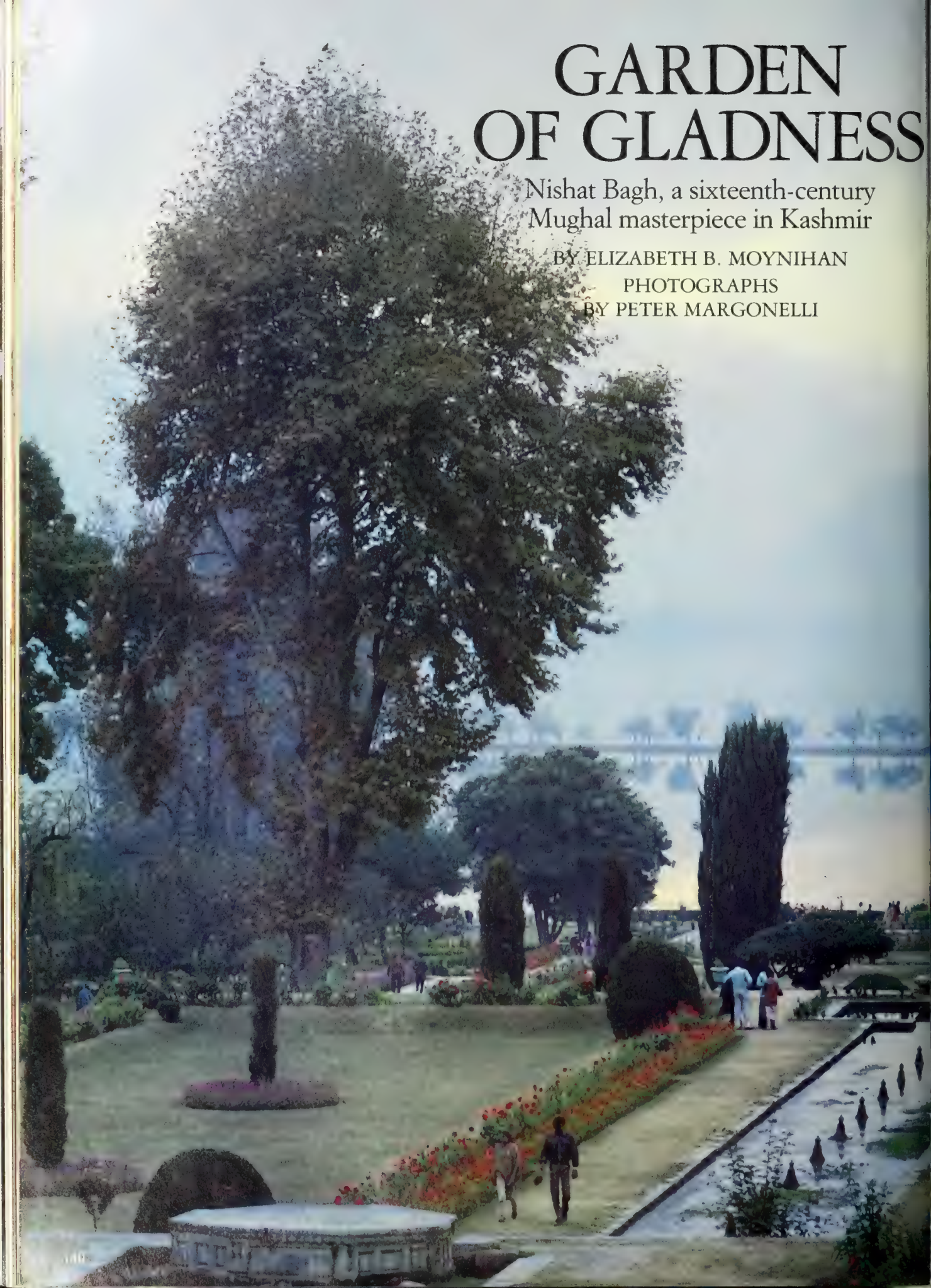
Then, too, she is a lover of objects as well as of people. She has always collected, and her attitude toward her objects is as romantic as her attitude to the art of living. Again like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, she responds to the exotic, the faraway. She inhabits the world of her late husband's magnificent books and builds a library round them. She has walls for *(Text continued on page 246)*







Another view of the library with the carefully fitted wood-and-metal bookcases. The sofa and chairs covered in Brunschwig's "La Portugaise" on the antique Bessarabian rug create a cozy corner opposite the fireplace.



GARDEN OF GLADNESS

Nishat Bagh, a sixteenth-century Mughal masterpiece in Kashmir

BY ELIZABETH B. MOYNIHAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARGONELLI





Nishat Bagh, the Garden of Gladness, is the largest and most impressive of the few surviving Mughal gardens in Kashmir. Stately, elegant, yet gay, it was built during the reign of Jahangir (1605–27) who, of all the Mughal emperors, was the most captivated by Kashmir and who spent the most time there.

From its vigorous beginnings by a loyal handful of hardy men who accompanied Babur from Central Asia, the Mughal court in less than eighty years became corrupt and, swollen to enormous numbers, was rife with intrigue and treachery. When the Emperor expressed an interest in anything, such as building a garden, the sycophants rushed out and did the same. It is said, though it is hard to believe, that by the time his son succeeded Jahangir, 777 gardens surrounded the Kashmiri lakes. One wonders how there were enough masons to build them or gardeners to tend them. However, such considerations would not have troubled Abu'l Hasan, the creator of Nishat Bagh, a man honored by the Emperor with the title Asaf Khan, meaning wise man or vizier. His father was prime minister and his sister happened to be the Emperor's favorite queen, Nur Jahan, who, with her family, virtually ruled the country during Jahangir's later years when he gave himself up to drinking, opium, and occasional hunting sprees.

Asaf Khan, who surely had the advice of the royal engineers and access to the best masons, arborists, and horticulturists in the realm, created a spacious, multiterraced garden comparable to any of the royal pleasure grounds. In those days of absolute monarchy the "government" was wherever the Emperor happened to be, so Asaf Khan could oversee this project during the Emperor's frequent long visits to Kashmir.

Jahangir's attachment to Kashmir was not a fleeting fancy, but a long love affair. He was smitten as a young prince when he accompanied his father, Akbar, on a visit shortly after

In the early autumn morning light, *preceding pages*, Nishat Bagh seems to rise from the misty waters of Dal Lake. When the garden was laid out, about 350 years ago, the approach was by boat through the arched opening in the bund. The formal architectural character of the garden is focused on the wide central watercourse, studded with fountains. *Above:* Broad paths, bordered by roses and other fragrant flowers, flanked the watercourse. *Right:* Between terraces, water tumbles down a *chaddar,* a carved water chute, a favorite water device of the Mughals.







Kashmir was absorbed into the Mughal Empire. Akbar's first consideration, as always, was to build a fort; then, within its palace overlooking the lake, he built a garden where he loved to linger. In his autobiography, Jahangir described how years later he found this garden in ruins and, saddened by the sight, ordered it restored. He had a romantic streak and bestowed quite apt names on everything from pets to individual trees; he called the garden Nur-afza, or Light Increasing.

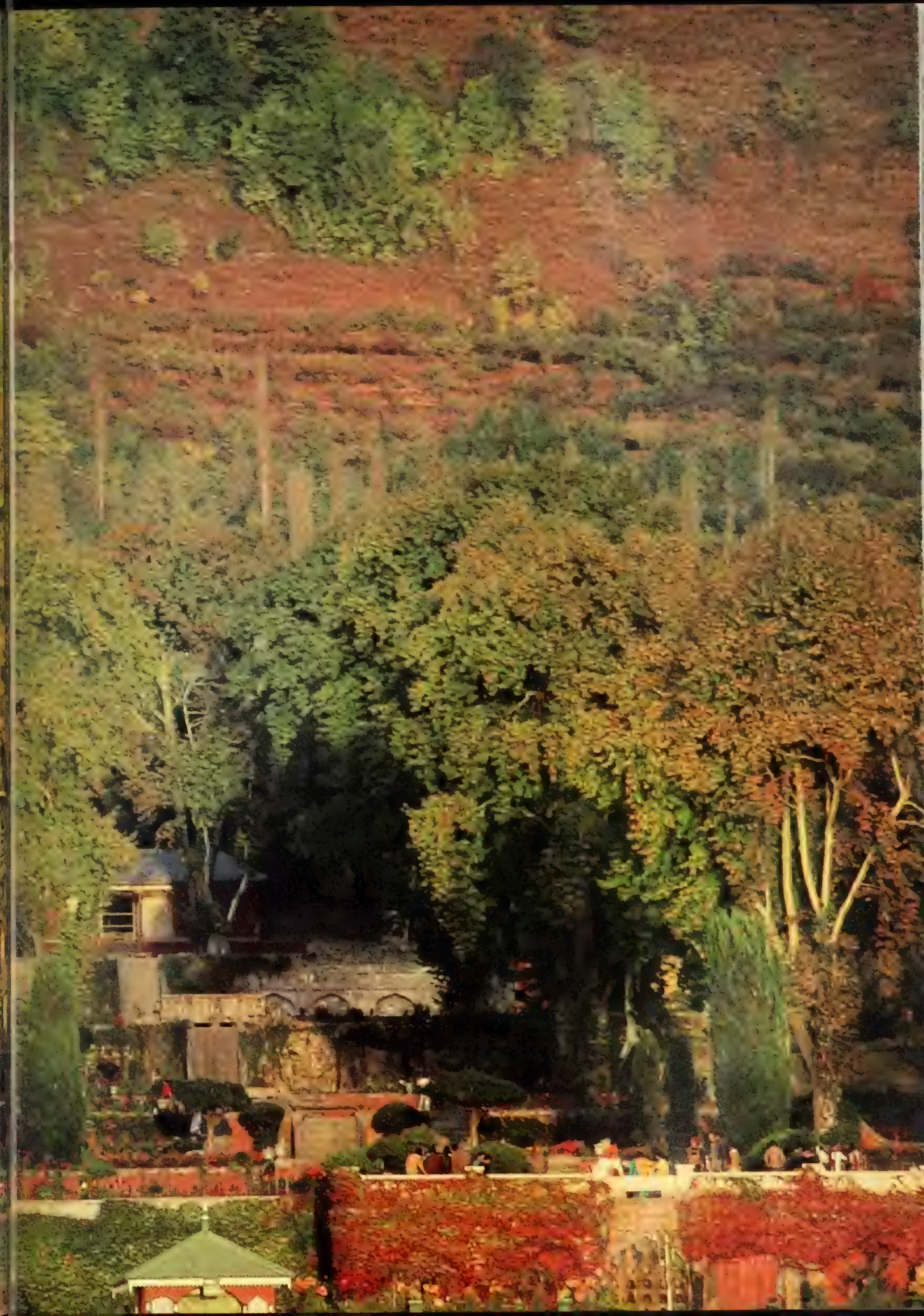
The Mughals were given to poetic phrases, and in describing Kashmir they were always carried away: "A garden of perpetual spring," "the Paradise of the Indies," "a heart-expanding heritage for dervishes." The extravagant hyperbole has been echoed through the centuries by the countless travelers who found the spell of the Vale irresistible.

Jawaharlal Nehru, whose family roots were in Kashmir, wrote in his autobiography of the yearning to return that haunted him in prison. When at last he was able to visit, it was not the affectionate welcome he received that overwhelmed him, but his feeling for the place itself.

"With joy I saw the reality of the pictures in my mind which I had treasured for long years. I emerged from the mountains and the narrow valley, down which the Jhelum roared and tumbled in youthful abandon, and the vale itself spread out before me. There were the famous poplars, slim and graceful sentinels, beckoning a welcome to you. . . . The loveliness of the land enthralled me and cast an enchantment all about me."

Nehru traveled by car, skirting the mountains on the low-lying northern route. Before twentieth-century roads and the airplane ended Kashmir's winter isolation, the journey was made in spring after the snows in the passes melted. Travelers observed a dramatic change in climate from one side of the mountains to the other. The air of Kashmir was invigorating and the colors fresh after the intensity of everything on the Gangetic plain; the light, colors, and the heat and dust that precede the summer monsoon. Today the state *(Text continued on page 259)*

Symbolism was important in Mughal garden design and the twelve terraces of Nishat Bagh, *preceding pages,* represented the signs of the zodiac. The fountains resembled lotus buds and *chaddars* were carved in fish-scale or chevron patterns, except for the deeply ribbed one *above.* Thrones, decorated stone slabs, bridged the watercourse. *Right:* The chenar tree, or Oriental plane, was introduced in Kashmir by the Mughals. With their silvery bark and lofty crowns turning to red-gold, chenars frame the garden giving it the look of a tapestry against the stark mountainside towering above.



MISSION TO MEXICO



U.S. Ambassador John Gavin and his wife, actress Constance Towers, renew the official embassy residence in Mexico City

BY MARIE-PIERRE TOLL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLEN CARTER

Ambassador and Mrs. Gavin, *above,* in the living room of the U.S. Embassy residence in Mexico City. Behind them is Milton Avery's *Pink Dunes.* *Right:* Tim Morrison's table of French limestone inlaid with Texas shellstone occupies the second-floor landing. Canvas stripe sofa by Waldo. Painting in family room doorway is by the Mexican landscapist Dr. Atl.







The living room offers ample seating for the nonstop entertaining done by the official representative of the U.S. Government. On wall near stairs hangs Richard Estes's *People's Flowers*.



A constructive relationship between two great neighboring countries demands a constant attention to details, so it is little wonder that the United States Embassy in Mexico City is the largest diplomatic mission in the world. At its helm is Ambassador John Gavin, appointed in March 1981 by the then newly inaugurated President Ronald Reagan.

An ambassador's official residence is a natural extension of the embassy itself, and the house where Gavin lives with his actress wife, Constance Towers, is no exception. High up on the tree-lined Paseo de la Reforma in the elegant area of Las Lomas, surrounded by flowers and spacious lawns, old cedars, blue pines, and willows, it was built on a massive scale for a former governor of the southern state of Chiapas and his wife. In the sixteen years since the United States State Department purchased it, little had been done to alter the huge and hollow feeling of the residence; it was up to the Gavins to adapt it to embassy living, which can call for anything from a full house with guests, secretaries, military aids, and security personnel to intimate quarters for the ambassador and his family.

The Gavins called on architect Ted Grenzbach and decorator Tim Morrison, good friends from Los Angeles who had worked on their Bel-Air house, to reorder and redecorate the 1950s International Style residence. "There were limited funds from the government," says Ambassador Gavin. "Most was given by corporations and good friends—in particular Robert O. Anderson, Donald Kendall, *(Text continued on page 266)*



The dining room is deftly divided in two by antique columns, *left,* giving the room a formal area for state affairs and an intimate one for small groups. Tables are stone bases with lacquer tops, by Waldo; Mexican kitchen chairs. *Above:* In the less-formal breakfast section of the dining room, Lowell Nesbitt's fifteen studies of flowers brighten the far wall.



The simple luxury of the master bedroom takes its cues from the bone and beige scheme downstairs. Canopy is Chinese silk. Bed tables have Texas shellstone tops. Vertical blinds enhance rather than compete with the architecture.



Diego Giacometti

Furniture was always an art to the master craftsman from the Bergell Valley

BY JAMES LORD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT FRESON



Diego Giacometti, *opposite,* in his studio on rue Hippolyte-Maindron, the same street where his brother Alberto had his studio. The studio was destroyed by fire New Year's Day, 1980, and though restored, he never used it much again. A photograph and a reproduction of a self-portrait of Alberto hang beneath a plaster cast of a bird in flight designed by Alberto around 1929 as part of a decorative commission. *Above:* Detail of a gilded bronze harpy figure from a furniture piece by Diego.





Well," I said, "How does it feel to have ome so famous?"

'Awful," said Diego, king his head. "It's such uisance."

We were sitting in the ttered little living room is small, spartan house in ondescript neighbor- d of Paris. Knowing that ad this article to write, I ught to take advantage of : of our frequent evenings ether to ask a few ques- ns; although I knew pret- well what the answers uld be, I never suspected would be one of our last its. We had known one ther over thirty years, l at 82 he was the second the Giacometti brothers have made himself fa- us by making works of One week after our talk, July 15, he was dead of a rt attack.

'Still," I said, "Fame is an come of admiration, and sts aim to please. So isn't etter to be admired than ored?"

'Oh, everybody likes ap- val," Diego admitted ner grudgingly. "One can n get used to compli- nts. Do you know that ple I've never seen and er even heard of call me the telephone and say, 'I am of having something you.'? It's flattering. But n their dream turns into a htmare for me because I n't know how to say no. d as soon as I've said yes y ask when they're going get what they want. They n't understand that my ngs are made by hand."

And that, of course, was t of the secret of Diego's ccess. His tables and irs, lamps, chandeliers and andirons, dogs, mice, horses, ostriches, stags, owls, and turtles were the progeny of manual skills that were familiar to the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians but which in the past half century have nearly vanished from the contemporary world. Diego was one of the last of a very endangered species: a master craftsman in a tradition reaching back to antiquity.

One winter's day in 1925 a young man from Switzerland arrived for the first time in Paris. He was 23 years old. When he came out of the railway station and gazed down the grimy vista of the boulevard de Strasbourg, he thought that prospects in the French capital didn't look very promising. He had no reason to think otherwise, for he neither expected nor aspired to lead a life of rich imaginative promise. His brother Alberto, the elder by just thirteen months, had already been in Paris for three years, studying sculpture at the Académie de la Grande-Chaumière. That was all very well for him. Diego had never thought of becoming an artist at all and wanted only to lead a life as free, easy, and pleasant as possible, causing no inconvenience to anyone and entertaining a minimum of responsibility for himself. But there was the matter of earning a living. He held a variety of jobs, none of them for long, and knocked around northern Italy and southern France for a while. He seemed to have no particular aptitude save, perhaps, one. He was gifted with extraordinary manual dexterity. So he did a stint in a small town as apprentice to the stonecutter who provided monuments for the local cemetery. He learned about metal and its treatment by going around the countryside for a while, scouring with acid the ancient cooking utensils of the peasants. With a Sicilian crony, he hatched the madcap scheme of making molds for vases, lamps, and other decorative objects, which they thought to cast in the molten lava from Mount Etna. This, however, came to nothing.



Alberto, meanwhile, was achieving his first successes as a sculptor, and these brought him to the notice of people whose discrimination determined the character of contemporary taste. But the successes didn't bring in much money, because great originality is not a quick starter in the commercial race. One of the discriminating arbiters who noticed Alberto's talent was the most innovative Parisian decorator of the day, Jean Michel Frank, who invited the young sculptor to collaborate with him by designing a quantity of vases, lamps, candlesticks, and other decorative objects. Alberto was delighted. Ever mindful of ancient traditions, knowing that the greatest artists of antiquity had been honored if asked to sculpt a pharaoh's drinking cup, he gave as much care to designing a lamp for Frank as to making a sculpture for exhibition at the Galerie Pierre Colle. A practical problem, however, arose: giving great care to the making of lamps took away from the great necessity of making sculpture. Someone was needed to help. The very best person happened to be the one already present, for whom,



An ostrich egg once given to Diego inspired this sculpture, which stands on a tree gueridon with an owl made in the early seventies. *Above:* Part of the decoration (not shown is the horse on the left of the tree) for a bronze console called *Promenade des Amis,* circa 1975. *Left:* A detail from the studio wall in the preceding page of a plaster cast of a young bull made to be a bookend.

since childhood, it had seemed perfectly natural to do all he could to help his older brother.

Diego had helped in the making of almost all the objects designed by Alberto for Frank during the thirties as well as with the sculpture. It turned out that those chores of the sculptor's métier for which Alberto had least liking and aptitude were just the ones that Diego could most competently perform: making armatures and plaster casts, carving stone, and patinating bronze. And so the helpful hand became the indispensable helper, while the dimension of assistance began to look very much like collaboration. Moreover, Diego served all his life as his brother's most frequent, patient, and conscientious model. Alberto urged Diego to try working on his own designs. Modest and self-effacing, Diego needed quite a lot of urging, but he made a few hesitant efforts even before World War II had separated him from Alberto for three and a half long years and from Jean Michel Frank forever. In the villages, mountains, and forests of his childhood in the Bergell Valley of Switzerland he had always felt an instinctive fondness for animals and birds, even for frogs, lizards, and rodents. His first sculptures set a pattern, one which also situated him in the perspective of a time-honored tradition: as a sculptor he would be what the French call an "animator."
(Text continued on page 258)



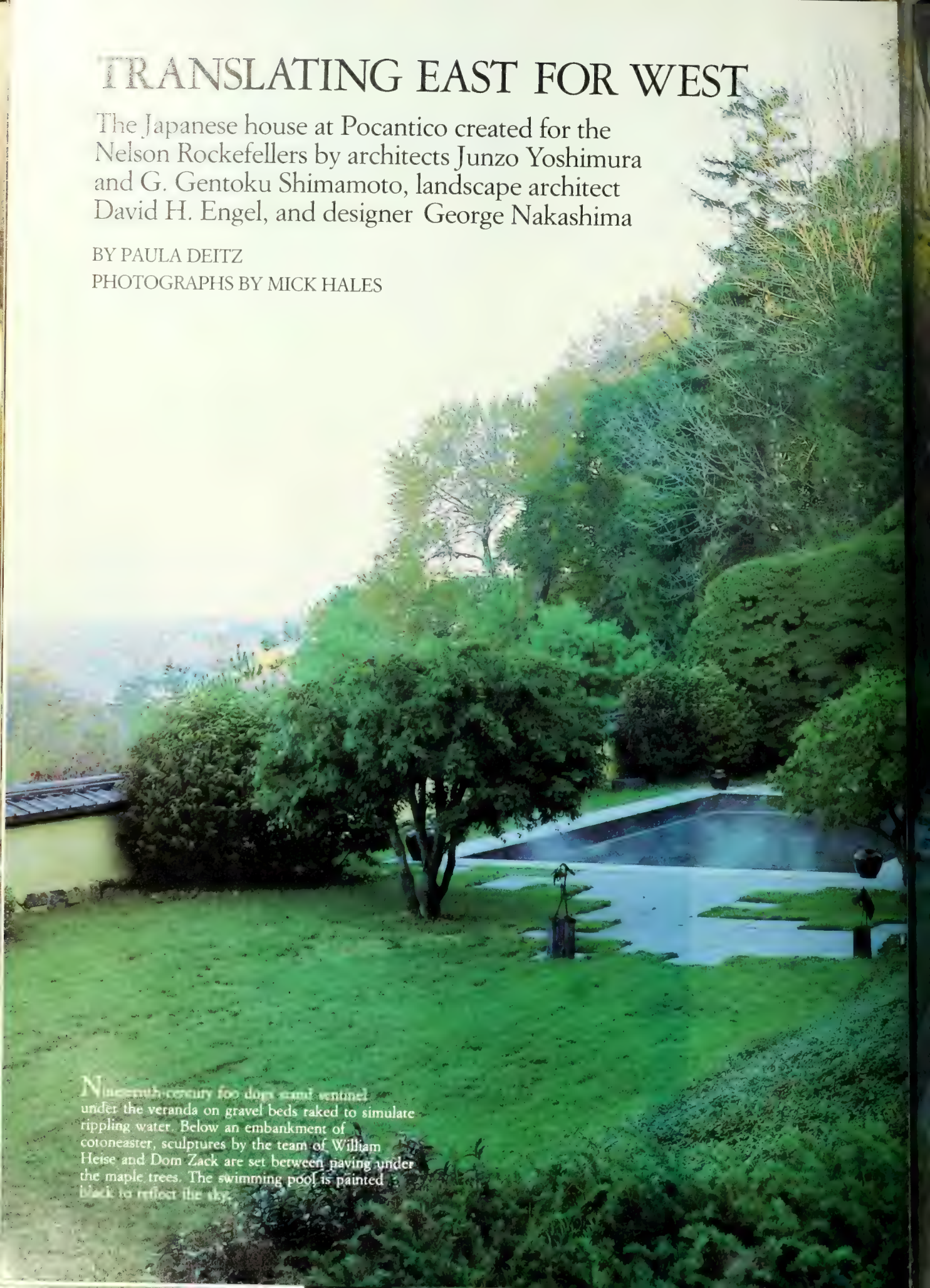
The studio on rue du Moulin-Vert where Diego lived and chose to work after 1980. In the foreground is a study for a lantern commissioned for the Picasso Museum. Diego holds one of his tables and on the right are two of his chairs.



TRANSLATING EAST FOR WEST

The Japanese house at Pocantico created for the Nelson Rockefellers by architects Junzo Yoshimura and G. Gentoku Shimamoto, landscape architect David H. Engel, and designer George Nakashima

BY PAULA DEITZ
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



Nineteenth-century foo dogs stand sentinel under the veranda on gravel beds raked to simulate rippling water. Below an embankment of cotoneaster, sculptures by the team of William Heise and Dom Zack are set between paving under the maple trees. The swimming pool is painted black to reflect the sky.



To create the harmonious setting of a traditional Japanese-style house, with its exquisite interpenetration of architecture and nature, all the elements of the composition must be perfectly ordered. And to achieve this, the men who are the artists—meaning the architect and landscape designer as well as the craftsmen and artisans—bring to its execution the richness of their own experience, their own histories. This process may be compared with *suiboku* painting: the artist is able to paint a scroll with one swift, deliberate stroke of the brush because the hand carries in it the cultivated disciplines of a lifetime.

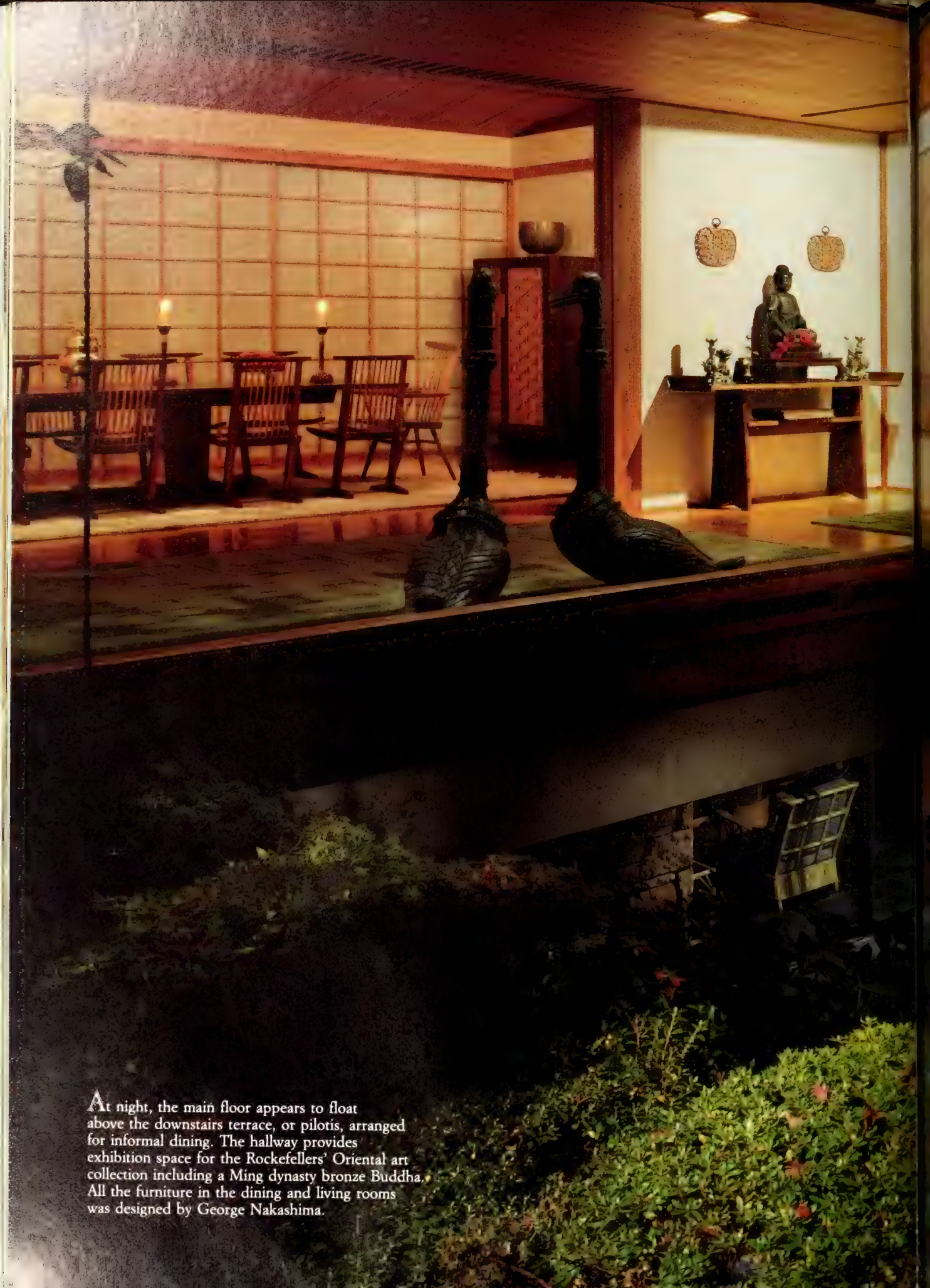
Although the history of this particular house and its furnishings originated with a model in the late sixties, the events and personal relationships that brought it to fruition date back to the thirties, to say nothing of the older antecedents of the style itself both in Japan, and, by a curious route, from America as well. The man whose energy and enthusiasm orchestrated this accomplishment was the owner, Nelson A. Rockefeller, when he was governor of New York State. According to his wife, Happy Rockefeller, who since her husband's death in 1979 has lived in the house with their two sons, one day The Governor, as he was always called, went over to visit his brother John D. Rockefeller III at his home on the Rockefeller family estate at Pocantico Hills in Tarrytown, New York. He liked to walk through his sister-in-law Blanchette's downstairs gallery to see what was new there, for they shared the same intense interest in collecting modern art. In these perusals, he was not above looking into closets, and that day he found stashed away on the back shelf of one of them a model of a Japanese house, designed by the eminent Japanese architect, Junzo Yoshimura, that the John D. Rockefellers had commissioned but decided not to build. The Governor asked, "Do you mind if I borrow this?" He fell in love with the model and knew of the perfect setting for such a house, on the sloping hillside of the estate overlooking the Hudson River. This then in an expanded version is what became his own Japanese house —but the story runs deeper than that. There was a special climate at that time.

One place where the practice of modern architecture is said to have begun in Japan was in the Tokyo offices of Antonin Raymond, a Czech-born architect who had originally gone to Japan in 1919 with Frank Lloyd Wright to work on the Imperial Hotel. Raymond was a man of good taste who saw what was coming and brought about a synthesis of modernist design and traditional Japanese forms. One of the young architects who worked at his firm was Junzo Yoshimura; and during the thirties, he traveled to the United States to oversee the work of some



At the garden's entrance, luminous twisted gray trunks of shadblow trees and rounded azaleas provide strong year-round design along the shallow stone steps and granite cube pavers. Surrounding ground covers include myrtle, honeysuckle, and drooping leucothoe. The parchment stucco garden wall is coped with charcoal-colored Japanese tiles.

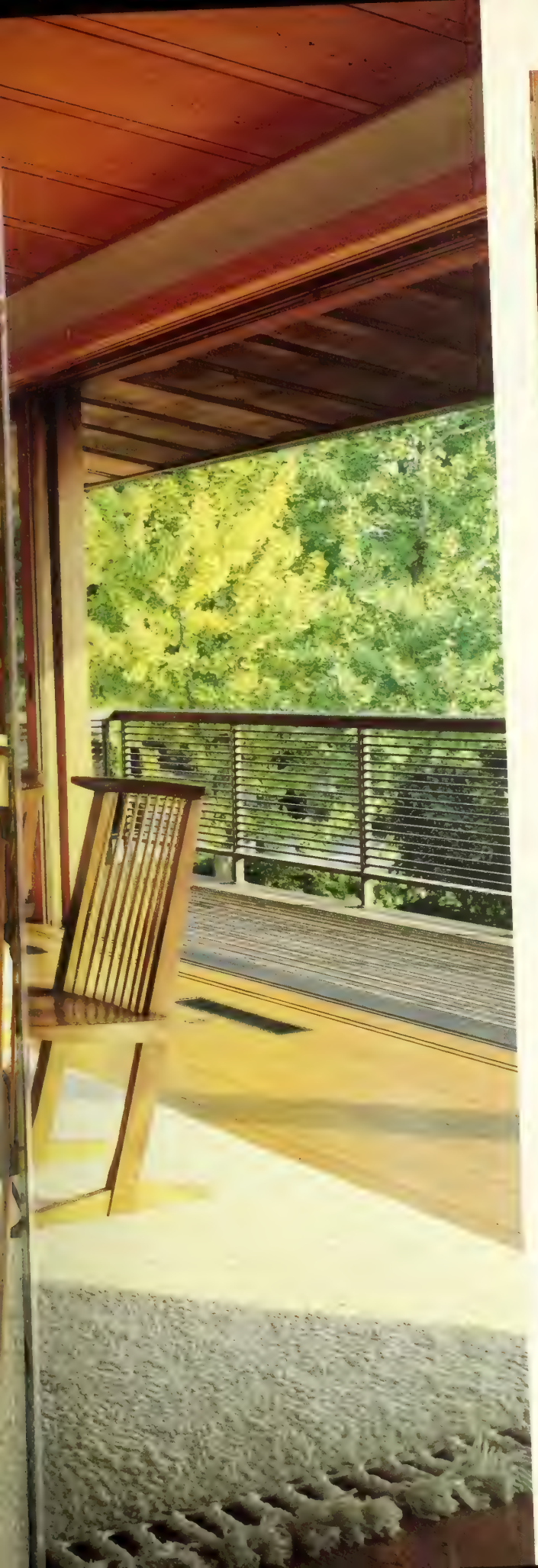




At night, the main floor appears to float above the downstairs terrace, or pilotis, arranged for informal dining. The hallway provides exhibition space for the Rockefellers' Oriental art collection including a Ming dynasty bronze Buddha. All the furniture in the dining and living rooms was designed by George Nakashima.









of Raymond's designs, in particular the Carera beach house in Montauk, Long Island, now owned by Ralph Lauren.

In part because of this recognition by Western architects of the relevance of classic Japanese architecture to contemporary design, and also because of renewed interest in Japanese culture after the war, one of the most popular exhibitions in New York in the summers of 1954 and 1955 (nearly a thousand visitors a day) was a replica in The Museum of Modern Art's garden of a sixteenth-to-seventeenth-century Japanese house in an appropriately landscaped setting. Arthur Drexler, curator of architecture, had selected as the architect for this third "House in the Garden" Junzo Yoshimura, by then one of Japan's leading architects and a professor at the Tokyo University of Fine Arts. They traveled together throughout Japan to study the prototypes for this house, called a *shoin-zukuri,* which would have been for an educated though not necessarily rich samurai. With broad verandas overlooking a pond and unusual rock formations, the house demonstrated its relationship to modern architecture with, according to the brochure, post-and-lintel frame construction, flexible room arrangements with sliding walls, a close relationship of indoor and outdoor areas, and the ornamental quality of the structural system itself. The gardens, planned only for viewing from the house, were designed by Tansai Sano, the great master of landscape from Kyoto.

In a much earlier period, around 1908, John D. Rockefeller Jr. had supervised on a southwest hillside of the estate the construction of an extensive Japanese garden, designed by two Japanese landscape architects, which remained unchanged until his death in 1960. At that time, Nelson Rockefeller took an interest in redesigning a major portion of the garden and to do so he engaged David H. Engel, an American landscape architect who had trained for two years *(Text continued on page 240)*

The Conoid chairs on either side of the East Indian laurel dining table, *left,* have cantilevered seats and runners that make it easy to slide back from the table. Shelves hold a collection of Imari porcelain. *Above:* A 16th-century Japanese screen and 17th-century Asian birds.



Tang dynasty camels and grooms, *above,* on a cabinet displaying *tsuba, inro,* and *netsuke. Below:* Living room's soft white textures set off rich woods, oxblood and celadon porcelains. *Opposite:* Japanese rain chain, *ame-kusari,* acts like a drainpipe. Walnut sculpture *Annandale-on-the-Hudson* by Raoul Hague.







ARUNDEL PARK

To escape from their castle, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk created a twentieth-century dower house

BY JOHN BOWES-LYON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Arundel Park, viewed from the south, *above,* with herbaceous borders planted by Lanning Roper. *Opposite:* Below the inner hall stair rail are a pair of portraits of the late Duke: in Earl Marshal's robe by Aubrey Davidson-Houston, and at right as a young man by Oswald Birley. A pair of William and Mary walnut chairs flank the Louis XIV *table de milieu.* The pier glass, of the same period, is from Norfolk House. Above, John Vanderbank's portrait of Edward the 9th Duke and his wife, Mary Blount, considered the first needlewoman of her day.





In the late 1950s the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk commenced building a house in the park at Arundel which could be used eventually as a dower house. Shortly before it was completed in 1961 they decided to move out of the vast Gothic castle at Arundel, largely reconstructed in the 1870s but still containing Norman parts. It was becoming more and more impractical to live in—difficult to heat in winter and in summer, when it was open to the public, lacking in privacy. It was one of the first homes to be opened to the public in the early eighteenth century—on Mondays from June to October—the proceeds being given to the poor.

The Duchess now says, "When we moved I thought the new house was too small and wondered how we would all fit in—by today's standards it is quite large!"

Her attitude at the time is borne out by the titles on the spines of two books in her sitting room's false bookcase—*Castle to Cottage* by Lavinia Norfolk and *Patience as a Fine Art* by "Norfolk."

In London they lived at Norfolk House, St. James Square, designed by Brettingham in 1748 and demolished in 1938—the music room can today be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum—but it was Arundel, lived in for a thousand years, that the family thought of as home. Buried in Sussex folklore is a rhyme which begins, "Since William came and Harold fell/there have been Earls of Arundel. . ."

The Norfolks have in their long history—in 1983 they

Yellow Labradors at rest under a view of Arundel painted in 1823 by William Daniell, *above*. On the drawing-room walls, *right*, covered in John Fowler's pale green silk, hang paintings by Joli and Canaletto. Beneath the George II rococo mirror are a pair of George IV stag candlesticks in gilt metal and bronze. The small Louis XV marquetry kingwood table in the foreground is attributed to B.V.R.B. The 18th-century glass and ormolu chandeliers are Swedish.





Book spines cleverly titled by the Norfolks fill the right-hand bookcase, which in reality hides a doorway in the Duchess's sitting room. Above fireplace, *Marske, Father of Eclipse* by George Stubbs; between bookcases, *A Girl in a Yellow Dress* by Jan-Baptist Weenix. In the corner, *Highgate* by John Constable above *Ptarmagen* by Thorburn. *Far right:* George II painted commode, with panels by Angelica Kauffman and Adam Buck. On it, Luneville faience lion and, above, a Louis XVI ormolu clock by Bertrand.





celebrated five hundred years of dukedom—produced their fair share of heroes: they are not unsung. In Shakespeare's *Richard II* one of the most moving of all obituaries has the lines: "Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought/For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,/ Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross/Against black pagans, Turks and Saracens . . ." This was Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who was buried at Venice in September 1399.

A later Duke of Norfolk was killed at the Battle of Bosworth Field in 1485 fighting for Richard III, and another commanded the victorious English army at Flodden Field in 1513. The admiral of the English fleet sent to destroy the Spanish Armada was a cousin—Lord Howard of Effingham. Later still, the "Poet Earl of Surrey" and his son were both beheaded for treason.

The Norfolks are the only English family descended directly in the male line from a saint. Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, died at age 38 in 1595 and was canonized by Pope Paul VI in 1970. St. Philip was noted in his day for his "studious and antiquarian interest." His son, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, assembled one of the finest art collections in Europe and advised Charles I on "all matters of antiquity." Those famous classical marbles he assembled are now in the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford and his 1618 portrait by Daniel Mytens from Arundel Castle will be seen in the "Treasure Houses of Britain" exhibition opening in November at the National Gallery, Washington, D.C.

The Duke of Norfolk is the leading Catholic layman in England, although before the nineteenth century Roman Catholics were banned from holding almost all positions of importance. The fourteenth and fifteenth dukes spent a large part of their *(Text continued on page 244)*

Conservatory with a seaside view, *above*. *Right:* On rear wall of dining room, Greek vases in alcoves above Porcelain de Paris dinnerware. Above door, a landscape by Thomas Gainsborough and on right wall, John Wootton's view of Windsor Castle. The side table and silver-gilt wine coolers are George III. On the table, Paul Storr silver-gilt wine coasters with the initial *N* and the Norfolk coat of arms, and the 1974 Ascot Gold cup won by Ragstone, the Duke's horse.







No cars outside the front door but racehorses from nearby stables on an early morning run, with the 18th-century Gothick folly—Hiorne's Tower—beyond. *Opposite*: A harbor scene by Antonio Joli in an elaborately carved frame. Below the painting: a pair of bronze groupings on either side of a George IV bronze horse that acts as a clock stand. The dial is set with red and white brilliants. In the foreground, a Florentine rampant lion from the group of Hercules and the Nemean lion by Giovanni Bologna, late 16th century.



INNER DIRECTION

Life and work in the New York loft of filmmaker Paul Schrader

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

The film director wanted to live in a New York loft, but he also wanted to work there in silence. The solution: a living area that evokes the hotel lobbies of the thirties, and, in the background, an office that's really a soundproofed, ducted, freestanding "building."





The living room, *above,* reiterates the office colors and materials. James Cooper's red mahogany table echoes the office's bookshelves, and the leather of the chairs by Poltrona Frau that of the visitor's chair in the office; the Corbusier chaise is from Atelier International. *Below:* Detail of the charger from Gordon Foster.

A decade after he'd arrived in Los Angeles, Paul Schrader decided it was time for a change. Three changes, actually. He would leave his girl friend, his dog, and his Tudor home and, bucking the trend, transport himself and his movie career to New York. He would marry and father a child. And he would write and direct an art film.



For all his decisiveness, Schrader was "in a deep bad sore funk" when he met the Manhattan real-estate agents who had, they said, any number of ideal apartments to show him. To short-circuit that tour, he bought the third loft he saw, a 3,300-square-foot space nine stories above lower Fifth Avenue. "They took me to this big empty room," he recalls. "It seemed symbolic of my state of mind, so I said, 'Okay, this is me. This is exactly where I'm at.'"

This offhand decision reflected Schrader's state of mind, but his considerable expertise in sign. In California, he'd sp some time with Charles Ean who'd taught him that id weren't only the province words. When he socialized, preferred the company of Nat Scarfiotti, his production signer on *American Gigolo,* architect Frank Gehry; when traveled, he visited architect sites. Mackintosh buildings Glasgow, Secession-era tr sures in Vienna—wherever Schra went, he sought out the local archit tural attractions with the same fer other tourists bring to museum vi and shopping.

Not long after Schrader bought





In the living room, a mid-18th-century Venetian scene by William James hangs over an English pine mantel framed by northern Italian side tables and Piedmontese gilt mirrors. On the right, a maquette for a Venetian garden from the late Geoffrey Bennison sits on an English 18th-century table under a Philippe Veit painting of Adam and Eve. Régence coffee table with tapestry top is on an early-19th-century Aubusson rug.







A view of the garden designed with the help of landscape gardener Victor Lang, *left,* shows the brightly colored border of delphinium, snapdragons, *Alyssum saxatile,* nicotiana, marguerite, Virginia phlox, and yarrow. *Above:* In the master bedroom, French hand puppets are on either side of 18th-century Neapolitan bed with phoenix on headboard; carved Genoese crèche figure is on table to left. *Below:* Mrs. Stanfill in a Milanese apron framed in the dining-room door.

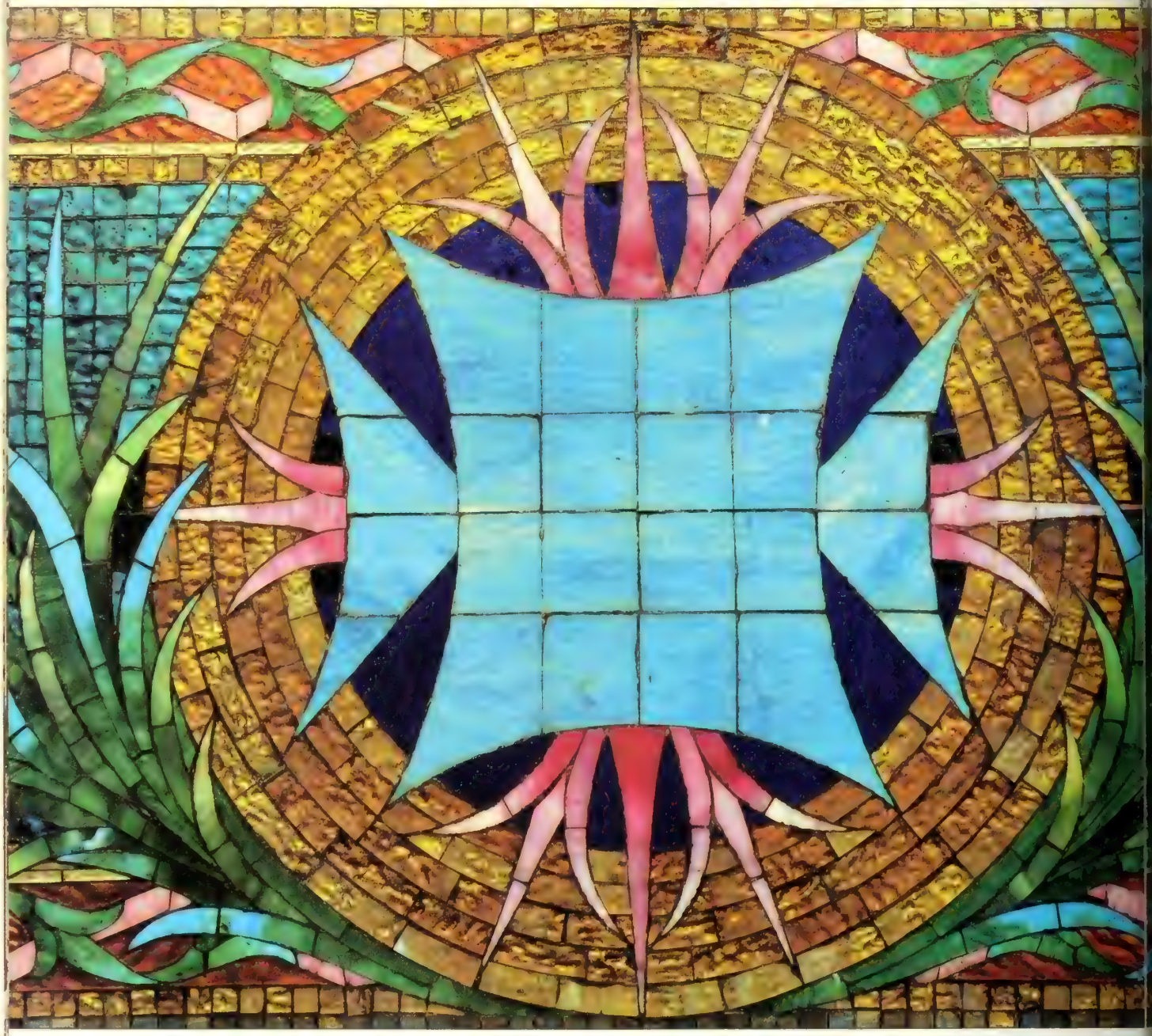






In the loggia a spectacular eight-panel 18th-century Neapolitan screen serves as a background for neoclassic Roman chairs covered in Fortuny fabric. Center vase on table with early 19th-century tole urn base is K'ang-hsi; in left foreground, a 17th-century Genoese bench; in background a Ming vase is on a Korean lacquer Burgauté chest by door to hall, with a view of 18th-century Venetian altar.

DESIGNING THE AMERICAN DREAM



The Whitney Museum's "High Styles" exhibition surveys the objects that have furnished our rooms and shaped our lives in the twentieth century

BY RALPH CAPLAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK C. DARLEY



My father nev- cared about style, but he ometimes knew a good ing when he saw one. In 958 he bought a General lectric wall-hung refrigera- r acclaimed by shelter agazines of the time but ot by the market, from hich it was soon removed. lthough it hasn't worked decades, it still hangs in y father's kitchen. As if at were not testament ough to the tenacity of a ound idea, a life-size photo- raph of it hangs at present the Whitney Museum of merican Art. It is one of e few kitchen appliances nong some 275 objects in e first design show the Vhitney has ever mounted New York: "High Styles: wentieth-Century Ameri- an Design," which is on iew there from September 9 through February 16.

The exhibition, which overs the years from 1900 o 1985, is a rich historical ffering of household ob- cts designed for the most art by artists and crafts- en, architects and indus- rial designers. Conceived nd directed by Whitney as- ociate curator Lisa Phillips who also covers the per- od from 1975–1985), the how is chiefly the work of ive guest curators, each re- ponsible for a fifteen-year period: David Hanks (1900–1915); David Gebhard (1915–30); Rosemarie Haag Bletter (1930–45); Esther McCoy (1945–60); and Martin Filler (1960–75).

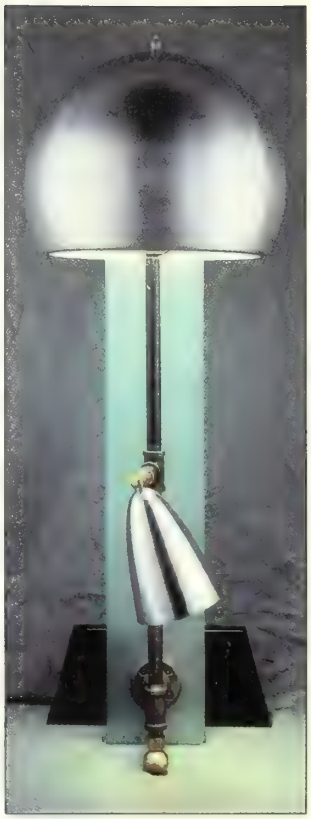
This is a scheme that plainly has advantages as well as disadvantages. The period specialists bring an authority to the project that no single curator could. They also bring their particular points of view to relieve the dangers of monotony and sustained dogma. An equally obvious disadvantage is that a show with six points of view is potentially a show with no point of view.

"We feel positive about the idea of six individual curators, and we didn't fight the diversity, which we see as enriching," says architect Robert Venturi of Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown, who designed the show's installation. "You never know what people are going to say about your work, but I hope they don't say, 'Oh, yeah, they got him because he'll do something splashy.' I think this is low-key. We are really designing a background. But even a background has to have *some* character. We want it to be *positively* low-key."

The installation opens with a series of chairs, one from each curator's period, ranging from familiar ones by Harry Bertoia (1952) and Erwine and Estelle Laverne (1960) to a galvanized steel-pipe construction designed by Robert Wilson for *Einstein on the Beach* in 1977. These chairs are stepped up to lead the eye to an elevated 1946 Eames chair—a drama not so much sustained as periodically refreshed with shifts of tone from section to section, culminating in a gallery that begins the exhibit of the explosive sixties.

Each section has some spectacular things in it. The Frank Lloyd Wright oak dining set, its leather slip seats now replaced by vinyl, designed for the Husser house in Chicago in 1899; a 1900 silver Tiffany vase with enamel inlay; a 1901 fireplace surround by George Washington Maher; a floor double candleholder designed by Wallace Nutting in 1925, juxtaposed with General Electric's electric candle produced only a few years later; a rawhide webbed chair, circa 1928, made by SnoCraft for the Byrd Antarctic Expedition; a compact (except for its 22-inch-high, 14-inch-diameter horn) radio manufactured by Atwater Kent in 1925.

And from our best and best-known designers, some of their best and sometimes



The range of American design from 1900 to 1985 is summarized by two pieces from the earliest and latest periods covered in the exhibition, as well as a third from mid-century. *Opposite:* Detail of the center cartouche of George Washington Maher's glass mosaic and gold enamel fireplace surround for the Patrick J. King house in Chicago, 1901. *Above:* Sculptor R.M. Fischer's Max Lamp, 1983, a work in steel, limestone, and brass that parallels the current interest in artists' furniture. *Inset top:* George Nelson's 1947 wall clock for Howard Miller, influenced by the atomic imagery of the postwar years.

least-known work. A Thermos and a wall telephone by Henry Dreyfuss, the latter a 1935 harbinger of many phones to come. A siphon bottle, circa 1935, and 1937 skyscraper cocktail set by—no, not Russel Wright—Norman Bel Geddes. A pitcher from Russel Wright's 1937 American Modern line is here, though, and his 1934 pony-skin-covered armchair. Peter Müller-Munk, the Berlin-born silversmith turned Pittsburgh industrial designer, is represented by the S.S. *Normandie* water pitcher, circa 1937. A 1947 chess table and lamps from 1948–50 by Isamu Noguchi; Eero Saarinen's 1946 womb chair and pedestal table of a decade later; the 1936 Kodak Bantam Special camera designed by Walter Dorwin Teague as well as a des lamp he designed for Pola oid in 1939.

Some of the treasures a more predictable than oth ers. The 1960 Interpla casement fabric by Jac Lenor Larsen, combinin playfulness with technolog



Dale Chihuly's iridescent blown-glass wine bottle with gold stopper of 1968, *above,* is among the most sensuous pieces of American art glass made since the heyday of Louis C. Tiffany. It is reproduced here at about two thirds of its 23-inch length.

cal experiment; George Nelson's 1952 bubble lamp; Philco's prophetic Predicta television set of 1958; a collection of dining ware designed by Ward Bennett in 1960 for Chase Manhattan's executive dining room; Wendell Castle's 1963 rose-



wood and oak music stand; a chest-table by Wharton Esherick, 1969; Frank Gehry's corrugated cardboard chair of 1972; a recreation of Barbara Stauffacher Solomon's 1966 Sea Ranch supergraphics. There are also a number of



The strong biomorphic feeling of much thirties design is seen in coffee tables of quite different materials. *Top:* Two nested aluminum tables by Frederick Kiesler, 1938. *Left:* Gilbert Rohde's 1939 design for Herman Miller in acacia burl, dao, and leather.



Four high-style chairs from four decades. *Top left:* Henry B. Herts and Hugh Tallant's leather-upholstered oak armchair for the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, 1903. *Top right:* Biedermeier-inspired Lucite armchair covered in faux leopard, designed by Elsie de Wolfe for Hope Hampton, circa 1939. *Lower left:* George Nelson's Coconut Chair for Herman Miller, 1956. *Lower right:* Leather-upholstered aluminum Linear Chair by Stephen Holl for Pace, 1984.

interesting products designed by artists who have turned their attention to the applied arts, including chairs by Scott Burton and Steven Holl; a stool by Dakota Jackson; desk and chair set designed by Donald Judd, all from the eighties.

The exhibition catalogue (Whitney Museum and Summit Books, $35 cloth, $20 paper) written by the curators is far more than supplementary. In addition to explicating the context in which the show is meant to be understood, and dealing with objects that could not be exhibited at the Whitney for one reason or another, the catalogue provides something even more important. It is only in the catalogue that we encounter the individual visions and divergent sensibilities that distinguish the approaches of th six curators.

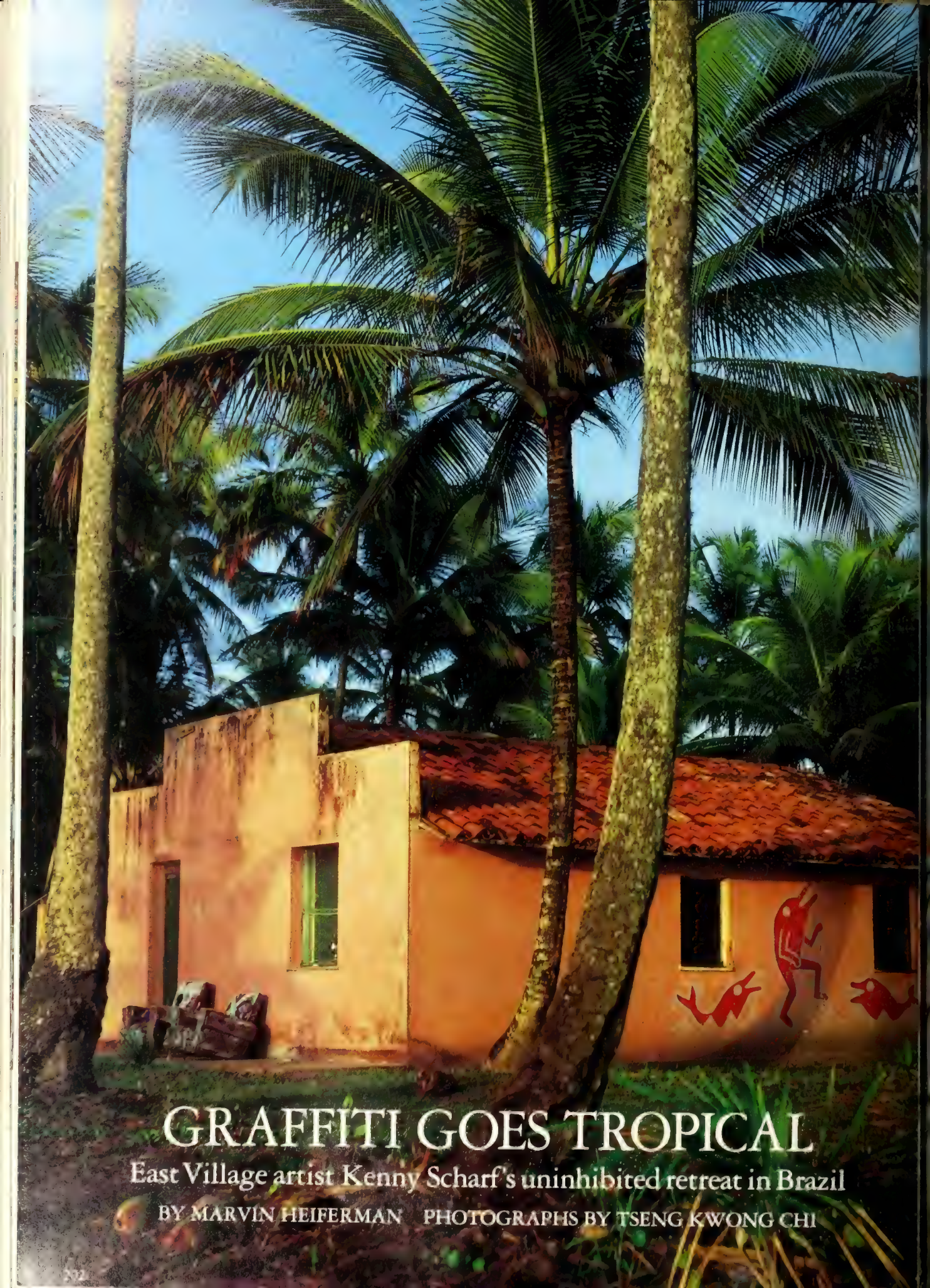
David Hanks gives scholarly treatise on the in fluences of the Arts an Crafts Movement, fro which David Gebhard de parts with a populist view o

(Text continued on page 23





Manufactured by the Craftsman Workshops of Gustav Stickley in Eastwood, New York, this oak fall-front desk, *above,* was designed by Harvey Ellis circa 1903–04. It is inlaid with copper, pewter, and various woods in stylized botanical motifs, *detail top,* reminiscent of European Art Nouveau.



GRAFFITI GOES TROPICAL

East Village artist Kenny Scharf's uninhibited retreat in Brazil

BY MARVIN HEIFERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY TSENG KWONG CHI



Keith Haring mural, *opposite*, adorns the side of Kenny Scharf's pink stucco house. Chairs painted by Scharf face the ocean. *Above:* Some brushwork by Scharf and Haring in a corner of the wooden guesthouse.



Scharf, *below,* at work on a canvas. *Above* and *opposite:* Details of his work in the houses with segments by Keith Haring and other guests. Second row: Scharf has made a construction with a local religious statue and another with parts of plastic toys and, below, one with tin cans and soap containers. Scharf painted chair, lower right, one of two in front of house.

The great escape from New York's art world for painter Kenny Scharf, his family, and friends is twelve hours of jet travel and a long drive over rutted, muddy roads to an isolated beach in Bahia on the coast of Brazil. Not far from that beach where a gentle surf rolls in and diffuses over perfectly white sand—where at the end of the day the equatorial light filters, like smoke, through the palm trees—lies the Scharf winter mini-compound: the pink stucco house, the thatched pavilion, and the wildly decorated wooden building. But this particular retreat evokes *Gilligan's Island* rather than Gauguin's Tahiti.

At 26, Kenny Scharf is one of a group of young painters who appeared on the art scene in the past five years, rewriting the customs and schedules of dues-paying and financial success as they went along. Born in 1958, shortly after Sputnik's launch, Scharf is a genuine product of the times. One of the happiest days of his life, he recalls, was announced by the arrival of a color television in his parents' house. "I must have been about six or seven, and I used to just sit right in front of it for hours. TV sets were colored dots on a black surface, so if you looked really close, it was like hallucinating."

TV clearly made its impression and became a major resource for Scharf's painted imagery. Cartoon characters, like the Flintstones and the Jetsons (the wacky, post-Apollo space-age family), would become central to his work.

When Scharf moved from Los Angeles to New York in the late seventies, he shared an apartment near Times Square with artist Keith Haring. He began making art from discarded machines, from trash, and later was in demand for house calls to customize working appliances; touch-tone phones, blenders, Trinitrons, answering machines, and ghetto blasters were festooned with plastic toys, rubber models, monster faces, fake gems, Mylar fringe, and bright bursts of acrylic paint. This was the complete "Van Chrome" experience, as Scharf dubbed it. The art scene, he felt, had almost nothing to do with real life. It was his self-appointed mission to bridge the gap, and his technical updates on the classic Greek amphora did just that.

In a remarkably brief time, he had attained notoriety. A solo premiere at Fiorucci in 1979 was followed by a string of performances and exhibitions at P.S. 1 in Long Island City, at the late Mudd Club and Club 57 and the Fun Gallery, the night spot and gallery that were harbingers of New York's East Village renaissance. Scharf has since moved on to grander circuits: SoHo, 57th Street, European Kunsthallen, and a string of biennials (in São Paulo, in Venice, in New York at the Whitney Museum). Bigger paintings and commissions followed success, as have marriage, parenthood, and Brazilian real estate.

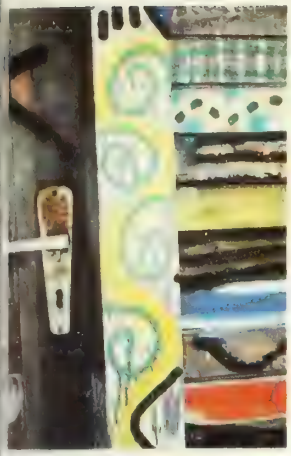
The love story, in keeping with the art, was purely jet-age modern. Scharf met his wife-to-be, Tereza, on a flight to Brazil, en route to Carnival. It was love at first sight. Scharf deplaned, lost her phone number, and proceeded to lament her loss, an Orpheus wailing for Eurydice. But, as Scharf's TV experience might have taught him, there would be a happy ending. The coup were reunited, by chanc on a street corner short thereafter. They marri and now spend most of the time, with their daughte Zena, in Lower Manhattar

Their South America houses, however, are on t outskirts of the small city Ilhéus, cocoa-bean capit of the world. Commodi traders talk numbers in t corner cafés and scho bands march in practice fo mation around the tow square and through the na row streets. The Brazilia writer Jorge Amado mak his home there, as d Scharf's in-laws.

On the beach, miles fro town, life, for some, stripped back to the basic Houses along the sho range from mud shack (whose residents arrive an depart on the local bus,

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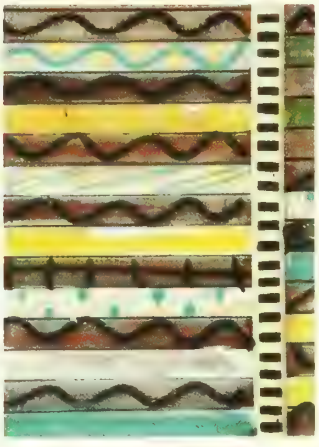


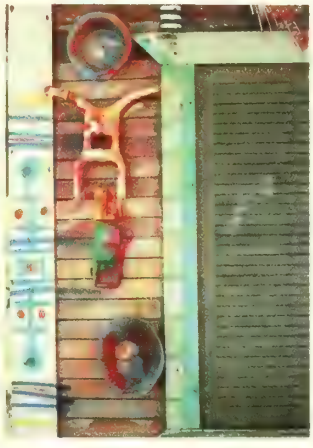

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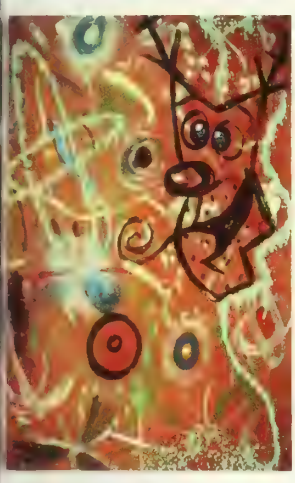


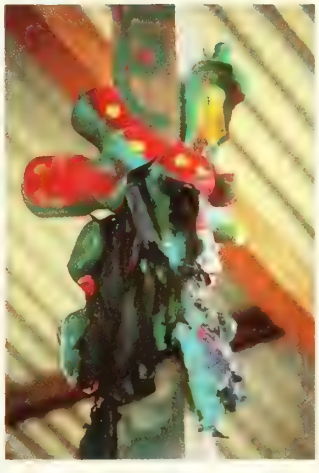




















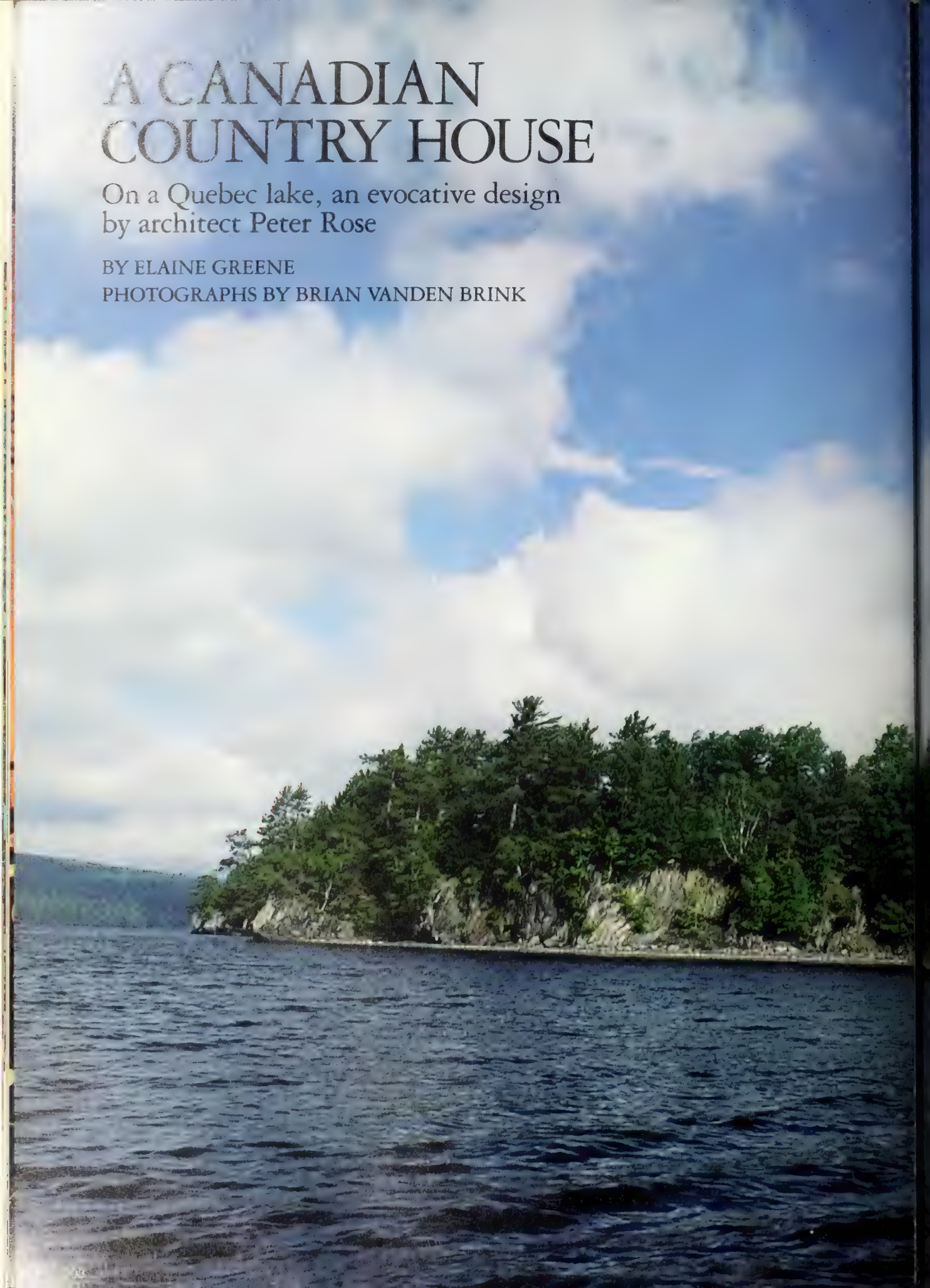
View from the main room of the pink adobe house through to the kitchen, left, with its decorated icebox and, right, one of the bedrooms. In the living room a local chatchka sits on a Scharfized cabinet. *Opposite:* The crib in Scharf's daughter's room is decorated with his painted creatures.



A CANADIAN COUNTRY HOUSE

On a Quebec lake, an evocative design by architect Peter Rose

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN VANDEN BRINK







Montreal architect Peter Rose spent his childhood summers on the north end of the thirty-mile-long Lake Memphremagog, which threads through the Eastern Townships of Quebec and dips into Vermont. When he was old enough to use his father's motorboat, he began to explore the lake shore, dotted with baronial estates and rambling cottages. "There," he recalls, "I learned to look at architecture." One of the young Peter Rose's favorite buildings was "a large A. J. Downing sort of Victorian house" in board-and-batten, a mix of Gothic Revival and vernacular with regular porch columns, tall gables, and "quirky little roofs." The summer house had served five generations of a prominent Canadian family when it suddenly burned to the ground four years ago.

Peter Rose was saddened by the news of the fire, but soon after he was surprised and pleased to receive a commission to build the family a new lake house. A nonagenarian maiden aunt had owned the property. Although still an active elder of the family, she found the prospect of reconstruction daunting and designated one of several nephews as her successor. The nephew, a publisher and amateur boat designer, came to Peter Rose with scale drawings of floor plans. Rose says, "Most architects prefer verbal directions, but my client was benevolent and flexible. He didn't get the Georgian-type country club he had drawn, but we worked comfortably together."

The family wanted the house to rise from the original site—actually the best house site on the large holding—a natural rock podium on fairly level land from which broad terraced gardens drop steeply to the water. They also wanted strong echoes (not a duplication) of the old homestead, whose English-country character

Peter Rose's new house for a Canadian family, *preceding pages,* commands the bluff like the lost original. *Above:* From the symmetrical lake façade's windows, main rooms catch the best view. Board-and-batten, porches, columns recall previous house. *Opposite:* Arts and Crafts–inspired cabinet and baseboard.



was typical of this English part of Quebec.

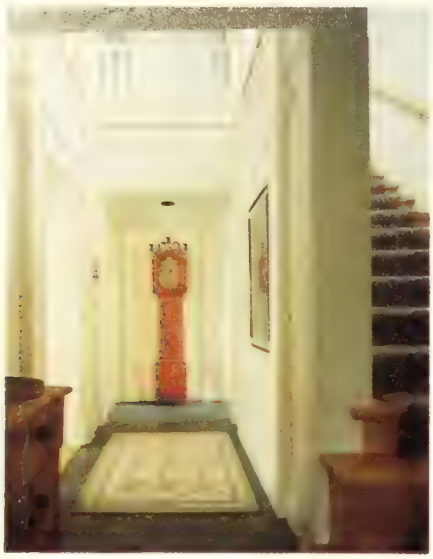
Peter Rose, deeply conscious of the grandeur of this tract, one of the best on the lake, recalled the vivid impact of the original house and determined at the outset that the new building would "carry itself as a view from five miles. I wanted a simple, powerful composition for the lake side that would become less and less formal and monumental as it receded to the rear."

This was a dream assignment for Rose, educated at Yale under Charles Moore during the days when Robert Venturi was rediscovering the vitality of the vernacular, and for Mark Pimlott, associate designer on this project. They are men who relish the work of Britons Mackintosh, Lutyens, Voysey, and Webb, and who grew up among colonial adaptations of such work. They created here an adaptation that is unmistakably their own and of the present: traditional elements in untraditional scale and juxtaposition. The concept of permanence and dependability governing their design is expressed in myriad ways, from the strong symmetry of the lake façade to the meter-thick interior walls to the Arts and Crafts detailing.

The heartache of losing the actual locale of childhood with its familiar textures and friendly ghosts is beginning to heal, family members say, as this evocative house becomes mellowed by new events, new memories. □ *Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac*



Two-story stair hall is the core of the house and was designed first. This is the view toward the front door.



The house seen from the road that winds around to dock and boathouse, *right*. Tucked into side porch is main entrance used by guests who arrive by car. From small tower to back wall, stucco-sheathed independent wing is for guests or servants. Stone wall by Michael Sawicki, caretaker and head gardener these past sixty years. *Above:* "A stair hall that conceals the stairs" is a Pimlott preference. *Below:* Lake-viewing dining room with oversize dentilation on mantelpiece.









EVENING STAR

Arata Isozaki, Andrée Putman, and a host of artists transform the Palladium into New York's most spectacular nightclub



BY MARTIN FILLER

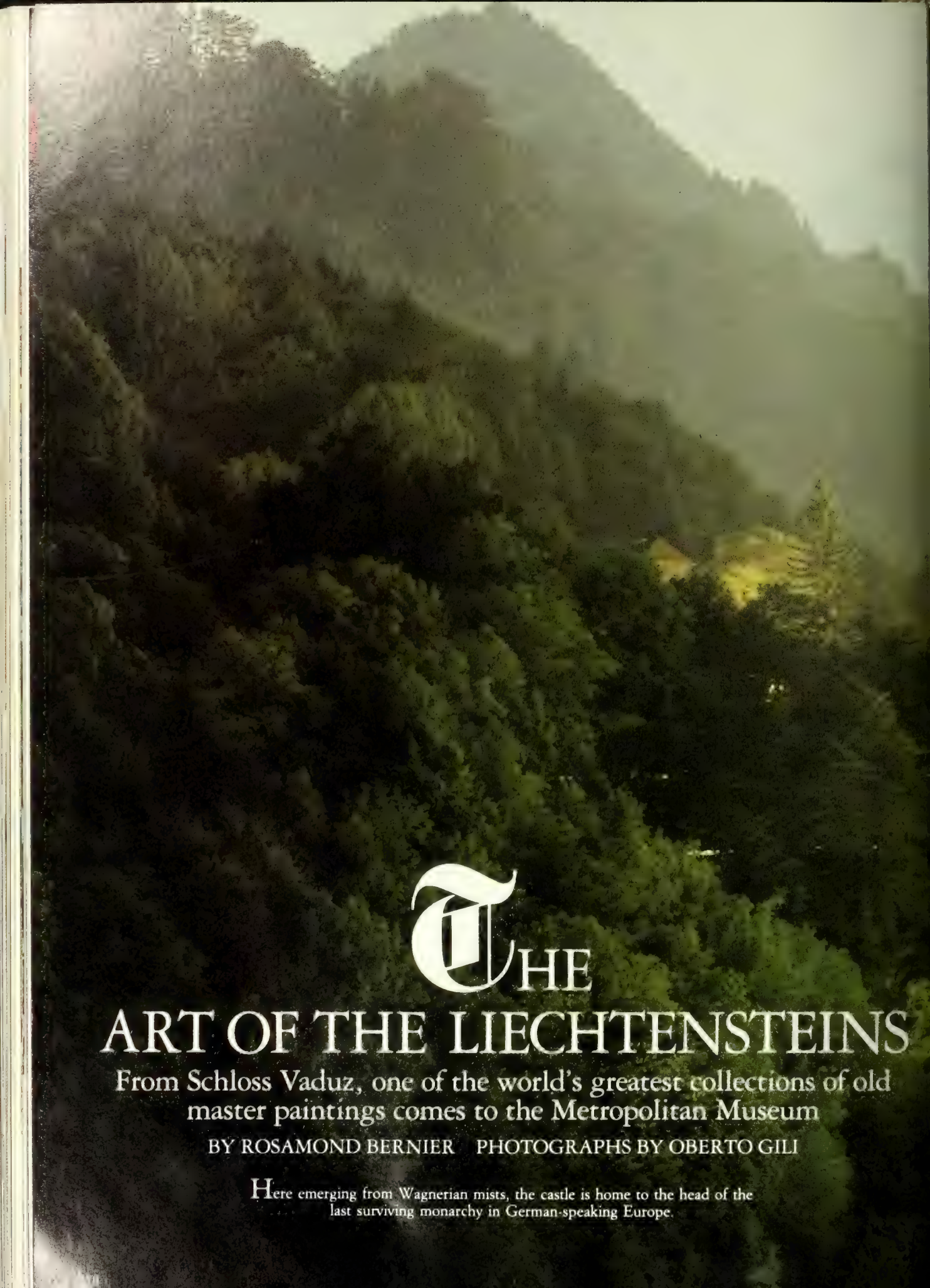
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PANDISCIO

On New York's nightclub scene, there is something (and somewhere) for everyone, from Post-Preppy to Pre-Mutant. The twin stimulants of contemporary night life—perpetual novelty and the aura of exclusivity—were taken to dizzying heights during the seventies by Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager in their Studio 54, the undisputed hit of the Disco Decade. But times quickly change, and the myth must be constantly reinvented if the magic is to hold. A fresh gimmick is always needed, and in the eighties it has become art. The amazing success of Area, the year-old Tribeca club where music and dancing seem ancillary to the elaborate conceptual- and performance-art productions, has marked a major turning point in the nightclub experience.

In plotting their reentry into the nightclub wars, Schrager and Rubell decided to attack on a bigger and more spectacular scale than anyone had before, including themselves. Acting as "conceptual consultants" on their new project because of their past legal problems, they selected the Palladium (a former opera house and movie palace that began life in 1926 as the Academy of Music) on Manhattan's East 14th Street, *(Text continued on page 262)*



Isozaki's three-story-high grid surrounding the dance floor, *above*, is topped by a towering triumphal arch, *left*, beneath the Palladium's original gilded dome. *Top:* The lobby is a cool prelude to the richness within.



THE ART OF THE LIECHTENSTEINS

From Schloss Vaduz, one of the world's greatest collections of old master paintings comes to the Metropolitan Museum

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Here emerging from Wagnerian mists, the castle is home to the head of the last surviving monarchy in German-speaking Europe.





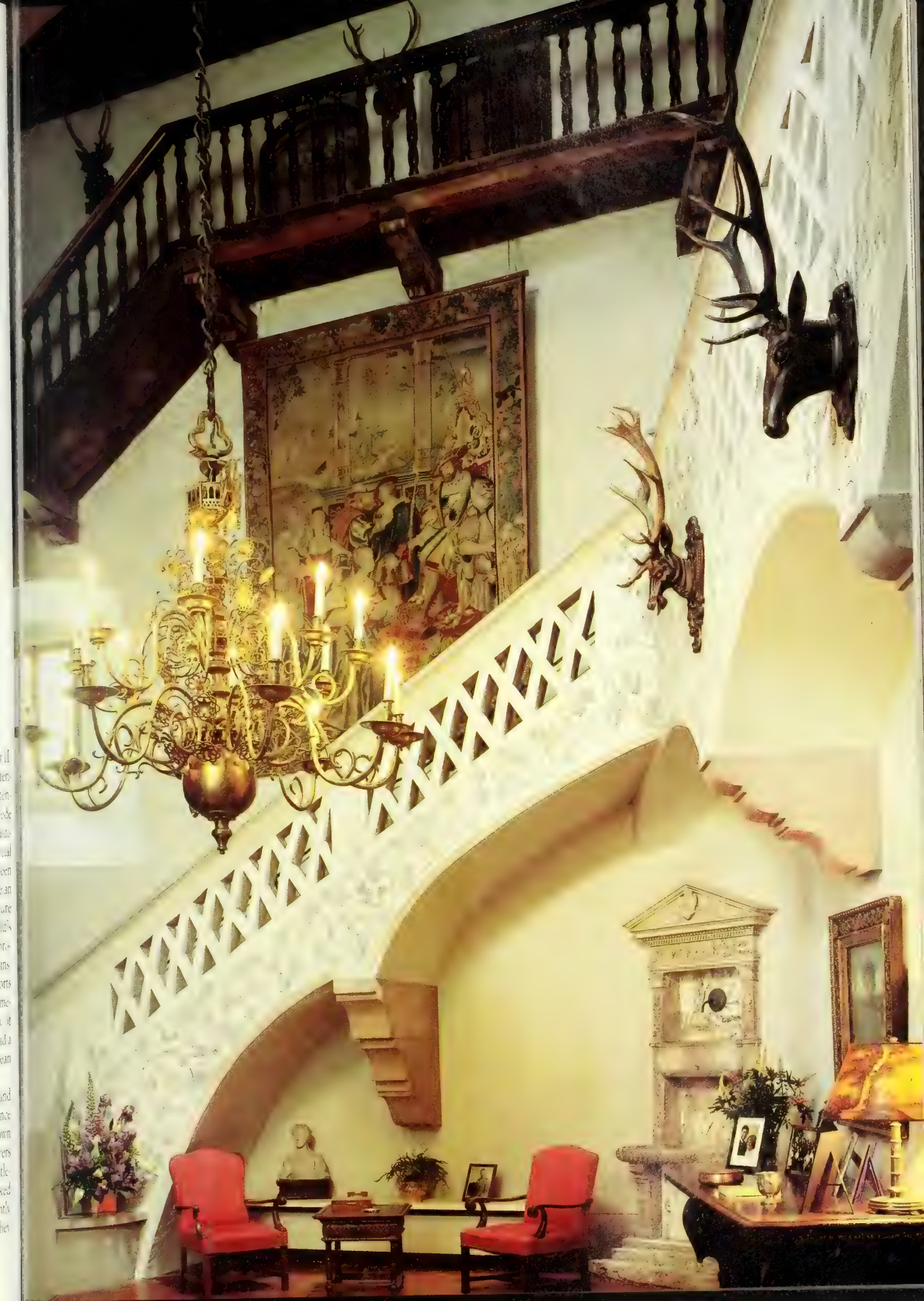
Access to the castle is across a covered wooden drawbridge. *above.* The former moat is now a colorful Japanese garden. *Opposite:* In the reception hall, known as the Staircase Hall, stag heads and rustic frescoes—arabesques of vines interspersed with small animals—recall the country setting of the castle. Venetian Renaissance marble fountain; splendid Mosan chandelier.

Seen from far away, niched high in the air on a precipitous mountainside above the river Rhine, midway between Switzerland and Austria, Schloss Vaduz looks what it is—a phantom from a chivalric past. It dates, in fact, from the time when a big country house in central Europe often had to function also as fortress, arsenal, barracks, year-round lookout post, and sanctuary for family members who were driven this way and that by wars that seemed to go on forever.

Schloss Vaduz has been all these things, but today it is the official residence of the head of the last surviving monarchy in German-speaking Europe and the repository of a great ancestral collection that is soon to be on show at the Metropolitan Museum. With its drawbridge, its deep moat, its cobbled inner courtyard, and its monumental towers, it is the very image of a feudal past. But where modern technology is concerned, it is as well equipped for the preservation and conservation of great works of art as any American museum. It is, moreover, a family house in which three generations have lived side by side and motor scooters, with their related helmets and breastplates, keep company with the parade armor and the spectacular weaponry of earlier days. Nowhere in Europe do the centuries merge more easily.

The little town of Vaduz, below the castle, has undergone astonishing changes since the end of World War II, when it had a dusty, run-down, unvisited look. Liechtenstein today—thanks primarily to the Prince of Liechtenstein Foundation, directed by a brilliant young Swede called Christian Norgren, who works with the Hereditary Prince, Hans Adam—is an international financial center with a very high standard of living. It has also been resourcefully industrialized. What once seemed to be an anachronistic little place for which no visible future could be conceived is now (among much else) the world's largest exporter of dentures as well as a substantial producer of everything from machine tools to sausage skins. Any country, large or small, that can increase its exports eleven times over in twenty years has to be doing something right. (Vaduz has still, however, the peculiarity of being the only capital city in Europe that has never had a railroad station. Also, Liechtenstein is the only European country named after its ruling family.)

The family name dates from the twelfth century, and there have been hereditary Princes of Liechtenstein since 1608. They did not, however, live in Vaduz. Known throughout German-speaking Europe for their powers of diplomacy, their formidable capacities on the battlefield, and the skill and pertinacity with which they looked after their interests (such was their wealth they frequently lent money to the Austria-Hungarian emperors), they







A Hyacinthe Rigaud portrait of Prince Joseph Wenzel of Liechtenstein wearing the grand robes of the order of the Golden Fleece greets visitors by the front door of the castle; the portrait will also greet visitors entering the Liechtenstein treasures exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. Wenzel himself was a major art collector as well as an outstanding figure in European military history.



The most exemplary cannon in the Liechtenstein collection, *opposite,* guards the first of two courtyards leading to the castle. The cannon was ordered by Joseph Wenzel, called "the father of Austrian artillery," for Empress Maria Theresa of Austria and carries both families' coats of arms embossed on its barrel, symbolizing the close ties between the two. *Above:* The cannon's Habsburg coat of arms.

were much in demand at court. Fortunate was the ruler of no matter how large a kingdom who could count on their services, and with time they acquired castles, palaces, country houses, and huge quantities of land (several hundred square miles, by one count) all over what eventually became Austria-Hungary, together with two beautiful town palaces in Vienna. (At one time, the number of people who lived on Liechtenstein property was estimated at around one and one half million.)

They collected on the grandest scale, though always in a personal, unregimented way, and they were habitually and by right at the center of great events. The Emperor Rudolph II chose a future Prince of Liechtenstein to be head of his Secret Council. Napoleon would rather deal with the Prince of Liechtenstein of the day than with any other Austrian. As recently as 1896, a Prince of Liechtenstein served as High Steward to the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary, who stood godfather to the present Reigning Prince in 1906. Given the family's unexcelled position at the Imperial Court, they would have been crazy to make their headquarters in a dumpy little castle at the edge of nowhere.

Three times all this came to an end. Nineteen-eighteen saw the end of the Austro-Hungarian empire. Nineteen-thirty-eight saw Austria annexed by Hitler. Nineteen-forty-five saw more than 85 percent of the family holdings expropriated (most of it was in Czechoslovakia). All that remained, besides the Vienna palaces, was the 64 square miles—much of it bare mountainside—of Liechtenstein itself, together with the town of Vaduz and its castle. That Liechtenstein was still an independent state owed in large part to the present Reigning Prince, Franz Josef II, who as a young man in 1938 had had a long interview with Adolf Hitler, making it clear that his country would remain neutral and retain the sovereign-state status it had had since 1805, when Napoleon organized the Confederation of the Rhine.

That cannot have been the easiest of interviews, but it was a decisive moment for the future of Liechtenstein. Today in his late seventies, Prince Franz Josef II impresses as a man of wisdom and a man of peace. With Princess Gina, his beautiful wife of more than forty years, he spends much of his time in an isolated chalet high above the Schloss Vaduz, among meadows that turn into millefleurs tapestries of wildflowers in early summer, and within hearing of a herd of cows, each one of which wears a bell with a slightly different timbre.

There is nothing formal or pretentious in the life they lead there. Walking in the forest, easily conversant with the name and species of every tree, he reverts to his early days as a qualified forestry engineer. Walking straight up the mountainside at points where others are happy to zig and to zag, he is clearly in remarkable shape for his age. Bandying attributions with historians of old master paintings, he reveals himself as an old-style connoisseur who knows every picture in the collection and has his own opinions about them. Now that Prince Franz Joseph has passed his administrative powers to his eldest son Prince Hans Adam—who was born in 1945, was married in 1967 to the former Countess Marie Aglae Kinsky, and has four school-age children—he and Princess Gina lead a quiet life between Vaduz and Vienna.

The peace and the prosperity that now mark Liechtenstein did not come ready-made. Princess Gina first came to Vaduz on the day before her marriage, in 1943, straight from the farm in Austria on which she had been working



Two views of the Staircase Hall show the Flemish master Quentin Massys's *Portrait of a Canon,* a recently restored star of the painting collection, and part of the Brussels tapestry Apollo and Daphne series, circa 1520. Many elements of this room date from the 15th century. The rugged stones were once an exterior wall.



In one of a series of vaulted rooms off the main courtyard, *above,* 17th- and 18th-century cannons keep company with royal bicycles. Such is the juxtaposition of old and new, martial and casual that exists throughout the Schloss Vaduz. *Opposite:* Prince Franz Josef II von und zu Liechtenstein and Princess Gina deep in the dazzle of alpine wildflowers outside the chalet they built above Schloss Vaduz.

to escape forced labor in a munitions factory. ("I had never been on a farm before but I learned to milk five cows twice a day," she says proudly.) The war was beginning to turn against Germany. The Schloss was uninhabitable. It came to be foreseen that tribulations of an unknown but certainly terrible kind would come the way of those who lived on Liechtenstein's ancestral properties. And, sure enough, within two years homeless people by the hundreds arrived in Vaduz to be fed, clothed, protected, and given hope for the future. It was in the process of dealing with this, and of identifying themselves completely with their subjects, that Prince Franz Josef and Princess Gina came to be loved to a degree that few heads of state can rival. (Princess Gina's success in that matter was instantaneous. When she was still only 21 she heard one old crone point her out to another in the streets of Vaduz and say, "There goes our mother.")

Meanwhile Schloss Vaduz (which, by the way, is not open to the public) was gradually got into habitable shape. In the early months of 1945 the family art collections were brought out of Vienna in circumstances of stealth and great danger. In a Europe still not convalescent it was no easy task to convert the Schloss from a place in which almost nobody had ever lived to a place in which almost everybody could live. But, bit by bit, it was done. It was done, moreover, without disturbing certain vibrations from the past.

Of course the martial aspect of Schloss Vaduz has been downplayed in recent years. The wooden drawbridge can still function (monumental chains attest to that). The stout gates can still swing shut to keep out an intruder, and the security system makes the Schloss one of the best places in Europe in which to stay clear of prying eyes. (Prince Charles and Princess Diana are among those who value it highly, for that and other reasons.) What was once a deep moat *(Text continued on page 230).*



(Continued from page 228) has been turned, however, into a terraced garden with Japanese overtones. Stone steps and a path curve through clumps of lilies, columbine, and irises, and there are flowering shrubs—pink weigelias, azaleas, rhododendrons, decorative maples, and dwarf evergreens. All thoughts of war are banished here, just as they are in the walled garden that has been converted into a combination football pitch and outdoor gymnasium for the upcoming generations of Liechtensteins.

Once the visitor has got safely across the covered wooden bridge and has been vetted by the electronic Cerberus who guards the castle, he finds himself in a courtyard resembling a miniature hilltown, with external staircases leading this way and that and Cyclopean stone walls played off against stucco brickwork. There are balconies, windowed aeries roofed with colored tiles, a wellhead, and a wonderfully, just manageably irregular floor beneath our feet. Dogs, bicycles, boots, and one or two stylish little automobiles catch the eye. We could be in the Middle Ages, but there is also the subliminal purr of an electric elevator and, inside one of the great fat towers, a steep staircase—worthy of the dungeon scene in Beethoven's *Fidelio*—leading down to the super-modern storage space that has been built for the great collections.

It is relevant to those collections that the Liechtensteins were not only independent-minded collectors of paintings, sculptures, magnificent firearms, and objects of art. They were great warriors as well. Redoubtable in the field, they also had the knack of choosing the right side when one faction was pitted against another. They began soldiering early in life and they went on late. In particular, they were fascinated by the development of artillery. Prince Joseph Wenzel of Liechtenstein (1696–1772—his portrait is on page 222) was decorated for gallantry by Prince Eugene of Savoy when he was only 21, and when he died at 76 he was not only a field marshal and the former commander in chief of the Austrian armies in northern Italy but the inventor and perfector of a form of artillery that



Princess Marie von und zu Liechtenstein, wife of Prince Hans Adam.

was to hold its place as the standard design for most European armies for the next hundred years.

Knowing this, we look more closely at Schloss Vaduz, and in particular at the superb cannon that lies in our path. What might be simply a beguiling souvenir of days long past is the very thing that made the name of Liechtenstein known throughout Europe. (Frederick the Great of Prussia, no mean judge in such matters, said after he had been defeated at the battle of Kolin in 1757 that "the Austrian artillery is outstanding. It does honor to Liechtenstein.") The particular cannon that greets us in Schloss Vaduz is prized all the more because it was ordered by Prince Joseph Wenzel of Liechtenstein for Empress Maria Theresa of Austria—it bears both their coats of arms—thereby symbolizing the closeness of the ties between the two and the quality of the service rendered to the court.

So far from "a picture gallery," as was customary in great central European houses, Schloss Vaduz until quite lately was not suited to have pictures at all. Until the restoration was begun in 1905, the high-ceilinged staircase room that is the most spectacular f ture of the castle was not a room at but an open courtyard. (Before Liechtenstein army was disbanded the 1860s, the castle was used as a g rison.) The Liechtensteins' Garc Palace in Vienna was the place to pictures, and to this day relatively f of the great paintings in the collect are hung in the castle. Prince Franz sef arranged that a selection from paintings should be on view to the pu lic in a temporary museum down in town, including the great series of R bens on the theme of a Roman he Decius Mus (which will be seen at Metropolitan Museum). Plans afoot for a new museum that, it hoped, will be built in the town wh the collections return from New Yo

To be in and out of Schloss Vad last summer, when the collection being packed and dispatched to N York, was a fascinating and contrad tory experience. There were mome of seraphic enjoyment, as when Pr cess Gina was mushrooming in the f est, or when she caught a trout a forthwith skinned it, cleaned it, a cooked it. There were children comi home from the local public scho There were golden retrievers wi nothing to retrieve. There was in courtyard a ministerial atmosphe with men with briefcases coming a going on business with Prince Ha Adam. There were the builders a decorators, busy with Princess Mari new installations. The apple-cheek young curator of the collections, Reinhold Baumstark, was burning the telephone line to the Metropolit Museum. And the great works of a which had traveled the length of Au tria under such appalling conditions 1945, were packed and made ready travel by Swissair (thirteen planeloa in cases that were themselves almo works of art. The ancient, sturdy, we weathered Schloss Vaduz can nev have been more alive. □

The exhibition "Liechtenstein: T Princely Collections" will be at T Metropolitan Museum of Art from O tober 26, 1985, through May 1, 1986

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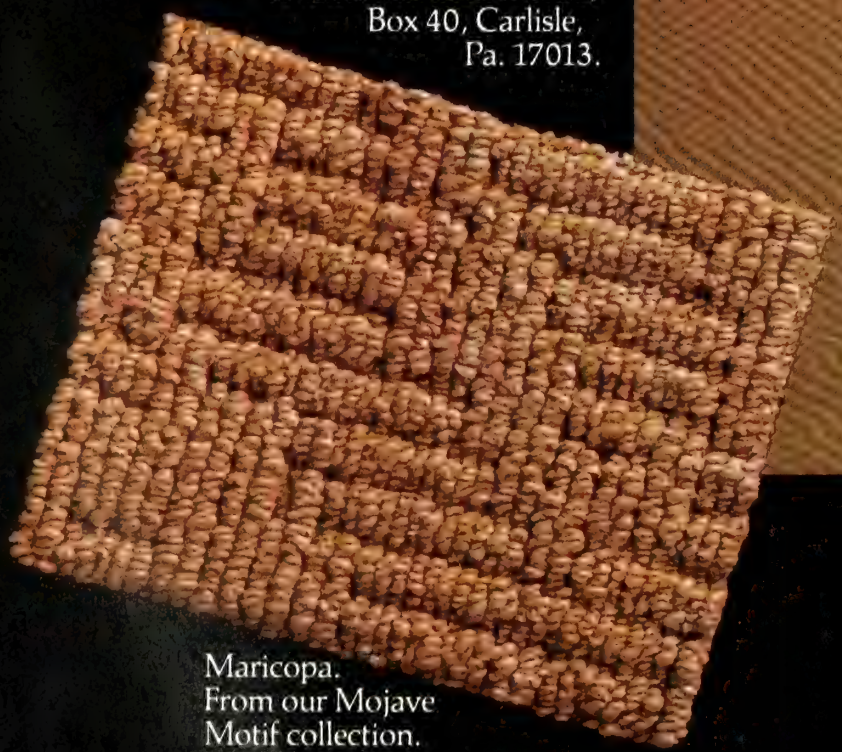
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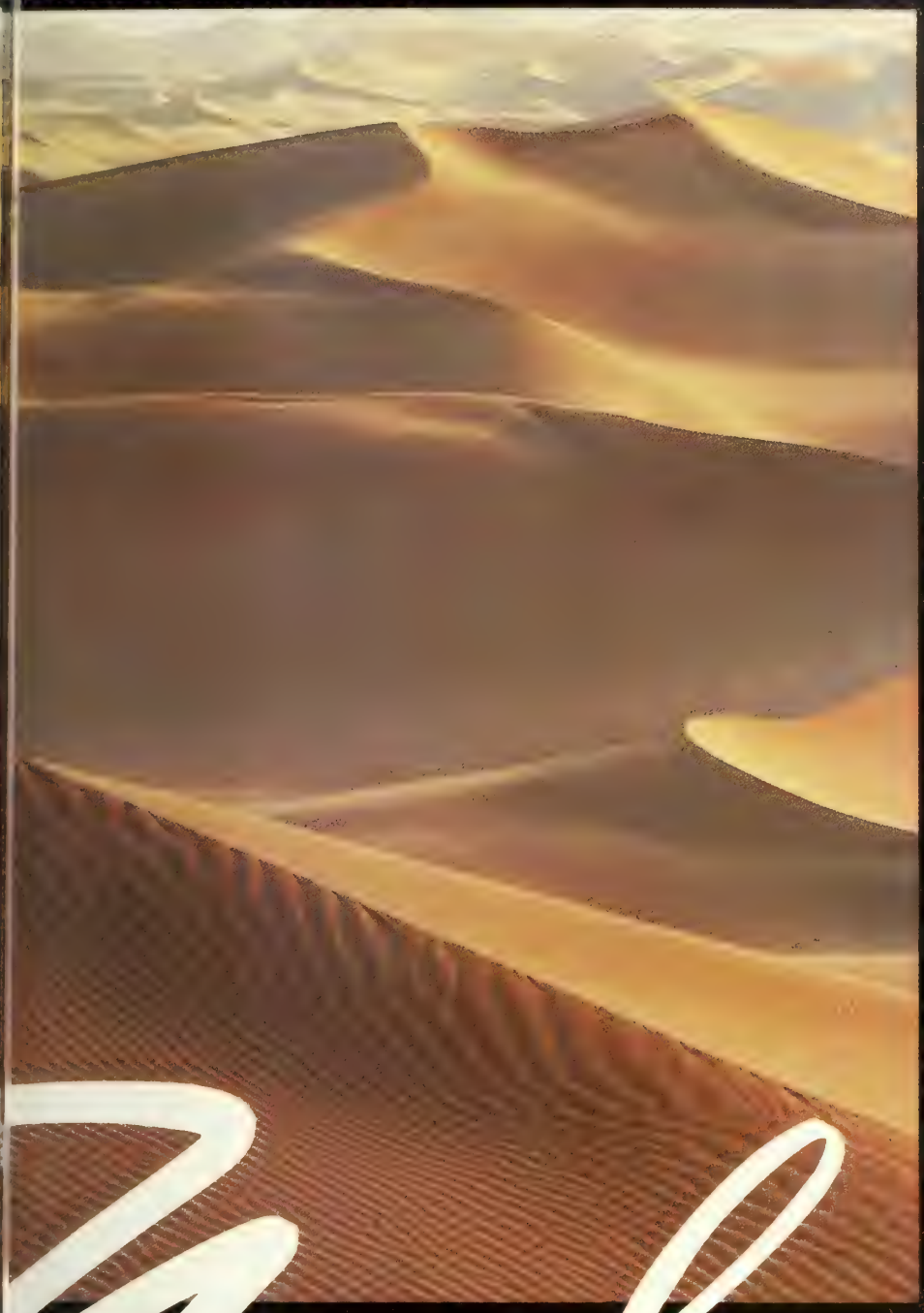
Some i

The wind's fingerprints in the sand. A fence against the snow. The whorls in a seashell. The veins in a leaf: the real and imagined sources of our patterns, colors, designs and textures are endless and all around us. For example, our latest effort. Maricopa. It's one of a trio of carpets in our Mojave Motif collection. An attempt to capture the feeling of the American Southwest. A handcrafted look. Textured, tough. In seven berber colors: natural earthtones, cactus and gravel. And rugged. Made of solution-dyed Marquésa® Lana. Which means it's colorfast, it resists staining and has a good heavy "hand." Some of our ideas blow in from nowhere. In this case, the desert. Maricopa is available at fine stores or through your interior designer. Or write to C.H. Masland & Sons, Box 40, Carlisle, Pa. 17013.



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e out of nowhere.



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(Continued from page 191) childhood rebelliousness: how she would not eat pasta, how she would redden with embarrassment when my grandfather sang Italian folk songs at family celebrations.

Even then she was "fussy," they all say; even then she loved flowers, pretty things, and especially antiques. Not Italian antiques, of course; as a teenager rummaging through junk shops, her taste ran to Early American furniture, and later, to English. At eighteen she met my father, Dennis Stanfill, whose background couldn't have been more antithetical to hers: a Tennessean whose family had been here for centuries, and whose ancestors had fought for the Confederacy during the Civil War. They met when he was at Annapolis, on the eve of his departure for England as a Rhodes Scholar.

Married in Switzerland during his second year at Oxford, they later set up house in a half-timbered seventeenth-century cottage called the Old Manor (and where, after my birth at Oxford, I spent my first year of life). My mother prowled the shops on the High Street, attended lectures, read a great deal, and collected her first furniture, which was mostly Chippendale and Hepplewhite.

I have often wondered when the turnaround in my mother's attitudes began. I suspect it occurred about the time of her first glimpse of Europe, and especially of Italy. I suspect, too, that it was influenced by my father: like so many of northern stock (his being originally English, Scottish, Irish), he had a fascination for the Mediterranean, and his delight in everything Italian must have at once horrified, and perplexed, and jolted my mother. (The pasta she wouldn't eat, for example, he adored; the earthy Italian specialties of my grandmother became his favorite food.) It was with him, in the fifties, that she first visited her father's birthplace on the Gargano peninsula, a town called Vieste on the Adriatic, once a setting-out point for crusaders and an ancient Norman stronghold; she discovered that her ancestors were Normans who came with the conqueror Robert Guiscard in the eleventh century—which no doubt sparked her longtime fascination for the Norman conquest of southern Italy, a country she now saw as highly romantic and rooted in history.



Sicilian partially gilt neoclassical chairs in the living room.

Still, she kept the English furniture she'd bought in Oxford. It filled the first home I remember clearly—our apartment in Peter Cooper Village in New York in the early sixties, where we lived when my father, after leaving the Navy, was starting out as an investment banker with Lehman Brothers. We hadn't much to spend then, but our apartment was always pretty; my mother had—still has—a kind of Diana Phippsian sense of instant décor and could work wonders with fabric and odd and charming bits of junk. (Even today, despite her immersion in connoisseurship, she is still drawn to Charming Junk. My nineteenth-century country house on Long Island has been the happy recipient of much of it.)

Then, in 1965, we moved to California, to a pretty, light-filled house with a rather European, pavilion feeling; it reminded my mother of photographs she'd seen of Edith Wharton's house, Pavillon Colombe, outside of Paris. Again, the Hepplewhite table, the Chippendale chairs, and the Queen Anne side tables traveled with us. . . . But as it turns out, their days were numbered.

It wasn't merely that the English furniture, with its dark patina, didn't suit a house of such airiness and light: my mother's eye, as always, was rest
She had been greatly influenced by
friend and first mentor, the late E
beth Curtis—an antiques dealer w
keen eye, a shop with a salonlike at
sphere, and—like my mother—an
session with beauty.

And then Italy, especially Ver
beckoned.

During the late sixties we had be
to spend most of our summers in
rope. While my friends hung aro
the beach, went to camp, and pla
tennis, my sister Michaela and I w
touring damp cathedrals, following
path of the Normans in southern I
eating replicas of crusader fare in
camadour, and visiting a host of loc
tombs (Juliet's, Eleanor of Aquitai
those of assorted Etruscan kin
When both my parents accompan
us, the holidays tended to follow
cise itineraries (my father, unlike
mother, is quite methodical). M
would be regular, car trips preci
timed. At some point he would usu
leave us to return to his work, and
trips would continue in a considera
more Auntie Mame–ish vein—but
ways with a cerebral twist, and alw
with forays to antiques shops. I rem
ber the antiquaires in Dublin, and
rue Bonaparte, and sitting wide-e
at the edge of a velvet-lined table
sale of imperial Chinese porcelain
London, while my mother tremulo
ly—and successfully—bid against
eral haughty dealers.

Our pilgrimage to the Brontë fa
home in Yorkshire was typical of th
journeys: after venturing from
rather seedy inn to visit the parson
museum and roam the moors, we
gan the rounds of the antiques sho
marching up and down the steep m
street of Haworth, its buildings
blackened by the soot of the Indust
Revolution, as my mother ponde
the purchase of a famille rose teapo

After 1969, we increasingly forsc
France and England for Venice, itse
city of dichotomies, dazzling and
centric. My mother had become ena
ored of everything Venetian—
history and art, the lore of Isabe
Stewart Gardner. Anna Maria Cicog
became her close friend and guide,



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couraging her involvement with the Save Venice Committee. (Five years ago my mother was made a Commendatore of the Italian Republic for her work in the restoration of the Church of San Pietro di Castello, the former cathedral of Venice.)

And so began our rounds of sightseeing in Venice. Memories of the Palazzo Labia, where we gazed at the splendid Tiepolo frescoes; of the marvelous, odd Fortuny museum; of the Accademia, with its Byzantine treasures and Vivarinis. With her typical obsessiveness, my mother looked and learned and studied, continuing to do so after we returned to Los Angeles. (Curiously, almost none of her Italian furniture was bought in Italy. Most of it was found at auction in this country, and at shops such as Loewi-Robertson in Los Angeles.)

Finally two events occurred that were to clinch the Italianization of our house. The first was in the mid seventies. During a dinner given by my mother for the Greek actress Irene Papas, the pedestal of the Hepplewhite dining table split in half, sending everything on it crashing to the floor. (Knowing my mother's utter perfectionism, especially in regard to entertaining, I can only imagine the trauma of this episode.) Actually, she was amazingly cool about it, afterward calling me to announce, "It's as if the Delphic Oracle has spoken—the English furniture must go." Not much later, she sold most of it.

Then, in July 1979—my father was then at 20th Century–Fox—a fire completely destroyed the second story of the house and seriously damaged most of the ground floor. I will never forget arriving there the next day. What had been my bedroom was an empty shell, the remains of my books and possessions disgorged onto the front lawn, along with mounds of ashes and charred heaps of paper. I remember picking up the remains of a book: it was Hemingway— ironically, *To Have and Have Not.*

I thought the fire might totally unhinge my mother; I thought she might never recover from seeing so much of what she'd lovingly collected destroyed. But both my parents are very strong, and both are survivors, and they set about quickly to rebuild the house. And my mother began to co again.

A friend helped her, someone became something of a second m as well: John Lincoln, a gifted a who has a stringent, meticulous and an instinct for the unusual an fine. They worked together to re-c the house as you see it now. The p was never to "decorate" it, but to ate a beautifully finished shell w my mother's things—the elegant c tracked down at auction, the stu dous eighteenth-century Neapo screen, the Venetian painting would be set off to their best ad tage. It was John Lincoln's philos that everything should move e from room to room, that the ob should speak. His approach, like mother's, was at once intellectual sensual.

The fire changed my mother's tude toward her things. Later, mu about it, she said to me, "I realized little they mattered—and how m more there was to buy!"

When I visit the house today, th saster of that summer of 1979 seem credible—a nightmare that migh might not ever have occurred. W the help of Victor Lang, the exube and creative Swiss-born expert now oversees the garden, the out has been perfected, the lemon trees cently planted in front are laden fruit, and the rose garden—my fath special love—is flourishing. (The side tends to be my father's domain leaves all matters of furniture and cor to my mother, disappearing his study like some bemused father of Jane Austen to let her ponder the lemmas of the interior.)

You may wonder—I certainly d whether the house will remain as see it here. I doubt it. My mother cently returned from a trip to Gre and southern Italy, visiting Vie again, this time with my young brot Dennis. It is a journey that has satisf her craving for the Mediterranean, says; how well she feels with the and the sun, and when she eats o pasta, salad, fish! She speaks wit new fervor about Apulian antiquitie

"No more furniture," she vows, wide blue eyes intent.

We shall see. □

Editor: Eleanore Phill

DESIGNING THE MERICAN DREAM

tinued from page 200) the road to ernism. "Though advocates of ernism insisted that there was a :al unity of function and style," hard tells us, "the public knew :r." And he cites the Berkeley ar-:ct Walter T. Steilberg's remark it the 1930 Decorative Arts Exhi-n in San Francisco: "There is but chair in this show from which an -bodied man can escape unaided," terion that has rarely been applied good design" shows at any time. ıer McCoy deals with the not-lly-rational proclivities of what she the "rationalist period." Of the ıes molded plywood chair of 3–45 she says, "It is not as comfort-as the Morris chair, but Americans have a low tolerance for pure com-." This seems unlikely. Rather, :ricans have a high tolerance for ained discomfort if tastemakers tell ı it is a good design.

'ealing with the thirties obsession "the world of tomorrow," Rose-ie Haag Bletter points up the con-liction between the image of ınological progress—e.g., the amlining of objects whether they 'ed or not—and the innate resis-:e of Americans to the logical impli-ons of technology in our lives. ere was something about the con-t of a mass-produced house that tured the public imagination, even ost people did not want to live in ." There was, she discovers, a gap veen what we were eager to buy



ver vase with polychrome enamel inlay, 'iffany & Co., New York, circa 1900.



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and what we were willing to live with. "While industrial design displayed modernity like a peacock, residential design, even in the futuristic setting of the [1939 New York World's] Fair, remained conservative." Bletter introduces the category "Biomorphic Moderne" for the soft, asymmetrical, and calculatedly unmachinelike forms that became, in the fifties, kidney-shaped tables and swimming pools, and chairs with components sculpted to accept the imprecise curves of the body. But the compound curves of Fredrick Kiesler's twin fitted aluminum tables of 1938 and the Eames's molded chairs (not unlike some of Ray Eames's earlier sculpture at Cranbrook) cannot be understood simplistically, and Bletter cautions that neither the negative reaction to machines nor the positive influence of Surrealism necessarily explains the directions individual designers took. Charles Eames, for all the compound curves, was the least surrealistic of designers, and Bletter points out that even as rationally based a product as Peter Schlumbohm's 1941 Chemex glass coffee maker could be classed as either streamlined or biomorphic.

Robert Frost once wrote a poem beginning with the line, "I advocate a semi-revolution." Martin Filler suggests that a semi-revolution was really what we got in the sixties, pointing out that the ". . . almost religious belief in remaining true to the inherent properties of materials was a basic tenet not only of the late nineteenth-century Arts and Crafts Movement, but also of modernism, which by the 1960s had come to be seen as the diametric opposite." Filler, to a greater extent than any of his coauthors, explores the design of the workplace and its furnishings. "It has long been a mysterious irony," he observes, "that the seats Americans occupy more often than any others—in their cars and at their desks—have been by far the most poorly designed for efficiency, comfort, and health."

Filler relates the design of the sixties to the complex social forces that dominated it, calling it a "decade and a half when tranquility, torment, and a re-



Chrome-plated water pitcher for the S.S. *Normandie* by Peter Müller-Munk, circa 1937, by Revere Copper and Brass Co.

turn to tradition followed in rapid succession." He uses Charles Pfister's "elegantly subdued" tables of 1975 to illustrate that "the feverish visions of a society wracked by conflict were supplanted by designs that sought to give comfort from those harsh realities rather than exacerbate them."

The decade from 1975 to the present is covered in the catalogue by the exhibition's director, Lisa Phillips. The disparity between the catalogue text and exhibition content is less pronouced here, for Ms. Phillips is concerned chiefly with artists and architects who have designed products that are presumably neither art nor architecture, although it is hard to see why a chair meant to be shown rather than sat in isn't art by intention, if not by result. Not that she is oblivious to other developments. "Since the mid-1970s," she writes, "design activity has shifted into high gear, with explosive developments occurring in every area, from contract furnishings, industrial objects, and electronic equipment, to ornamental objects for the home." One might quarrel with her dramatic view of the timing, but certainly there have been some important developments in those areas during the past decade.

Inevitably "High Styles" will be compared to "Design Since 1945," held two years ago at the Philadel Museum of Art. That show was far rower historically, covering only decades. It was also broader geogr ically, for, unlike the Whitney, Philadelphia Museum is not limit American work. "High Styles" is scribed by the Whitney as "the comprehensive survey of 20th-cen design in this country," inviting questions as these: If these are the facts most worth preserving and ex iting in a comprehensive survey, kind of society do they describe? W sort of life was lived here and what of people lived it? If our values re to some extent in things, what are values that produced such things what we design and make is an inde what we do with our time, to w time-consuming activities does thi dex refer us? Well, according to th idence here, we sit a lot. There more than fifty chairs in the exhibit We are voracious consumers of flowers: there are fourteen vases. eat elegantly—there is an abunda of flatware and dinnerware—eve we don't cook much.

But comprehensiveness in a de show is not only too much to ask fo is the wrong thing to ask for. You not include everything. You can even *get* everything. One of the iro of a show such as this is that the m difficult objects to acquire are not most exotic but the most pedestr We do not expect mass-produced pliances to become collector's ite Rosemarie Haag Bletter couldn't Montgomery Ward to lend its 1 vacuum cleaner by Walter Dor Teague. Esther McCoy couldn't the 1958 General Electric refriger mentioned earlier. I called my fathe

"How would you like to lend old refrigerator to an art museum asked him. "You could have a cre 'Collection of Louis Caplan,' just the Rockefellers."

"No," he said. "I'm using it."

"But it hasn't worked since the ond Eisenhower administration."

"I know, but we store things in Paper towels, cereal, things like t Nothing heavy. I worry about its fall down." □

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(Continued from page 169) in Kyoto under Tansai Sano. As Engel tells of the latter adventure, he had studied Japanese and did government work in the Far East on his way to becoming a diplomat but instead gave in to Japanese aesthetics and his own interest in horticulture. In working with Sano, he would follow him around on visits to clients and watch closely as the two of them would, say, set rocks together, and then he would write monthly reports. At some point, he says, the illumination occurred, and he grasped the principles of Japanese garden design, based primarily on one's own sensitivity, imagination, and patience. He soon set down his vast knowledge on the subject into what has become a classic text in the field, *Japanese Gardens For Today* (Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc.), in which he outlines the fundamental characteristics as "naturalness, asymmetry, and a drawing together of natural and architectural forms into a unified, harmonious composition."

In restructuring the Rockefeller estate's Japanese stroll garden, which is in a similar climatic zone to Kyoto, he made it an adventurous series of individual spaces, each a different sensory experience with rock formations and traditional plantings set in a manner that made them evocative of larger landscapes. From a deep gorge and a waterfall, water poured down a stream bed, itself a mosaic of small pebbles and stepping stones raised above water level. Nothing else like it probably exists outside of Kyoto.



Living room with tokonoma in far corner

In this peaceful setting, at the e of a pond, a new teahouse was b based on the simpler *Sukiya* style, t place one that was akin to a formal t ple. Again, the architect for t structure, which was prefabricate Japan, was Junzo Yoshimura, work in association with New York archi G. Gentoku Shimamoto, then a p ner in The Gruzen Partnership. In was a tea ceremony room with a to noma, the alcove where precious jects of the owner, or of a tea mas are ceremoniously arranged. The sh screen exterior walls opened to all pects of the garden.

The beauty of what was to com that these same men, Junzo Yos mura, again working in associat with G. Gentoku Shimamoto of G zen, and David H. Engel, now a p ner in the landscape architectural f of Engel/GGP, could translate th traditional Japanese features to perf tion into a livable American dome setting a decade later, for that is w they did in designing Nelson Rocke ler's house and grounds from 1972 1974.

Shimamoto remembers the day, e ly in the project, when they calcula the elevation of the house overlook the Hudson River and across to Palisades. "A forklift was brought and stabilized on planks at the cer of the site, then Junzo and I got on a were raised up to the level where had the optimum view of the Huds This then became the height of the s ond-floor veranda." And the view the broad river and rolling hills see in perfect proportion to the near la scaping, the thickly treed hillside t falls gradually away from the low st co wall that surrounds the house a frames the garden. One has the pl sure of privacy and repose within enclosure, and yet, as Mr. Engel sta "the imagination takes flight in gaz at a far horizon."

Coped with charcoal-colored Ja nese tiles, the garden wall is painte parchment tone, and the dwarf co fers planted along portions of the w are shaped in undulating forms t give the impression of a mountain landscape painted on a long Japan scroll, a reflection of the vista acr



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river. The cypress here is pruned in traditional way of cutting out entire ions here and there to give more minence to the forms of individual nches. The gardener, Joseph mbrosio, remembers an afternoon n he and The Governor were walk- through the garden and overhead e were great puffy white clouds of ous shapes with blue sky showing ough the holes. The Governor ked up at the clouds and said, "Joe, 's the way I want the trees to look." d they do.

Upon entering the garden through a ak in the wall, one almost floats vn an incline of shallow stone steps l granite cube pavers under the hed branches of several multi- nked shadblow trees. The twisted nks make a strong linear design, and azaleas that line the steps are nded almost like boulders. Al- ugh the entire length of this garden nly 150 feet, each segment provides esh experience. After a stretch of n, the path picks up with a series of pping stones that sets a certain thm to the pace and encourages one top in place on one stone at a time appreciate a particular angle of the den. Immense rocks with unusually ggy configurations have been set o the hillside to create a gorge for a all waterfall.

The lawn opens up, giving way grad- ly to individual square granite slabs first individually in the grass, then a more side by side as a passage to solid granite terrace around the imming pool, which is painted black reflect the sky. On one side of the ol, a sloping embankment planted h cotoneaster leads up to the house d another terrace around the perim- r of the house. Here beds of whitish vel are raked weekly into straight lges that give the image of water aking on a shoreline. Framing these ds are narrow troughs of black nded water-washed pebbles. Be- nd the swimming pool below, a Jap- ese Zelkova tree punctuates the far d of the garden, and the stairway ding away is guarded by two cut-leaf ple trees—one green, the other red, ways asymmetrical. The laciness of leaves recalls the airiness of the en- nce. In spring, the garden is white th azalea and shadblow blossoms; in tumn, the rich autumnal colors bring a special glow to the landscape. But as David Engel emphasizes, it is the lasting elements like rock, gravel, sand, and evergreen trees and shrubs that are predominant and bring timelessness and the solidity of nature into a garden, while fleeting blossoms and color play the counterpoint.

The entrance courtyard with a tall column of ginkgo trees is on the south side of the house, the most auspicious place to enter a Japanese home. Hanging near the front door from rafter to ground is a double-linked chain called a rain chain, or *ame-kusari* in Japanese, that conducts water from the roof much like a drainpipe. In winter the water freezes on the chains and makes beautiful ice patterns.

In slowly exploring the interior of the house, one is reminded of another Japanese landmark exhibition in New York called "MA, Space/Time in Japan," designed by Arata Isosaki, among others, at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in 1979. The Japanese expression *ma* describes the interval it takes to move from one place to another. One aspect of this is *utsuroi,* or transiency in nature, like the fading light of day or, as explained in the catalogue:

> This view of nature is reflected in architectural space where flat, movable planes, so thin as to be transparent, are placed one in front of another, controlling the transmission of light and lines of vision and producing an ambiguous, indefinite space. In such a space, the flickering of shadows and the transience of shifting planes allude to the changing world of nature. *Ma* is the expectant stillness of the moment attending this kind of change.

That concept creates a lasting impression, especially as one experiences the opening and closing of the shoji screens and the sliding glass walls that form the perimeter walls of the second or main floor of the house as well as the sliding panels that divide the rooms one from another. The transparency

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and openness are what integrate house and garden.

It is no secret that for Nelson Rockefeller not just art but sculpture was the *sine qua non* of life—he was a master of the three-dimensional object and of its placement. He gave to the making of this house his loving attention, for it was really a major piece of sculpture itself. Carpenters and finishers were brought over from Japan with their wooden tools to live on the estate while they worked. Woods were imported from Japan where possible, otherwise very good substitutes were found here. The dynamics made it exciting for everyone involved as they interpreted a Japanese cultural form with the most modern building techniques. The first floor is constructed of reinforced concrete molded in forms of rough grained wood so that it retains the warmth of wood—even the concrete rafters are treated like wooden ones.

Under the second floor is an open area like a porch or terrace, called a pilotis, derived from the term for the individual columns supporting the upper level. It can be sealed from the outside elements by a sliding glass wall and opens up inside to a raised interior garden of mosses and low-growing plants and dwarf pines that form a courtyard to be viewed from the main floor. The pilotis, with a black slate floor, is a cool place for summer lounging and outside dining, and nothing refreshes more there than the sound of the trickling and splashing water that streams over a ledge of a fieldstone wall into a rectangular pool with grasses growing around the edge. Cascading over the wall as well is a blanket of ivy from the upper garden.

The inner hallways of the main floor around the court were designed as a museum space for Mr. Rockefeller's collections of Oriental art. These areas change seasonally as well. In winter, the floors are carpeted with celadon rugs, and the shoji screens insulate from the cold without losing the benefits of diffused light. In summer, the rugs are replaced by straw mats and the screens by blinds that regulate the s light and protect the Japanese scre hanging on the wall. A rim of nar shoji screens forms the cornice of interior walls to let light in from abo

Originally Mr. Rockefeller had tended to display a collection of C nese art and furniture, but the gen appearance and proportions were compatible with the design of house. In seeking a solution for nishing the house, he turned to the signer George Nakashima, w completes the team that gives t house a kind of spiritual unity. Bor Spokane to a family with samurai cestors, Mr. Nakashima, who finish his architectural studies at the Mas chusetts Institute of Technology 1930, worked in Raymond's Tokyo fices at the same time as Junzo Yos mura, and they became great frien He credits Yoshimura with dem strating for him the elegance and po er of simplicity and the delicacy unfinished wood in both time-hono Japanese design and in free, mod concepts. Above all, he learned that "error of a fraction of an inch can m a design fail absolutely."

In 1943, after Nakashima had turned to the United States, he join Raymond who was then in Buc County, Pennsylvania, and eventua set up his own small community th to design furniture. His style is a based on the engineering principles modern structures while using the f est materials available. There is in ad tion a large dollop of time-honor American tradition, particularly in chairs.

After he visited the house and co sulted with Mr. and Mrs. Rockefell Nakashima began by making sketch and eventually designed and manuf tured almost two hundred articles furniture for the house, including bles and chairs, free-form coffee bles, ottomans, cabinets, lamps, a headboards for the beds. The most s gular piece throughout the house is t Conoid chair, named after the stud he constructed for himself in Buc County with an arching roof of a do ble-reverse conoid. Used for ten of t Rockefeller dining chairs, the Cono chair has a cantilevered seat over tw uprights on horizontal runners, whi he rightly conceives are easier to sli across carpet than a four-legged cha



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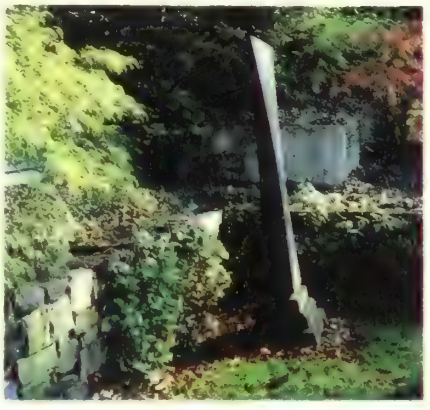
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The hickory-spindled back deliberately resembles early Shaker or Windsor chairs, and it is made on the same principle of insuring a tight fit in the grooves. Most appropriately, on the veranda outside the dining room, Mrs. Rockefeller has placed an old Shaker bench originally from the front hall of her own family's Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse.

The thirteen-foot dining table is made of book-matched boards, a single plank of East Indian laurel split horizontally and opened up side by side like a book to give an almost but not quite perfect mirror image of the graining. In his book, *The Soul of a Tree* (Kodansha International Ltd.), Nakashima writes about a special kinship with the heart of the tree (*kodama*): "It is our deepest respect for the tree which impels us to master the difficult art of joinery, so that we may offer the tree a second life of dignity and strength." This table is a good example of *kodama*.

Also for the dining room he designed a *bahut,* using the French term for this kind of armoire, which serves as a linen press for the tablecloths and napkins. The doors of the *bahut* use a traditional Japanese grille, the most elegant perhaps ever conceived in wood. The design is called *asa-no-ha,* or hemp-leaf pattern; and at the central point of the configuration, twelve pieces of wood converge.



Masayuki Nagare's *Bachi* sculpture in a corner of the rear garden.

In a corner of the living room is the honored alcove, the tokonoma, with an arrangement in celadon porcelain on a raised platform, and a hanging scroll depicting a scene with egrets.

In 1975, with the house fully arranged, every Hokusai and porcelain figure in place, and The Governor having been appointed Vice-President of the United States, the Rockefellers invited, as a kind of pinnacle of the er experience, Their Majesties the E peror and Empress of Japan. leaves must have been turning to cr son and golden hues as in these ph graphs on that early October Sun when they came to call, and the Em or no doubt passed the same scree chrysanthemums and peonies hangs in the entrance hall bef mounting the open stairway to main floor. A photograph of Rockefellers and Their Majesties ting on the couches near the firep fixes that happy moment in the h for all time.

And yet, if one looks closely at north end of the room, there is ano image that situates this house in t In a long glass-topped case, filled drawers for Mr. Rockefeller's col tion of *tsuba,* or sword guards, *inro,* those elaborately decorated s lacquered boxes with *netsuke,* the iature sculpted figures attached by cords, the scene on one *inro* stands from all the rest. In opalescent co under a pale moon, a golden Japa pavilion is nestled into a hillside a the maple trees overlooking a b river. The scene is familiar; it has so for centuries. □

ARUNDEL PARK

(Continued from page 178) huge incomes building Catholic churches, schools, orphanages, almshouses, hospitals, convents, and seminaries—the list is endless. Both were friends of Cardinal Newman, the leading light of the Oxford Movement. Bernard, the 16th Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1975, was a well-loved public figure. His inherited title of Earl Marshal is one of the few ancient English offices of state that still functions on important occasions. He was responsible for the coronations of King George VI and the present Queen and the investiture of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales—he also organized the funerals of King George V, King George VI, and Sir Winston Churchill. The Duke of Norfolk is also the head of the College of Heralds, whose main job today is tracing ancestry and designing coats of arms.

Arundel Park, designed for the Norfolks by architect Claude Phillemore, is sited opposite Hiorne's tower, built in the lower park in 1787 as a trial run for the restoration of the castle. The main house is flanked by two cottage-like wings which are joined by passages and provide additional accommodation. It gives the impression of having been there for longer than it actually has—the walls are covered with climbing plants and surrounded by beech hedges and trees that are reaching maturity. From the house you can see morning the racehorses from the n by stables exercising on the gallops out in the park by the Duchess just fore the last war. To the south the l scape dips down to the coast and English Channel, visible on clear and only three miles distant.

The decoration of the downst rooms was carried out by John Fow who has successfully created the b grounds needed to show off the fa pictures. On entering the stone- ored outer hall—Fowler called the or "Thames Mud"—many people surprised to see a piece of furni that seems familiar. It is a George commode, with panels painted by

ı Kauffman and Adam Buck and ıstrated on the frontispiece of the *ɔnary of English Furniture*.
ı side walls are a pair of early-nine-h-century views of Arundel by am Daniell painted in 1823–24. inner hall, which contains the staircase, is dominated by the known picture of George, Prince ales, afterward George IV, by Sir ua Reynolds, and opposite is a ıumous portrait of the late Duke s parliamentary robes by Aubrey dson-Houston. The pair of Wil- and Mary pier glasses on either are from Norfolk House.
ıe drawing room on the garden has four French windows open- ınto the terrace, and the walls are green silk which Fowler chose to off three superb Canalettos, ca- ɔios of Venetian scenes. Hidden nd a lamp, a small plaque reminds "The Queen held a Council in this room July 31, 1969"—she was staying at the time for the Goodwood races. The room has some fine French furniture including a Louis XV marquetry kingwood *bureau plat* attributed to B.V.R.B. On either side of the double doors to the dining room are views of Arundel Castle from the park by John Wootten. A third view, with a pair of river scenes by Abraham Storck, hangs in the dining room and unexpectedly above the doorway is a fine landscape by Thomas Gainsborough, painted circa 1750. Although the Duchess prefers to use the breakfast room that she recently built next to the kitchen, when guests come the dining-room table is laid with Georgian silver, ashtrays that are inscribed with the names of favorite horses that the Norfolks have owned, race cups, and four unusual silver-gilt wine coasters by Paul de Lamerie.

The third room in the central part of the house is the Duchess's sitting room, the red striped walls the background for her pictures and books—it is a room both for work and relaxation.

The Duchess herself bought the 1770 Stubbs painting of Marske, father of Eclipse, which hangs above the chimneypiece. The other pictures are by Cuyp, Turner, Constable, Weenix, and Copley Fielding, and the papers piled high on the desk bear evidence of the Duchess's work for local Sussex charities and hospitals. She succeeded her husband as Lord Lieutenant of West Sussex, the first woman to be so appointed. On rare days when she does not have to be away at a function the Duchess enjoys being at home in the house that she and her husband built, listening to the racing results over the "blower," as she refers to the specially installed machine, or walking the dogs in what many people regard as the most beautiful park in England. □



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(Continued from page 136) drawings, small boudoirs for porcelain, less intimate rooms for larger gatherings, but each facet of the whole is always designed as a projection of a coherent personality.

Once upon a time rooms and houses just grew. Their owners probably lived under the same roof for years, perhaps for generations. Then experts took over, often elbowing the owners out of their way. Rooms were white-painted and white-furnished at one period, paneling was stripped at another, machines-for-living went up, geodesic domes billowed. Suddenly the California landscape became dotted with bizarre swimming pools; city terraces were converted to museums of Louis XV marquetry, chinoiserie wallpaper, or Art Deco. But what many of these fashions shared in common was unlivability. Visitors might admire, but they were excluded, just as they might feel excluded from a De Chirico colonnade or a Dali fantasy filled with liquifying grand pianos. They could admire, but they could not write a letter in their fashionable rooms nor eat anything as terrestrial as a boiled egg off the Lucite tables.

This is where the firm of Parish-Hadley comes in. Through the vagaries of fashion there have been interior designers—and Parish-Hadley is one—whose skill has been to follow a classical tradition to its source, and then to apply it to the world of today. The late John Fowler, who made his name working with Lady Colefax in an England recovering from the Second World War, and Stéphane Boudin of Paris succeeded with equal dedication in combining scholarship with comfort.

"Sister" Parish (as she is known to her friends) and Albert Hadley have worked for many years with the lady in question. They know that she is not one to accept without comment what she is offered. But when client and designer found themselves, some years ago, with a large apartment to bring to life the task must have been heavy. These were not rooms to fantasticate. They were, in outline, conventionally grand; they might, through inattention, be dull. But not at all. A careful interplay of color—as in the dining room where red panels are set against a green background, and the two drawn to-



View of the drawing room with Coromandel doors on right.

gether by splendid curtains—bre life into spaces which might have merely spacious. And everywher collector's touch is evident. She m guests will say, have loved those boxes, that gleam of porcelain or quer. She must still revel, when s alone, in that small portrait, tha chalk drawing.

She is flexible. For instance building in which she lives is a typi stately building of the 1930s, and her library was originally panele the French taste of that time. Some it bored her, until she took the ac of Albert Hadley and scrapped it i vor of a warmly tranquil setting books, all dark red and chintz and low brass.

What makes her life-style uniq that the fantastic, the romantic, th otic—these epithets seem unav able—are always impinging beautifully organized existence. many years ago, she decided that tropical birds in the Central Park were badly housed, and she toc upon her to set them up more suit in the Bronx. It was winter at the t and bitterly cold at that. One d maid came to her and pointed exci ly at a parapet high above the tra There, shivering, sat a toucan lig powdered by snow. It pleased he think that the toucan had braved th ements in order to thank her for hospitality. She made a friend of bird. She even had a feather or shaped into pens for her own acqua ances. I wish I still had one with wh to write a more telling tribute to on the memorable ladies of New Y And not of New York only. □

Editor: Jacqueline Go

A FEAST FOR THE MIND

tion
riters like John Updike, Beattie, Donald elme, Isaac Bashevis r, Mavis Gallant, el Spark, Mark Helprin, hia Ozick, Peter Taylor

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reviews of the latest films by Pauline Kael

Music
Andrew Porter covers classical events. Whitney Balliett writes on jazz

Art
Calvin Tomkins is our critic at large

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JOURNAL







CACTUS MADE PERFECT

Espinas, cactus photographs by Eugenia Rendón de Olazabel, International Center of Photography, New York, through Nov. 10.

This show and its accompanying limited-edition portfolio prove that cacti appreciation isn't pointless. In her huge-format images, Rendón, a Mexico City photographer and award-winning documentary filmmaker, exposes the sensuousness behind the thorns, making cacti something people can finally get close to.

Donovan Webster



RON NAGLE'S CERAMIC *BLUE WALTZ,* 1985, ACTUAL SIZE



FRESH KILN

Ron Nagle, Charles Cowles Gallery, New York, through Sept. 28.

Less is more for Ron Nagle, whose ceramic shapes reaffirm "the presence of the small object." Fired at low heat, the pieces undergo up to 25 glazes to arrive at unique hues. Each is mounted and viewed at a fixed perspective, "like a painting"—more or less.

David Lisi

AMERICA'S CONSTABLE

George Inness: An Amer Landscape Painter, The Cleveland Museum of A Ohio, through Oct. 6.

Contemporary of the Hudson River School, I (1825–94) sought a diffe and highly subjective sty Paintings like *Approachi Storm* (1869), *above,* pa a traveling show of Inne work, illustrate his emot impressions of nature.

Anne Riesel

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2. A random drawing to award all prizes will be conducted on or about January 6, 1986, by Berry Associates, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. Winners will be notified by mail.

3. All 702 prizes guaranteed to be awarded: Grand Prize (1 winner), a Southwind Motor Home or $40,000 cash. First Prize (1 winner), a Vacation Cruise for Two or $10,000 cash. Second Prize (200 winners), Matching Queen-Size Quallofil® Pillows (2) with Stayfresh and Quallofil® Comforters with Stayfresh. Third Prize (500 winners), two Queen-Size Quallofil® Pillows with Stayfresh. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of winners. However, Grand and First prizes are subject to IRS reporting.

4. Limit: one prize per family. No substitutions for prizes, and prizes are nontransferable. To obtain a list of major prize winners, available after January 30, 1986, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Quallofil® Pillows with Stayfresh Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 888, Cresskill, NJ 07626.

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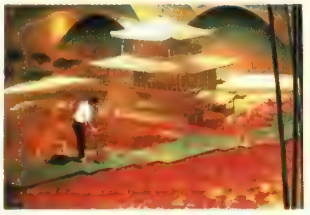
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WORDS AND SWORD

The life and grisly death of Yukio Mishima, the Japanese novelist and playwright who committed seppuku in 1970, were acted out with all the self-conscious stylization of a modern No play. Any dramatization of it could thus seem either ludicrously stagy or at the very least inaccurate in its necessary externalization of its protagonist's tortured inner life. But director Paul Schrader has avoided both pitfalls in his new film, *Mishima,* which is destined to become a cult classic, especially among the visually oriented.











Ingeniously structured, interweaving episodes from its subject's life and his autobiographical fiction, *Mishima* at times seems oddly static in cinematic terms but reaches iconic heights through the set designs of Eiko Ishioka, Japan's foremost art director. Drawing on an appropriately conflicting range of Japanese source from the Ise Shrine to a fifties Tokyo coffee bar, from Kyoto's Golden Pavilion to a garish "lov hotel"—Ishioka's image as bold as an *Ukiyo-e* pr In their lurid intensity, t allow the star (played by Ken Ogata) to suffer beautifully, the paradox Mishima's obsession.

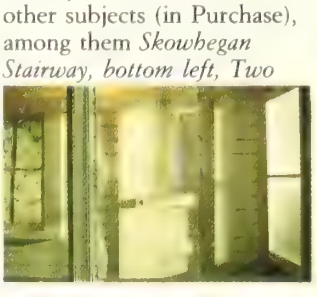


Martin F

DREAM HOUSES

Donna Dennis: Night Spots, Neuberger Museum, Purchase, N.Y., Sept. 22–Dec. 22; *Deep Stations,* University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Nov. 6–Dec. 15.

Originally a painter, Donna Dennis found herself drawn to subjects that represented "stopping places in people's lives." By 1981, when her work appeared in "Developments in Recent Sculpture" at the Whitney Museum, her canvases had evolved into freestanding façades and models of deserted subway stations, tourist cabins, roadside hotels, and New England porches—the familiar and "humble" architecture that remains the focus of her work. Dennis's sculptures are large enough to avoid the sentimental associations of the miniature but too small and oddly scaled to be taken literally. Lit moodily from within, they are uninhabited and inaccessible—spaces meant to be occupied by memory and imagination. The pieces now on display include subways (in Amherst) and other subjects (in Purchase), among them *Skowhegan Stairway, bottom left, Two Stories with Porch, right,* and *Tourist Cabin Porch, top left. Subway with Silver Girders, center,* can be seen at the Bakery Centre in South Miami beginning in November. And in December, the Holly Solomon Gallery in New York will exhibit the art illustrations for *26 Bars,* alphabet of imaginary drinking establishments written by Kenward Elm to be published by Z Pre this winter. *Amy McNeis*









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(Continued from page 185) of actress Mary Beth Hurt and the father-to-be of Molly. But the fulfillment of his personal program created an architectural problem for him. For the design of his loft had been set in motion before the marriage—and its precise geometry had been postulated on a single resident. There was no way to adapt it.

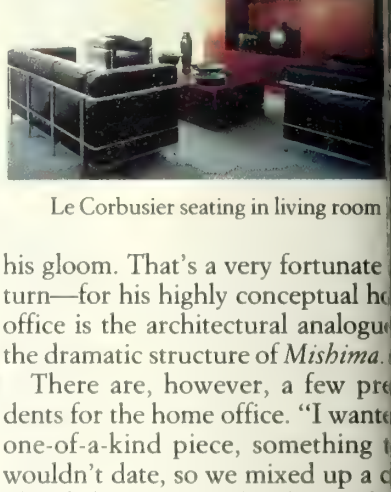
Schrader decided to go ahead with the project. Then he gave Yorgancioglu the loft to use as his architectural office and went off to Tokyo to make his art movie, a biography of Yukio Mishima, the right-wing, bisexual writer who, in 1970, committed seppuku.

As a screenwriter, Paul Schrader is compulsion incarnate, not just in his obsession with deviants in films like *Taxi Driver, Hardcore, The Yakuza, Raging Bull,* and *American Gigolo,* but in his work method as well. Before he writes his scripts, he outlines them on a single page. Each scene has two numbers next to it: its anticipated screen time, in seconds, and the number of pages Schrader intends to allot to it.

Mishima is even more exacting—a multilevel psychobiography so demanding that only American art theaters will show it. Japanese audiences may never see the film; although it's being released in Japanese and the ubiquitous and popular Eiko Ishioka designed the 41 sets, it was rejected by the Tokyo Film Festival and has only recently found a Japanese distributor, Toho-towa.

The Japanese claim that Schrader has sensationalized Mishima's life is not borne out by the structure of this film. Schrader has made *Mishima* in sections, with each section darting from Mishima's past to a dramatization of one of his stories and then to the last day of his life. This mosaic approach is dazzling and challenging—and extremely sensible. Mishima came to believe that writing was an inadequate means of expression; by showing why Mishima wrote as he did, what he wrote, and the consequences of his obsession with death, Schrader may succeed, as he did in *Taxi Driver,* in propelling his audience into the mind of a madman.

When he conceived the film, Schrader had reason to fear that, like his subject, he was a prisoner of darkness, but marriage, paternity, and a renewed sense of generativity banished



Le Corbusier seating in living room

his gloom. That's a very fortunate turn—for his highly conceptual ho office is the architectural analogu the dramatic structure of *Mishima.*

There are, however, a few pre dents for the home office. "I wante one-of-a-kind piece, something t wouldn't date, so we mixed up a c ple of elements," Schrader expla "You can see Eisenman's interest geometry and things that overlay another. You can see a little Wri from the period when he'd just co back from Japan and was doing sh like square boxes." And, adds Yorg cioglu, you can see a bit of Fre "Paul showed me some pictures Freud's study," he says. "It was pre much a mess, a small place he put h self into."

Schrader's retreat is not exac small—it measures eleven by fourte feet outside, nine by nine feet inside but because it has, as Yorgancio says, "crazy shifts where elements sliding away from each other,' doesn't call attention to itself as ano er building-within-a-building mig In part, this is because the top o waist-high shelf extends out of t building to become a ledge in the la er living area and the fluorescent lig ing grid overflows the building on t sides. In part, it's because wh Schrader describes as his "1930s ho lobby" of a living room has been fitt out with overstuffed chairs and tab that hold their own in this setting. E mostly, it's because the elements us in Schrader's retreat are reiterated the larger room, giving a visitor the correct impression that the office is object, not a building.

From the inside, though, there's confusion about this. The fifteen b eled windowpanes are set along a p vate corridor; the only windows th overlook the living area are set so hi they allow Schrader to see only sky a

Con Ed tower. The building has set on rubber pads, the walls dproofed so Schrader can play music without disturbing his stairs neighbors and his family; ents of the loft above are protect- a duct that takes sound through oof of the building into the heavily ated cooling system.

it it's the shelving and cabinets make the room feel, as Schrader like the interior of a jewel box. "It a Japanese mind-set to get into construction," Yorgancioglu says. e system of lines and reveals is ed out in such a way that a quar- ch mistake in one corner would w the whole thing off."

mes Cooper and Ichiro Kato, the ractors for the loft, instinctively that the only way they could at- this level of craftsmanship was to l the room themselves. They were suited to take on this dual role. per started out as an artist before hing over to construction; his re- work included a bench for an art ry that the Metropolitan Museum bought and the furniture for Don- udd's studio in Texas. Ichiro Kato studied industrial design in his na- Japan before apprenticing himself traditional Japanese woodworker. pleting their team was Tomio akami, a third-generation Japa- craftsman whose ancestors made screens. Together, they agreed, might be able to complete ader's office in a year.

espite unique construction prob- —walls that don't appear to hold he roof, a roof that gets no support the ceiling of the loft—all went . Then Schrader came back from yo and inspected the room. There e the red mahogany shelves and nets he'd wanted, there was his old and typing table, and, there, in the orner of the room, was the one old r he kept around for that rarest of tures, the welcome intruder. That r, though necessary to Schrader's hic well-being, nonetheless threw off-balance—as he paced the office simulation of his nocturnal walks, he overed that there wasn't enough e between desk and chair for him to comfortably.

Paul suggested that we move the back a foot," Yorgancioglu says. at would have taken months. Instead, we decided to move the chair into a new cabinet curvature designed to accommodate it. The trick was how to tell Jim Cooper to build it. We had to lay out the coordinates so he could build it in space. In microscale, accommodating this chair was creating the room all over again—like the room, the chair couldn't be anywhere but this one place."

This one-man show has its limits, and for the sake of family sanity, Schrader has recently purchased a carriage house—"a normal house, a house on a street"—in Chappaqua. If he moves his family to Westchester, the loft will, he says cheerfully, become "an expensive pied-à-terre."

But the loft has been lucky for Schrader. His long-stalled adaptations of *The Last Temptation of Christ* and *The Mosquito Coast* have, since he moved here, been slated for production. For years, Schrader and Bob Dylan have been talking about doing a rock video together. They've always put it off because Dylan's not, Schrader says, a linear thinker: "It's hard to work with Bob when you're saying 'A-B-C-D' and he's saying 'Tree, car, moon.' " This spring, conditions were right—and, working overnight in his office, Schrader produced a script that Columbia Records approved the following day.

Schrader's now working on a film biography of George Gershwin—and applying the method he used for *Mishima* to what he hopes will be a big commercial movie. "*Mishima* has four chapters, *Gershwin* has ten," he says. "Each chapter has a title: 'Women,' 'Porgy,' 'High Society.' I'm restructuring time thematically, so a lot of the scenes are interrupted. I'm still laying down colors, but I hope it will all come together in a nine-minute monologue Gershwin delivers during his psychoanalysis."

Schrader writes this film, mostly at night, in the hermetic comfort of his office. He is, by all appearances, extremely happy to be working here. But he is not quite as happy as his architect. For Faruk Yorgancioglu can hardly imagine what it would be like to be just starting on a design project with Paul Schrader at a time when Schrader is working on a movie whose structure, the writer says, resembles "a plexiglass layer cake." □ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

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(Continued from page 160) Anything but a misanthrope, yet Diego has never been at ease, or at his best, in representations of the human form.

"So how did you get started making all this furniture?" I asked.

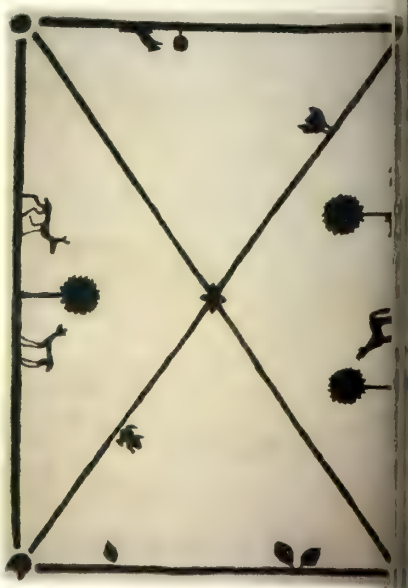
"That came about by itself, really," Diego replied. "During the war I was able to save all the molds of Alberto's things from Frank's warehouse in the rue de Dantzig. The Germans were about to confiscate the lot. Jewish property. Then in the late forties I started casting a few of the lamps in bronze. Mostly they'd been in plaster before. We needed the money. And as the lamps sold, I thought maybe bronze furniture might find buyers, too. So I started making a little."

"But Alberto had never designed any furniture, had he?"

"Not properly speaking, no, never. Except for one console, I think he never designed an actual piece of furniture, and the only large things he did were chimneypieces. In the beginning there wasn't much interest in my stuff, but a few people gave me orders."

And if there wasn't much interest in the beginning, that was mainly because there wasn't a great quantity of things to be interested in. As Alberto grew increasingly famous, dealers and collectors became more and more impatient to obtain his works, which meant that the younger brother who helped with the manual tasks when he wasn't posing for a portrait had correspondingly less time to do work of his own. But the interest in Diego was definitely genuine, and so was his creative impulse to satisfy it on every score. Coco Chanel, Cecil Beaton, Hubert de Givenchy, not to mention Alberto's dealers, Pierre Matisse and Aimé Maeght, were among those who appreciated and bought his work.

Then something happened that changed forever Diego's relation to what he was doing. On January 11, 1966, Alberto died. His widow decided that the younger brother need have no further contact with the works which for more than thirty years he had helped to create. That decision, though unfeeling, freed him for the first time to devote himself entirely to works of his own. So there poured out from his studio a profusion of tables, chairs, stools, consoles, sconces, andirons, candlesticks, picture frames, lec-



"Promenade des Amis," one of two rug with Giacometti's motifs from J. Tiktine

terns, staircase railings, doorkno and God knows what else. Diego c tainly couldn't remember. And mos these things were "dressed up" w the animals he lovingly fashioned wh their textures recalled the bark of a t or the stem of a wildflower.

"A man called me from Florid Diego said, "and asked when his ta would be ready. From Florida. And I said, 'Not until I can get the fr from the foundry.' The very next d he called again and said, 'Have you the frogs yet?' I said no and he wan to know when I'd get them. Whe When? When? That's all I hear."

Over the past two years, Die worked on a commission to make chandeliers, lighting fixtures, bench and tables for the Picasso Museu which will open on September 23 Paris. The museum's director, Do nique Bozo, had the sensible but auc cious idea of commissioning contemporary designer to create th items rather than resorting to the Lo XIV models suited to the building's splendent interior.

Exhibitions of Diego's work to place recently in the United Stat proposals for others poured in. Die tried to procrastinate because he wa ed to get on with his own work and n simply struggle to keep up with the d ders. Being good-natured but prac cal, he managed to do his best on bo counts. Recently, for example, he lowed photographs of his work to used in the design of a couple of ca

nade in France and distributed by
tiner in New York that reflect the
affinity for nature evident in the
of his work.

Who could have guessed," I said,
ty-five years ago, when you start-
aking furniture, that someday it
d come to this?" We were out in
treet by that time, on our way to a
by restaurant, under the pearly
ing sky. Diego shook his head,
h was covered by a rakishly ele-
blue fedora. "It's crazy," he said.
d now somebody wants to do a
on my things."

said, "But there's something I of-
hink that's really too bad about all
The one person in the world who
ld have gotten the most pleasure
of it isn't here to enjoy it."

iego didn't answer. He didn't have

GARDEN OF GLADNESS

ntinued from page 146) known as
mu and Kashmir includes a vast
, but the resort of the Mughals was
egendary Vale of Kashmir only 85
s long and 20 miles wide, encircled
nountains from 12,000 to 16,000
high.

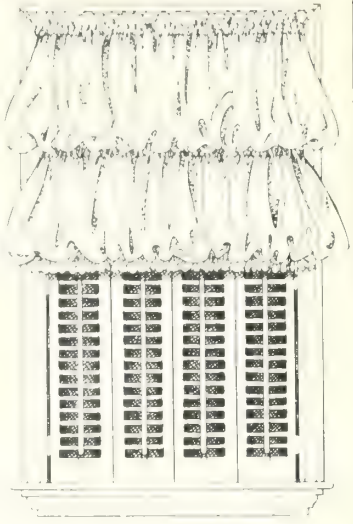
Writing of his trip, Nehru said he
ied he had taken the more dramatic
e across the Himalayas for, with-
doubt, it contributes to the delight
enchantment experienced on ar-
l. As described by Jahangir, this
sage was extremely hazardous; also
vas concerned that the countryside
ld not provide for his huge entou-
e. He ordered the number of atten-
ts and animals cut to the absolute
imum required to establish the roy-
amp, then, with *700 elephants* slog-
g through mud in frequent rains
two days of snow, he crossed at
00 feet. What a relief to breach the
s and see the lush Vale shimmering
ow.

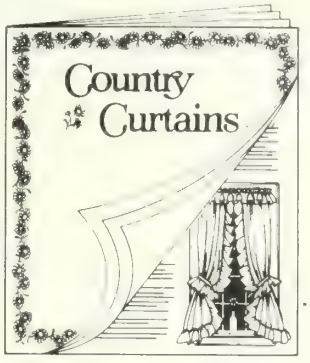
The Vale *does* shimmer; water is ev-
where. Hundreds of streams churn
vn the rocky hillsides frothing into
swift river curving the length of the
ley, which glimmers with silvery
es and rice paddies. No one knows
number of springs; Kashmir is a

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land of springs and shrines.

The Mughals rejoiced in the sight and sound of water. Little wonder they regarded Kashmir as a heaven-sent opportunity to indulge their passion for building gardens. Here with some brilliant innovations, they enriched the basic design of the Islamic garden. The prototype was the ancient paradise garden of the Persians with a central watercourse, bordered by symbolic trees within sheltering walls. The continuity in design of paradise gardens throughout the centuries and across so large an area of the world with such an unsettled history is remarkable. This tradition persisted because, unlike the great gardens of European monarchs, the paradise gardens were not symbols of power but had deeper mystical meanings. For the Muslims, the ideal was the blissful paradise promised in the Koran.

The Mughals' ancestor, Timur, brought the tradition back to Samarkand after his conquest of Persia in the fourteenth century. In the next century, Babur was so impressed by Timurid paradise gardens that he created similar enclosures wherever his campaigns took him. Though a restless, tough soldier, Babur was also a gifted botanist and designer who laid out his own gardens and lived in them, rejecting the confines of palaces. His peripatetic descendants became the world's most elegant nomads as they moved about their Empire from garden to garden.

Some Mughals were wildly superstitious and, believing nine to be their lucky number, they built nine terraces in their gardens. The terraces of others corresponded to the planets, with the eight paradises of the Koran the most common model. Asaf Khan chose the zodiac as his guide and divided Nishat Bagh into twelve terraces, set against a sharply rising brown hillside with rugged violet peaks towering above. Ten terraces of about fifty acres remain today; two were lost to road construction that also cut off the original approach by water through a narrow opening in a bund or dam.

In terms of landscape design, Nishat Bagh is the most architectural garden we know of from the Mughal era. The usual plan was a parallelogram with foursquare gardens, or *charbaghs,* on each terrace, but in Nishat there are level changes within a terrace. Nor are the terraces the same depth, they vary as much as two hundred feet. Nowhere are steps such an element of the design. Worn-out and broken, the steps were rebuilt to the same measurements in the same stone by the British when they restored the garden early in the twentieth century.



The main axis of the garden, with flower beds in 19th-century English style.

Perhaps the variations found in the scheme of Nishat Bagh were possible because the designer was free from the constraints of strict protocol surrounding the Emperor. As a principal member of the court, Asaf Khan inevitably had hordes of supplicants hounding him, but, as far as we can tell today, Nishat Bagh was completely private without any provision for receiving the public. In the royal gardens, there is always a terrace of public audience.

Today the lower terraces of Nishat are like a park with relaxing Kashmiri families and strolling Indian visitors. This is not essentially different from the Mughals; they left plots open for games and so they could spread carpets for entertainments.

It is interesting that although he was raised in India, Asaf Khan was a Persian by birth and contemporary descriptions of Nishat comment on how very Persian it was. This may refer to the masses of lilacs and particularly dense rows of dark cypress trees similar to those in the shah's gardens. The Mughals planted cypress more sparingly; but for the Persians, it symbolized eternity as fruit trees represented renewal.

Originally there were also orchards, perhaps underplanted with a favorite combination of mauve, purple, and white iris or narcissus. Known to gorge on fruit, the Mughals were excessi proud of their success in introdu cherries to Kashmir. They raved al the apples and plums, only mentio peaches, apricots, and mulberries.

Jahangir brought his favorite ar on the expedition to Kashmir and c missioned more than one hundred tanical paintings of native plants. may have introduced these into his dens and courtiers like Asaf K would have followed his exam Many of the flowers in Nishat today European favorites introduced by British and planted in neat borders their pleasure gardens the Mugl preferred naturalistic plantings their roses, not severely pruned as now see them, would have tumbled side the watercourse.

Nishat is unified by the broad tral watercourse dominating the de without any cross channels. Each the long row of lotus-bud founta marching down the center of the tercourse had a single jet that reac fifteen feet; the Mughals described a string of pearls falling back to ear

The water for the gravity-fed syst came across a rough canal on mountainside from a powerful spr quite some distance away. It ente the garden by bubbling up into a p within the central pavilion on the hi est level, which was the zenana terra It dropped between levels down a ter chute, or *chaddar,* a wonderful ter device that throws up a cool spray as the water cascades over deeply patterned surface. The car designs vary—chevron, fish sca sharply ribbed—changing the rhyt and flow of the water. There is one ception where a sheet of water po about twelve feet into a pool; an a screened by the waterfall has a series carved niches that hold flowers by and scented colored lamps by nig creating a marvelous effect behind flashing watery curtain. A series stone benches, referred to as throne these gardens, span the edge of the tercourse over the *chaddars.* What to sit there on a golden afternoon, moonlit night, and have the sparkli water rush beneath you and dan down the chutes.

Built across the watercourse or lower terrace is a large pavilion wit

ly roofed addition on the stone
hal base. Originally the *baradaris,*
ry pavilions of the Mughals, were
ed and gilded inside.
cause only a few of the pools and
of the watercourse have running
r today, the enchantment is best
on the zenana terrace. The steps
me steeper and the trees denser as
climb higher in the garden. The re-
ng wall for the zenana is very high
decorated with handsome blind
es with three-story octagonal pa-
ns at each end.
nerging from the narrow, en-
ed staircase onto the zenana ter-
you are paradoxically open to the
est view and most sheltered be-
h majestic chenars. The view is pic-
sque with only the thin purple line
ne floating gardens distinguishing
lue wash of Dal Lake from a sky of
same hue deepening into a rich
dome. In the middle distance the
ly discernible ruins of Akbar's fort
m a somber blue-gray hill. The dis-
mountains appear as a vision, only
crest, outlined by a sprinkling of
ming snow, visible.
he smooth, worn brick paving of
zenana is like a carpet undulating
the roots of the majestic chenars
ring with their red-gold autumn fo-
. Without water it is the chenars
now dominate Nishat Bagh. A
nificent tree, the *Platanus orienta-*
ives for hundreds of years and
hes a great height and girth. It is in
with the landscape in Nishat and
out its graceful canopy the moun-
s would be oppressive. In these
ntains it is believed the chenar has
ic properties; that, more than the
protecting it, may have saved it
n the ax. The mountains of Kash-
are being deforested resulting in a
r climate and a sharp drop in the
er table. Though its beauty now is
gnant, the spell of Kashmir is still ir-
stible.
oor Asaf Khan, who left this beau-
retreat as his legacy; the shell of his
b in Lahore is stripped of its deco-
on, its garden long since gone, the
crossed by a railroad. Nearby is the
b of Jahangir, who wished to be
ied in Kashmir; no doubt his faith-
courtier would have wished the
e. □

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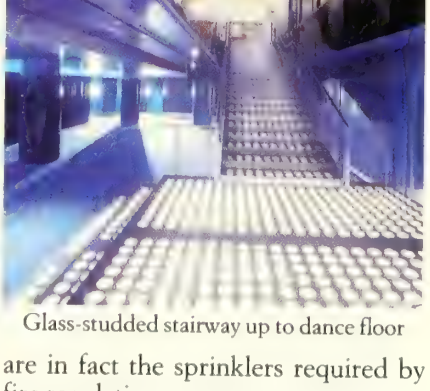
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(Continued from page 217) and hired the eminent Japanese avant-garde architect Arata Isozaki to transform it. His collaborators are likewise at the top of their respective professions: interior designer Andrée Putman, color specialist Don Kaufman, lighting designer Paul Marantz, as well as a roster of the hottest young artists of the moment, including Jean-Michel Basquiat, Francesco Clemente, Keith Haring, and Kenny Scharf.

It was an extraordinary gamble (the Palladium is rumored to have cost upward of $10 million), but by opening night last May, it was clear that Rubell and Schrager had scored a major multiple triumph—architectural, artistic, social, and, presumably, financial. If one could tear one's eyes away from the stupefyingly eclectic crowd, one could enjoy one of the most exhilarating environments conjured up in this country in living memory.

The Palladium was a handsome interior in its own right before Isozaki, who, with his respect for the architecture of the past and his interest in incongruous juxtapositions of time and place, found the existing structure the perfect foil for his sense of irony and playfulness. Rather than gutting the dingy but still-majestic theater, he chose to insert a major structure that would integrate the ornate architectural elements of the original, designed by Rambusch. Isozaki devised a three-story-high cubic grid, much like those depicted in his stylized structural renderings for the Gunma Prefectural Museum of Fine Arts and Kamioka Town Hall in Japan. Instead of expanding on the Post-Modern Manneri sm of his recent Tsukuba Civic Center near Tokyo, Isozaki returns here to the geometric clarity of his work of the early seventies, the perfect antithesis to the Bijou Baroque of the Palladium.

But what is most remarkable is the architect's emphasis of the building's impressive scale. The Palladium's shallow, gilt-trimmed dome, ninety feet above the dance floor, is gorgeously set off by Isozaki's soaring triumphal arch, which serves as a proscenium for the activity below. So high and grand is the architecture overhead that it comes as a surprise to learn that what seem like dimly glinting stars set into the dome



Glass-studded stairway up to dance floor

are in fact the sprinklers required by fire regulations.

The façade of the old theater (most recently used for rock concerts) has been left in its derelict state and blends in perfectly with its seedy surroundings. Once past the formidable barriers that are basic to the nightclub mystique, one enters a pristine, white-painted vestibule, an interior as refined as the exterior is grungy. This high-gloss lobby, its side walls hung with swags of diaphanous white fabric in the manner of Michael Graves, is a kind of decompression chamber easing the transition between the sleaze of the street and the richness further inside.

Moving from that high-ceilinged classical anteroom, one enters a space more in keeping with our notions of nightclubs. Dark, low-ceilinged, and mysterious, this murky blue-green corridor runs the entire width of the building. Envisioned by Isozaki as a kind of "aquarium," it indeed provides the perfect context for the very strange fish that float by. The light-blue-on-dark-blue carpeting reminded one critic of the swimming-pool patterns of David Hockney; an undulating wall and thick columns are enameled an intense sea green; and the glow of blue neon makes the ceiling seem to rise upward above the curving wall.

A more dazzling glare, emanating from upspots sunk into the floor, draws the eye toward the Palladium's most memorable effect: the symmetrical flights of steps leading up to the dance floor. Their metal treads are inset with roundels of thick glass that act as magnifying lenses, focusing the light into discs of riveting intensity. This

stairway to paradise would have m Busby Berkeley envious, and to asc it is an experience of singular the cality and wonder.

The light at the top of the st comes from the Palladium's best p of art, a luminous mural that rea up to cover the vaulted ceiling ab the landing. The interaction of ar tectural form, linear composition, symbolic content make it a spiritual scendant of the *grotteschi* of the Ita Renaissance. It is a work of high qu and enduring interest, in contras the other commissioned efforts, wh seem lightweight and ephemeral.

This second story is the main floo the Palladium, built one level ab the orchestra of the theater. Gravi ing toward the throbbing music flashing lights (that much has changed since Studio 54), one appr ates how well the elements of the structure merge with the new—for ample, Isozaki has studded the curv underside of the loge with huge, he spherical indirect lighting fixtures. the rear of the main floor, a sweepi arc-shaped platform supports a se of seating arrangements designed Andrée Putman to configurations s gested by Isozaki. These provide more-or-less intimate conversation eas the Palladium's consultants wan as an alternative to the sonic fre reigning only a few yards away. Gen ously overstuffed banquettes and ot mans chicly upholstered in mauve-g cotton and edged in black-and-wh piping, they are interspersed with M derne-in-spired, built-in end tables Isozaki. These are illuminated int nally; a soft radiance permeates gr patterned horizontal bands along tables' curving bases and suffuses ward through apertures topped stylish flower arrangements. The am ent light is subtle, flattering, and arre ing.

Circulation throughout the Palla um has been excellently planned a makes the club a modern-day equi lent of such legendary eighteenth-c tury pleasure palaces as Londo Vauxhall and Ranelagh Garde where the promenade was the ma source of entertainment. The o place where things standardly g crowded at the Palladium is in the

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The Iris has always been a favorite of alty: poets call it the "fleur de Louis" *leur-de-lis* after French King Louis VII. ward VII added this Iris-like image to English coat of arms. In the Orient, masterworks from every dynasty pay ute to the Iris flower—a traditional bol of shyness and modesty.

Because of its rich, historical legacy its exquisite beauty, The Hamilton llection chose the "Iris" as the premiere ering in an important, new collection limited edition sculptures created to nor legendary flowers.

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"Iris" premieres a collection of hand-inted figurines that includes the "Lily," Orchid," "Lotus," "Poppy," "Cherry ossom," "Wisteria," and "Chinese ony." Subscribers to "Iris" will receive e succeeding seven issues in the collection at intervals of approximately two months.

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EVENING STAR

cinity of the capsule-shaped, free-standing bar next to the dance floor, providing the spirit of frenetic festivity without which no disco can survive.

As the back room revels in the VIP lounge at Studio 54 indicated, further levels of exclusivity are needed even in nightclubs that are difficult to get into in the first place. At the Palladium there is the Mike Todd Room, a 4,000-square-foot space named after the flamboyant impresario who once had his offices there. The room's new design scheme, at odds with the strength of Isozaki's and Putman's contributions elsewhere, is the work of Robert Isabel, who was inspired by Jean Cocteau's film *La Belle et la bête*. One wall is aglitter with an array of old mirrors like a flea-market Maxim's. Another is claimed by a vast and vacuous mural by Jean-Michel Basquiat. Surface finishes over the original peeling paint and plaster were executed by Peter Bolton in a manner that might be termed faux tack. Alone among the Palladium's sequence of surprises, the Mike Todd Room seems contrived and chi-chi.

In *Arata Isozaki,* a new documentary on his life and work directed by Michael Blackwood, the architect observes that "understanding architecture should not be through the eyes, or the brain, but through the body." Inas-

much as the Palladium is a vibr
physical experience, one is incline
agree with him up to a point, but
complex progression of spaces and
uli gives the visitor a great deal to t
about as well. That alone is enoug
make this an important landmar
the history of the architecture of p
sure. It has been written that Isoz
Museum of Contemporary Art in
Angeles, due to be completed a
from now, will be his first major w
in this country. Clad in costly mate
and built for the ages, it no doubt
survive longer than a mere discothe
But will it etch itself on the sense
deeply as this contemporary coup?

GRAFITTI GOES TROPICAL

(Continued from page 204) rickety flatbed truck) to stucco mini-villas. The Scharf home falls somewhere in the center of this continuum. Simplicity rules and nature rather than convenience dictates the structure of the day. Because there is, as yet, no electricity, most activities occur out of doors; furnishings are minimal. A windmill has recently been installed. Provisions need to be stockpiled, but fresh fish can be bought daily from fishermen who push Flintstone-like wheelbarrows along the beach, past boats made out of hollowed-out trees. The lighting of gas lamps and candles signals the end of the day.

All art materials have to be sent from New York. And finished paintings are shipped out as soon as possible, to avoid damage from the dampness that will rust a disposable razor in a few days. Beach residents, who sometimes stood behind the palm trees to watch Scharf at work, at first suspected his large wall-size paintings were being made for Carnival. They were astonished to hear that people paid money for them.

There were further revelations: Neighbors learned that there was, for instance, a moon in New York. The Scharf household, with its multinational visitors, has become a single household cultural exchange center; each new arrival donates outdated magazines and previously unknown objects. This influx of exotica is assimilated quickly and idiosyncratically, such as the neighboring fisherman's wife who uses Bruce Weber's Olympic portraits from *Interview* as both kitchen shelf liner and wall decoration.

But "The American," as he is known, created the greatest stir once his compound became a point of local interest. As Scharf prepared for exhibitions, both houses became studios and easels. Large canvases were nailed to every available stretch of wall, between doorway and window, indoors and out. As he worked, Scharf brushed off, or sprayed off, excess pigments around the borders of unstretched paintings. What remained was a gauzy, brightly colored edging and the subtle border of nail holes that punctuated the walls after the paintings were rolled up.

But subtlety is not Scharf's strength, nor is it the operative mode here. The oddity and energy are in the exuberant painting of the house itself. Scharf, with the ongoing help of imported friends, has begun to paint almost every object and surface on the property, inside and out. Walls, shutters, screened windows, wooden beams, vinyl armchairs, tables, bureaus, bedsteads, appliances, and gas tanks have been adorned. Palm trees have been

given faces. Mass-produced painti
depicting alpine scenes have b
overpainted and cover the already c
orated interior walls. Cartoon fa
mandalas, spirals, arrows, sto
clouds, dots, stars, crosses, monst
proper names, and fingerprints fl
like constellations of stars from
room to the next.

The outer walls carry this comp
sive embellishment even further, a
are doubly remarkable when inte
midday sunlight brings the chroma
brushstrokes into high relief. In this
namental project, Scharf has had Ke
Haring as a collaborator. Haring's
reer and the motifs, which first a
peared in New York's subways and
the sidewalks, have also evolved, in t
form of paintings, totemic sculptu
wall reliefs, greeting cards, and clo
ing designs. Here he has painted a m
ral of dancing dolphins on the pi
house and made the architectural e
ments of the wooden guesthous
studio agitate with his familiar desig
Doorframes, window sash, and su
porting beams have been covered wi
pictographs of the crawling, "radian
baby, swimmer, divers, dancers, h
man-footed sea animals and other ha
py-go-lucky mutants, afloat in areas
high-keyed color. Scharf filled in t
wooden slats of the outer walls with a
stract geometric designs—stripes, si



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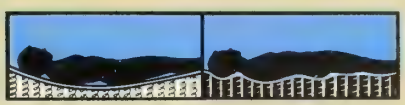
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waves, polka dots, zigzags, footprints—anything necessary to achieve the desired optical dazzle. The result is hothouse Islamic in its hectic balance of chaos and order.

The local reaction to this visual infusion is enthusiasm and awe. North American myths of consumerism take on a surprising resonance in a culture bound by Catholicism and Black Magic. In this context, the bold, cartoonish quality of Scharf's (and of Haring's) work, the insistence on instant communication has become a strength, rather than a limitation.

The house remains a work-in-progress. With each visit, the imagery compounds. The "American's" presence has even spread to town, where Scharf has sprayed paintings on random walls in the downtown shopping area of Ilhéus. North America meets South as Brazilian street vendors hawk Veg-O-Matics before Scharf's mural of an alien's visage and Haring's silk-screened T-shirts and painters' hats are worn as prized possessions. □

Editor: Lloyd Ziff



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CALICO CORNERS
Decorative Fabrics

(Continued from page 153) and
Murphy—who understood and l
what we wanted to do. Thanks to
generous efforts we were able to
the whole residence, which is unu
Help and support came from the
bassy's staff, making the reside
most successful joint venture."

The first floor demanded com
rethinking—the Gavins found at
very first official reception, for ex
ple, that arriving guests were bum
against leaving ones, so work b
with the widening of the front
leading into the entrance patio to r
it easier for visitors to come and
The previously cavernous dining r
was divided by two antique car
columns; they now separate the
breakfast area from the larger di
area, where round tables can be se
to seat as many as seventy. With n
tables in the adjacent living room,
Gavins can seat a hundred.

A color scheme of honey tones
warmth and black for understatec
finement appealed to Gavin's aus
taste and sense of formality, particu
ly in the library, where he likes to en
tain his guests when they arrive.
Gavins and their collaborators ch
black Mexican marble floors for t
elegance, so important in an emba
as well as for their unifying effect.
help fill out the large spaces, t
searched for gutsy textures in rugs
upholstery. The furniture is warm,
coming, and comfortable. "There i
much down as possible," says Mrs.
vin. "I like natural fabrics that wrin
and furniture that folds around me

The bedrooms and family rooms
stairs are spacious and uncluttered;
light is subdued, the atmosphere c
—and, like the rest of the house, th
rooms represent the mixture of
Gavins' personalities. "Jack is far m
monastic in his tastes than I am.
could happily live with one bed,
chair, one table. My own identity is
pressed through bright-colored pai
ings that reflect happiness, which
course makes Jack happy too."

The embassy-residence art coll
tion grew from Mrs. Gavin's desire
have a piece of the American soil i
foreign land. She went to Washingt
to discuss the collection with M
Llewellyn Thompson, director of
Art in Embassies program. Togeth
they selected paintings by Andrew W

Newell Convers Wyeth, Thomas Benton, Robert Dash, Richard , and Georgia O'Keeffe, to men- several. Lowell Nesbitt lent them fteen flower paintings hanging in lining room. Mrs. Milton Avery *Pink Dunes* from her collection. Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza also paintings from his. "We have tried ake the entire residence reflect a of the USA, and one of the things el most deeply about is the envi- ient," Mrs. Gavin says. "I wanted ow the USA through the eyes of cape artists of the twentieth cen- to show what we love in our coun- nd what we are trying to protect." e Gavins' own immediate natural onment was as carefully attended o bring the garden inside, "we got the cornices and heavy curtains," Mrs. Gavin. "Now we live with the of the green. I like the happiness eing nature and flowers." Ambas- r Gavin, seeing that the gardens poorly lit and "rather depress- at night, chose to make the light- f them his personal project. Now ees appear resplendently verdant, lit dramatically from below: the les of hurricane lamps flicker ro- tically on the lawn, bringing a c touch to formal dinners. Gavin's ing expertise applies indoors, too, e he replaced the overhead securi- hting with recessed, indirect light- "We both like to see people look tiful," says Mrs. Gavin.

s she points out, the residence re- s the ambassador's personality. Its ose, she says, is not only to house mbassador and his family but also low them to extend the hand of dship to their host country, to ex- people to one another, to exchange s. The residence is also a center for erican-community functions in ico City. There is seldom a day out a reception, an evening with- a cocktail party or a dinner. In the se of a week there will be any num- of functions, including working kfasts and official lunches. So much rtaining on the part of the official esentative of the United States re- es a careful balance between ele- e and comfort, which is a challeng- goal; yet the overscaled, California e and the very American art—a t unusual look in Mexico City— n to say yes, and to achieve it. □



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PERSONAL GROUNDS

Tony Schilling tells what happens when the head gardener of a great estate takes his work home



Gardening at Wakehurst Place is a professional responsibility where most, if not all, of my duties fall under the cloak of management. I have nearly five hundred acres to cope with, for Wakehurst is a great undulating plot of plants. This ranges from exotic giant redwoods to the native prostrate wild thyme, from secluded walled gardens and spacious manicured lawns, through deeply wooded ravines to the open meadows, marshland, and forest which collectively make up the Loder Valley Nature Reserve.

To make this great variety of vegetation manageable as the annex garden of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, I have a staff of thirty talented gardeners to back me up and to follow my pointed finger; a left-hand index finger which seems to spend much of its working life gesticulating in the di tion of a necessary maintenance tas a new development project eithe which may be needed to improve lovely garden in the High Weald central Sussex.

When I go home to my flint-wall hung-tiled nineteenth-century cott which nestles close to the northern carpment of the South Downs, I tra from a pH of 4.7 to one of 8.5, driv from a slow-draining silt loam to a f draining alluvial outwash soil; I p from vast acres to a percentage of j one, and leave behind a large staff obliging colleagues to be met at ho



Top: Wakehurst Place mansion glimpsed through rhododendrons and American swamp cypress. *Left:* A September view of the Himalayan Glade

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One should find out what grows well on a given soil and then grow plenty of it

by a faithful dog plus a loving wife who gives me a quizzical look when I talk of the next gardening task. The contrast is amusing and one has to adopt a very different philosophy in order to assume the role of a domestic gardener with a staff of none. The "manager's hat" is flung to the winds, off comes the jacket and tie, and on go the old clothes; within minutes I've got soil behind my nails, including the one on my left-hand index finger.

As a teenager I struggled to achieve my initial horticultural aspirations on the heavy clay of suburban Middlesex. However, one of my earliest dreams was to live in the country in an attractive cottage, set on an easier soil with honeysuckle around the windows, rambling roses above the front porch, and clematis over the woodshed. Happily I have been fortunate enough to realize that long-nursed desire.

The traditional English cottage garden, which appeals to so many, is without doubt one of the facets of horticulture I enjoy the most, and by some fortunate twist of fate I can now indulge my romantic yen for this fascinating form of garden art both professionally and domestically.

At Wakehurst Place, we have during the last twenty years created and developed, among many other projects, the Henry Price Garden. It is a secluded garden with walls of mellow sandstone and Ashdown brick and is ornamented with wrought-iron archways, stone vases, and a lead cistern. Since its conception, the Henry Price Garden has been given various flattering titles, such as "a modern cottage garden" and "an essay in color"; both of these are apt, precise, and descriptive. The effects throughout are soft and mellow as all hard colors of the spectrum have been excluded. In consequence nothing can jar on the eye, for all within these four walls flows and merges together in gentle harmony amid a predominance of silver, gray, and gray-green foliage. It is perhaps unique in content, including not only the traditional and well-loved plants of the English cottage garden such as sidalcea, dianthus, nigella, lavatera, delphinium, and phlox, but also recer introduced exotic herbs and shrubs botanical value such as *Salvia castan Daphne Bholua,* and *Ozothamnus h keri,* and rare British native plants, cluding *Geranium sanguine lancastrense* and *Althaea officinalis.* though there is something of inter for every season it is designed as a su mer garden and is at its best in Aug and September. Here, the art and s ence of gardening blend together delight the senses and interest the quisitive.

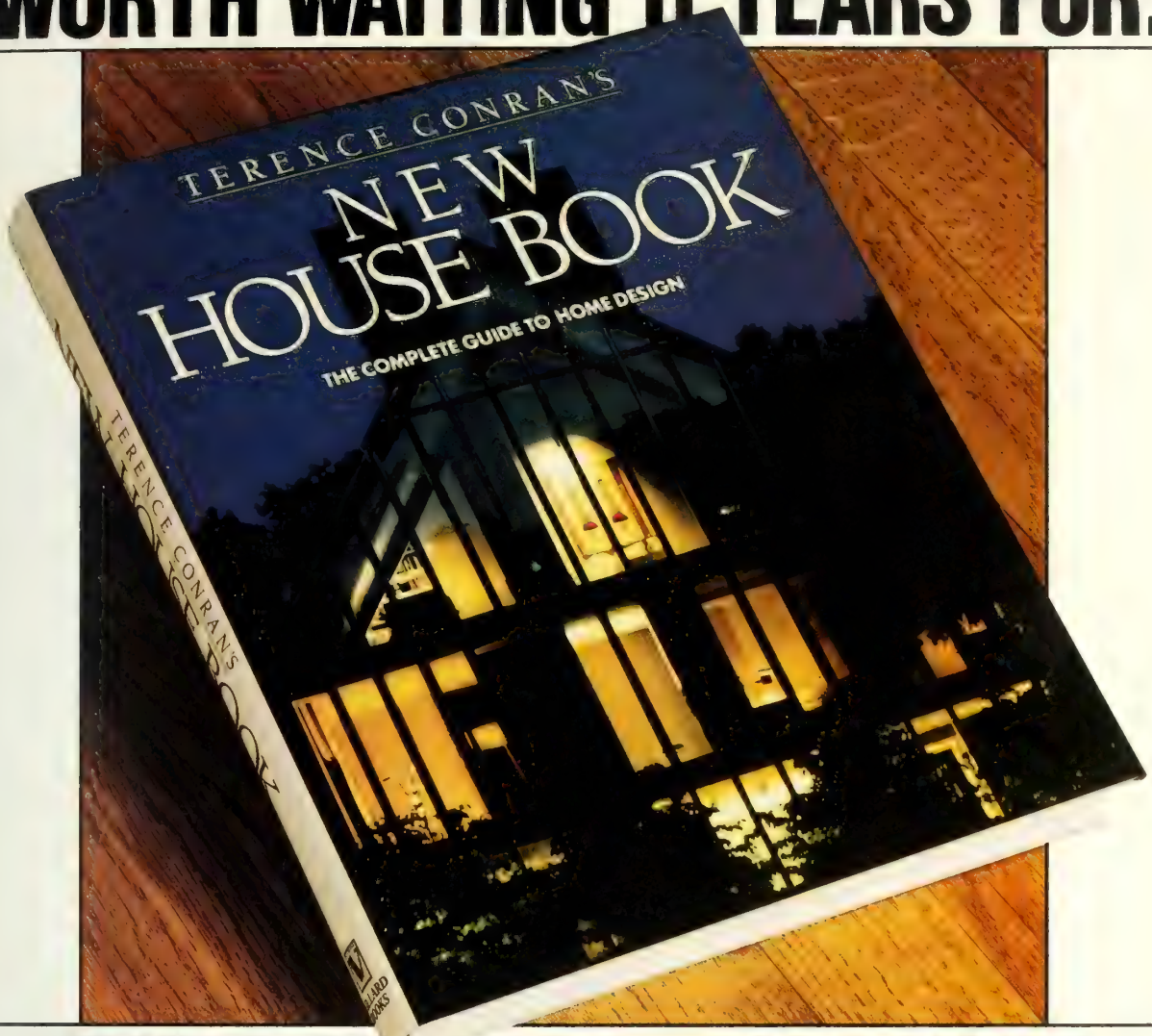
In the informal setting of the Him layan Glade at Wakehurst we practi a very different gardening philosop namely that of representing an ecolo cal association of plants native to t temperate and subalpine zones of t Himalayan mountains.

This dramatic feature is situat halfway down the deep ravineli Westwood valley, an area with bo bluffs of Ardingly sandstone, ste slopes of opposing aspects and a de stream bed. The glade had been plan ed with a mass of dwarf barberries i cluding *Berberis Wilsoniae, angulosa,* and *B. concinna,* and amo this thorny sea of shrubs an occasion break of theme is created by isolat specimens of *Juniperus recurva, Cot neaster microphyllus,* and *Viburnu grandiflorum,* each offering a contra in texture, habit, and form. The slop above and behind the glade are fu nished with an informal mass of Him layan trees and shrubs which add to th natural framework given by large rh dodendrons lower down the slope, an over the rocks bold group plantings different alpine bistorts have bee made, including *Polygonum vaccini folium* and *P. affine.*

In contrast to the many challeng that Wakehurst offers me, gardening home is a relaxing activity, where I ca escape from all management stresse and office commitments. At home cultivate my garden for personal sati faction and for therapeutic reason while at Wakehurst I manage the ga den out of enjoyable but professiona commitment.

What I choose to grow in my privat

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Tony Schilling's Sussex cottage garden overflows with summer flowers

garden is decided by several factors. Firstly the light alkaline soil rules out all acid-demanding subjects, but this can be turned to advantage by growing plants such as dianthus, a genus which frequently sulks at Wakehurst. The same can be said of scabiosa, cistus, lavender, and artemisia species. I've always believed one should find out what grows well on a given soil and then grow plenty of it. If it fits the cottage-garden theme then so much the better, for I enjoy above all else the constant search for a balanced picture composed of the innumerable forms, textures, habits, and colors of plants. I also like to grow some of the species I have personally collected around the world during my many exploratory plant-hunting travels. Cistus and phlomis bring back memories of sunny days in the Mediterranean areas, *Eryngium planum* reminds me of happy times in the meadows of southeast Poland, and *Potentilla arbuscula* of demanding days on the lower slopes of Everest in the distant Himalayas.

During one of my many Nepalese mountain treks a wag in our party suggested that having done the two-hundred-mile walk to Everest and back for four consecutive years I might consider myself to be in a rut. I remember pausing to reflect on this and, gazing at the overwhelming majesty of our surroundings, decided that if indeed I was in a rut it was certainly a most impressive one!

Like all true gardeners I'm always glad to accept plants from friends and neighbors and these when established become a sentimental link with the person who presented them to me. If I add the opinion and interests of others, namely my wife, to the reasons for domestic plant selection, then matters become still more involved. Annie is a botanical artist and has many an idea linked to a current or future artistic need. She has an incredibly keen eye and a sharp perception and what is ordinary to me is often wildly exciting to her. Possibly only she would be actually happier to sit down and draw a Savoy cabbage rather than stand up and cook it, and only she could persuade me to cultivate and nurture couch grass so that she can paint it for a field guide. Even our hybrid corgi, otherwise known as the "bonsai Alsatian," has a direct influence on the garden's content. Having no really secure boundary fence we are obliged to tether him on lazy summer days to an *Escallonia* 'Apple Blossom'—yet another example of plant form and function!

Which of my gardens gives me most pleasure? This is a basically unanswerable question, for as long as one is involved in creating a living landsc and working with plants it matters l whether the acreage is great or sma the pH is high or low. On the one ha my cottage garden gives me great mestic satisfaction and the results enjoyed by family, friends, and ne bors, but by the same token Wakeh gives me immense professional gra cation and affords pleasure to a g many.

I realize that what others describ my natural enthusiasm coupled to c siderable impatience gives me a re tation for being a demandi taskmaster, but in truth I am e harder on myself, believing that th is surely little merit in endeavor if not directly linked to a desire to s high standards. Given the necessary sources, a good garden is not too di cult to create, but a really great gard demands a total commitment.

The end hopefully justifies t means and the rewards are many, least of these being the enjoym Wakehurst gives to the 125,000 more visitors who pass through gates annually. They come seeki many things including gardening ins ration, peace of mind, and intellect stimulation, but most of all I beli they come in quest of beauty. □


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November 1985

HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 157, Number 11

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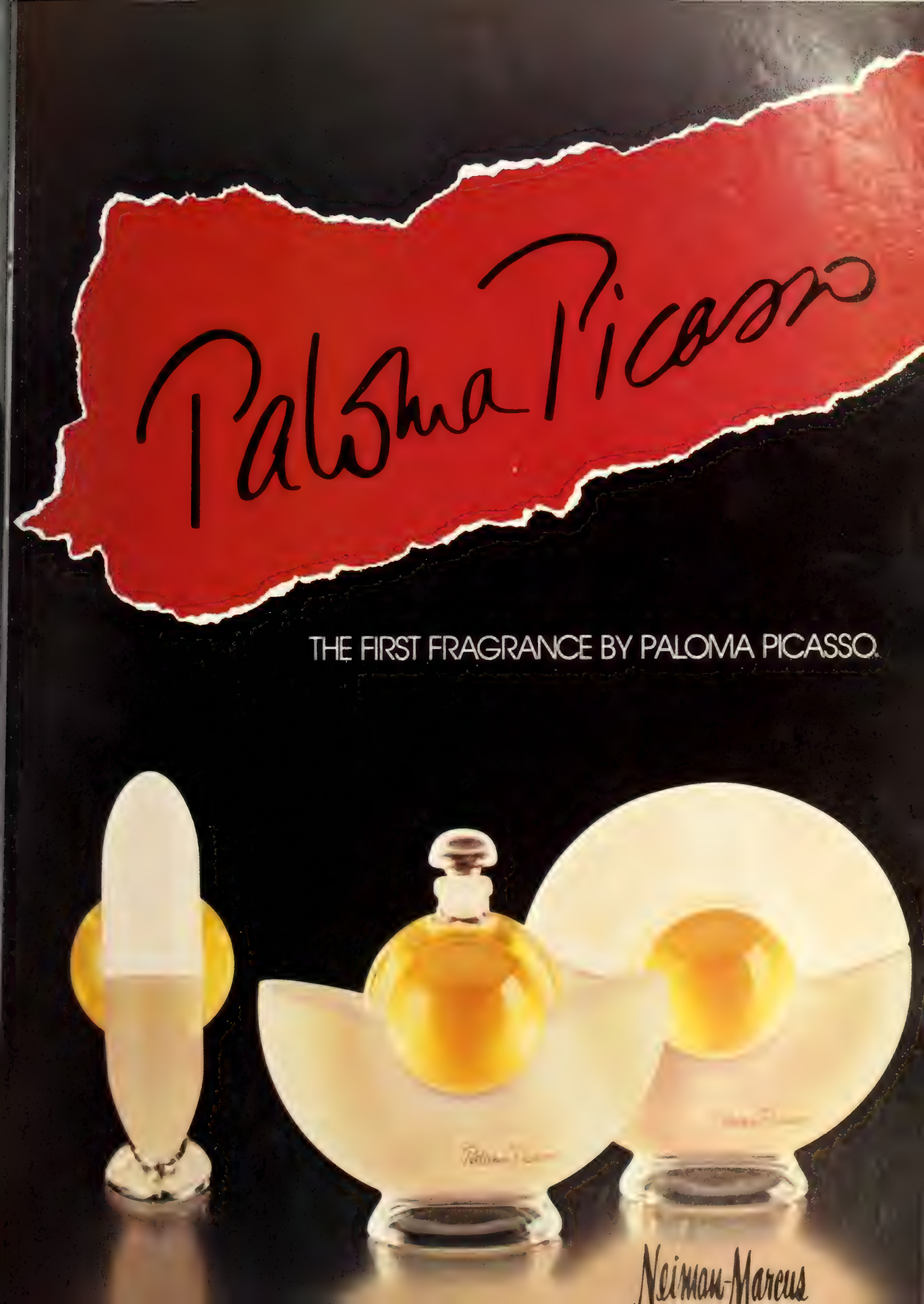
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



A rare landscape by Picasso, *Paysage de Juan-les-Pins,* 1920

In Paris for the opening of the new Picasso Museum—ten years after the decision was made that there would be a Picasso museum in France—we were overwhelmed again by the sheer range and volume of Picasso's work, just as we had been at The Museum of Modern Art's great Picasso retrospective in 1980. As Editor-at-Large Rosamond Bernier learned in her interview with Dominique Bozo, the director of the new Picasso Museum saw the New York show as "a rehearsal for the Picasso Museum" in Paris.

Madame Bernier's text reveals how Bozo chose the 149 sculptures and 228 paintings that were transferred to the French state in settlement of inheritance tax before the heirs made their choices from the mind-boggling personal collection of the artist's work. Among all the treasures we saw in Paris, the rare Picasso house and garden, *above,* painted in the countryside of Juan-les-Pins in 1920, seemed particularly right for House & Garden. For more, see page 186.

It was on a train from Los Angeles to Chicago that Jane agreed to marry me, but our time in France this fall unfortunately did not permit a romantic rendezvous on the train from Paris to Strasbourg, which designer François Catroux has just revived as a *train de luxe* in France. As Christina de Liagre reports, page 202, Catroux and three-star chef Joël Robuchon and a maître d'hôtel from the Ritz, where we did manage to stay, have joined forces to bring glamour back to travel by rail.

We came home in time for a preview of the National Gallery's plans for the art and objects arriving by British Airways that will make up "The Treasure Houses of Britain" exhibition in Washington, D.C., November 3 through March 16. Simultaneous with the show in Washington, a PBS series by the same name has been scheduled for three Mondays, December 16, 23, and 30. The piece in this issue by Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery, will help prepare us for both. His description of the preparations for an exhibition of this magnitude is required reading, page 218, as is a new book called *The English Country House, A Grand Tour.* The book is a collaboration between the National Gallery show's curator, Gervase Jackson-Stops, and Washington lawyer/photographer James Pipkin. Along with the exhibition's handsome catalogue, which also reveals the fine eye of the Jackson-Stops and Pipkin team, it will undoubtedly bring the American love affair with the English country style to an even higher passion in the years to come. The number to call for information on "The Treasure Houses of Britain" is 202-842-6672.

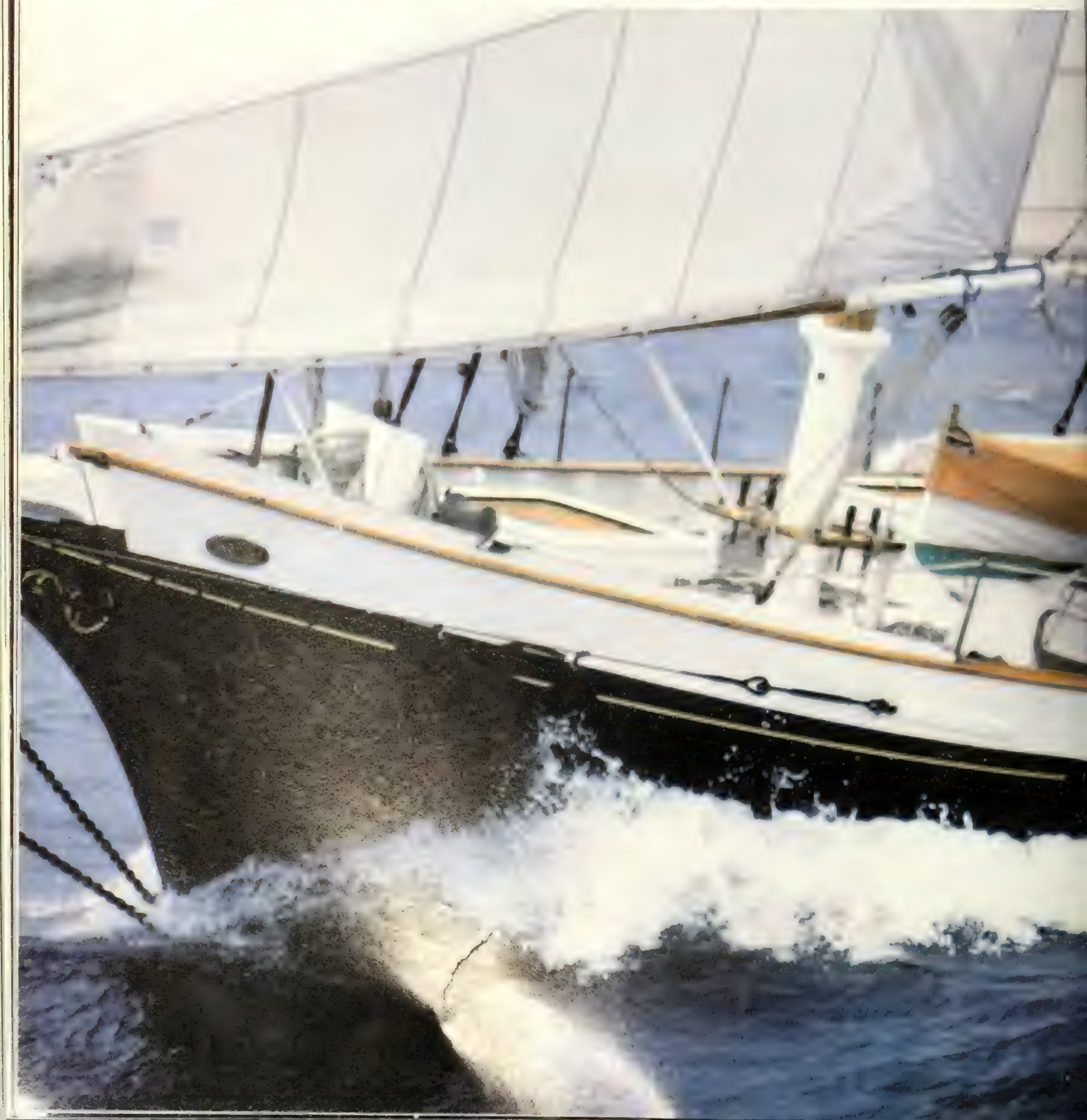
We pay tribute to still another Englishman in this issue, the garden designer Russell Page, who died earlier this year. Eleanor Perényi's tribute, page 170, and an interview by Tom Dewe Mathews with Page, page 176, on one of his last gardens, the classic setting for the PepsiCo collection, show the special gifts of this artist-gardener. The PepsiCo garden in Purchase, New York, is open to the public, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. every day.

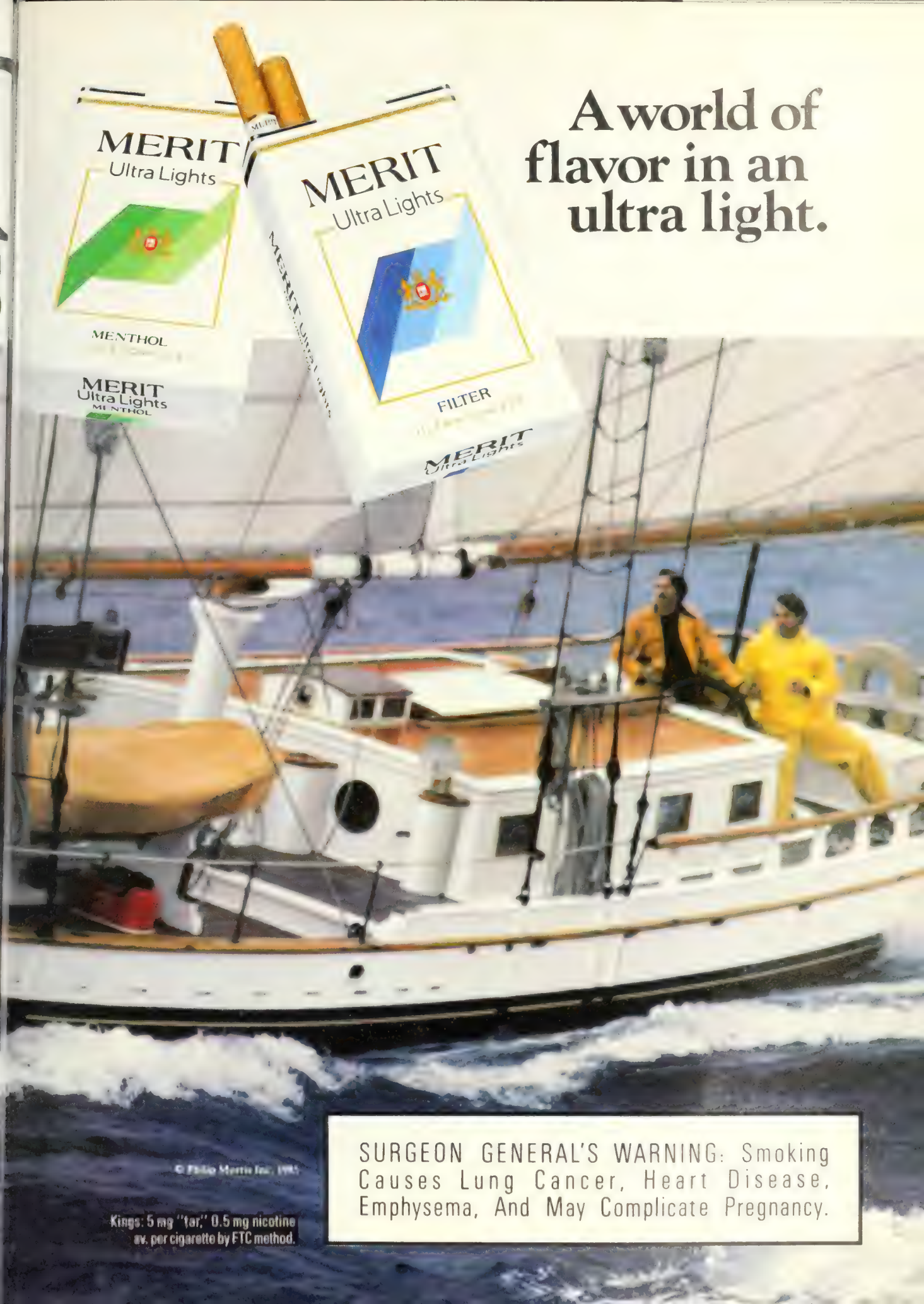
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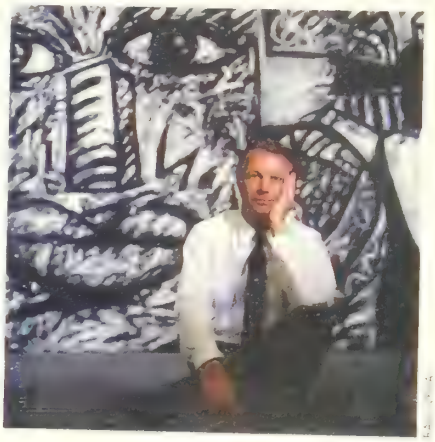
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BEYOND THE BLOCKBUSTER

How three adventurous directors are rewriting the agendas for their museums

By Marjorie Welish







The announcement of a new museum director could never equal the news of, say, Stanley Kubrick taking on Robert De Niro, but in the art world, as in Hollywood, the creative package can make or break a given project. And the consequences of matching this director to that museum have implications that affect our lives long after the instant thrill of many movies have come and gone. Today, with so many museums competing for our attention, the challenge is not only how alluring they can be this instant, but how incontestably essential they will remain for our time. Three particular American museums are inspired examples of prototypes we would be foolish to let languish, and their places on the cultural map have been secured by up-and-coming directors who, in it for the long haul, are not leaving anything to chance.

The Philadelphia Museum of Art, in the steady hands of 42-year-old director Anne d'Harnoncourt since 1982, originated in 1876 as a home for decorative and industrial arts. What began as a spin-off of the city's centennial exposition grew into a major endeavor, however, as utilitarian beauty became the focus of a profound investment in the past. Philadelphians were quick to pick up on Ruskin's crusade to improve design in our lives, and they soon appreciated that quality in contemporary design is beholden to quality that long preceded them; so they recast their contemporary museum to embrace European ceramics, painting, and sculpture and past fine arts worldwide.

This expanding hoard of art moved from site to site until civic pride led to plans to erect an appropriately high-minded building, complete with period rooms to give contextual sense to artifacts ripped from their indigenous cultures. A majestically sited temple, opened in 1928, the Philadelphia Museum embodies a well-balanced, steadily unfolding history, with depth and quality in Near and Far Eastern art, Gothic and Renaissance, and exceptional rigor in early modern art.

Extravagantly put, the past is like a religious relic cast in bronze: the more it is handled, the more it gleams. The Philadelphia Museum's greatest asset is its historical scope, and, as Anne d'Harnoncourt has shown her constituency, the more the museum's annals are referred to via thematic and cross-cultural exhibitions that unlock the meaning of canvases and vases produced centuries ago, the more the art and its era come alive for the viewer.

"The reason I find this general compendium museum so stimulating is because I have a chance to draw connections between artists and art from different countries and periods, all talking back and forth to each other," she says. Such opportunities in the last few years have resulted in "The Second Empire: Art in France Under Napoleon III," which *The New York Times* called "the single most outstanding exhibition of the year," and "Manifestations of Shiva," the largest and most important display of Indian painting and sculpture then seen in the United States, designed to draw prideful attention to the museum's

Left, from top: Anne d'Harnoncourt, director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, with Brancusi; Richard Koshalek, director of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, before an installation mural by Gronk; Linda Cathcart, director of Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum, and painting by Robert Mangold.



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collection of Near Eastern art. "Philadelphians and the China Trade, 1784–1840" focused on the decorative arts made for import but courted us with everything from letters to tobacco to evoke the lively cultural milieu of the time.

Anne d'Harnoncourt's belief in the vitality of art originates in her having grown up with it, as daughter of Rene d'Harnoncourt, enlightened director of The Museum of Modern Art from 1949 to 1968. Today we take for granted what he set out with his visionary attention to primitive art to prove: that color, line, shape, and the universality of form lie at the root of our idea of what is modern about modernism. If, as head of a historical museum, Anne d'Harnoncourt is comfortable with the notion that art is a living resource, it is thanks to her father that this is so.

But d'Harnoncourt also brings to her job impeccable credentials as an art historian, which include training at London's Courtauld Institute with John Golding, distinguished scholar of Cubism and early modern art, and Alan Bowness, now director of the Tate, under whom she researched work on the Pre-Raphaelites. Of her eighteen years in museums, ten were spent as curator of twentieth-century art at Philadelphia. No doubt the support role allowed her a more thoroughgoing initiation into the workings of the museum than her predecessor Jean Sutherland Boggs had had—fiscal responsibilities were virtually unshared before d'Harnoncourt's appointment. Wisely, the museum has brought in its first paid financial director, clearing d'Harnoncourt's desk for attention to the artistic end of things.

There is no absence of pressure on the artistic end, of course. It is no secret that the riotous novelty of numerous changing exhibitions tends to usurp the viewer's interest in the constant visage of permanent installations. How d'Harnoncourt copes with this pressure to offer a cornucopia of handsome, if not glittering, shows when she knows the strengths of the museum lie in its collection and "the momentum of good research" depends on how well she can balance entertainment and outreach against preservation and scholarship. So far, d'Harnoncourt has done well in balancing the two, by devising changing shows that, like "Design Since 1945," refer back to the museum's origins, or, like "Manifestations of Shiva," lead shy viewers back to the aesthetic stronghold of its permanent collection. Although there is community pressure to be popular, d'Harnoncourt, with her solid nineteenth- and twentieth-century background, is secure enough in her knowledge to resist the trendy relevance that compromises so many museums scrambling for a new identity.

If the future looks bright in Philadelphia it's because the past is treated with regard. The city will be the beneficiary of d'Harnoncourt's intelligent and independent long view of history, since for this expert on Duchamp, the thorniest of the avant-garde, history remains something considerably more elevated than a nervous and compulsive handling of what pretends to be new. Consequently, so long as it is she who guides one of the quieter museums in the northeast corridor toward the 21st century, change will not be as traumatic as it has been for other institutions. The public can only be reassured by a sense of history as wise as it is fresh.

Stewardship of the present is at least as difficult as breathing life into the past, and as history is vital to venerable Philadelphia, so is history in the making to the still relatively young city of Houston and its Contemporary Arts Museum, led by Linda Cathcart.

The Contemporary Arts Museum is a diamond-shaped building, and to enter you slip through an edge. Dramatized within the open high-ceilinged hall and small lower gallery are solo and thematic shows by living artists. Like institutes of contemporary art in Boston, Chicago, Fort Worth, and elsewhere, C.A.M. can enjoy its role as *kunsthalle* and offer a continually changing program of exhibitions without the historical imperative that its neighbor, The Museum of Fine Arts, necessarily must consider. Catercornered across the street, the Museum of Fine Arts with its permanent collection and C.A.M. without one complement each other perfectly: the two can cooperate but remain independent within well-defined artistic domains.

The museological map of C.A.M. wasn't always this clear. Founded 37 years ago to bring national and even international avant-garde art, dance, and opera to the attention of the communi-



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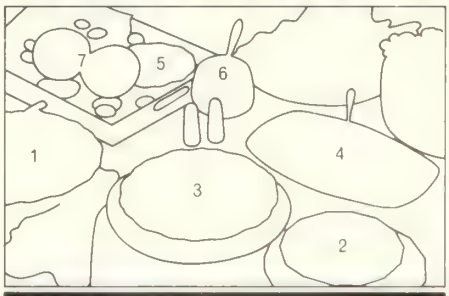
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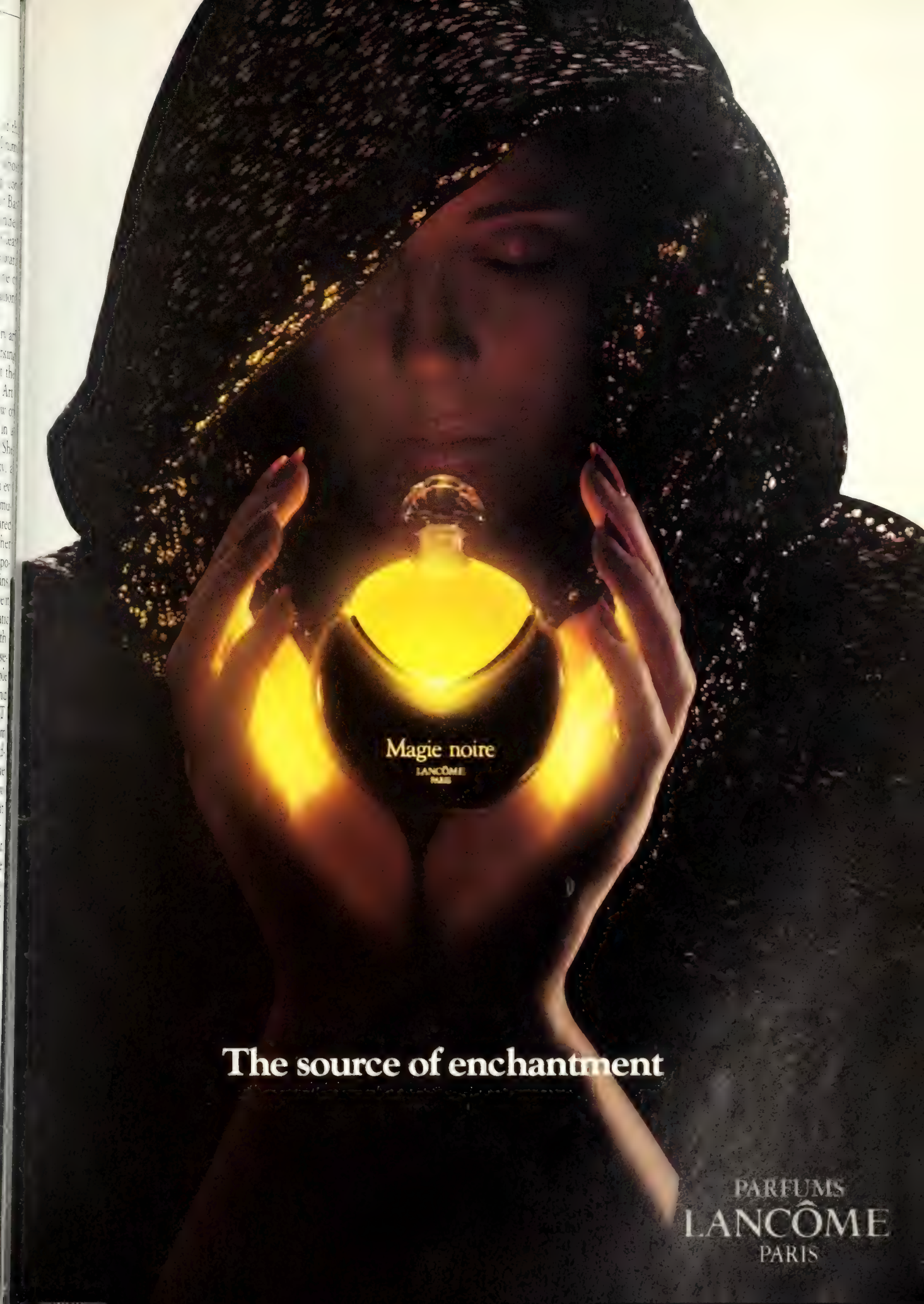


ty, C.A.M. faltered in the fifties when it changed from an institution run by volunteers to one run by a paid director and a board responsible for planning programs and watching attendance. Things ground to a halt when, in 1978, director James Harithas refused to accept the appointments of financial and business professionals to help him, and C.A.M. subsequently went through a period of leaderlessness, trying to decide what to do. Shrinking funds allowed for mostly local art, not the panoply of national art C.A.M. had been chartered to show as well. Linda Cathcart brought to the exhibition hall six years ago her broad but scrupulous overview of recent art and, no less valuable, a practical administrative mind to make this *kunsthalle* work.

Freedom to do as she pleases is the reward Cathcart enjoys for bringing administrative sobriety to C.A.M., but in exchange for her curatorial autonomy, she believes she owes her board and public "an education." This education consists in showing "the best artists of certain movements to give the public a complete view of contemporary art—can you believe until recently Houston had not seen Pop or Minimal art?" An error, clearly, since local galleries had shown this art, but perhaps not as aggressively as Cathcart in her privileged position is able to do. She reads the headlines and shrewdly picks the most challenging of what's current, careful to schedule shows of proven modern art along with the latest trends. In a show organized by Brenda Richardson for The Baltimore Museum of Art, C.A.M. exhibited large composite photographs by the British artistic team of Gilbert & George, who, as witnesses within their photographs of life's social drama, might be called the Rosencrantz and Guildenstern of contemporary art. Downstairs, meanwhile, was an installation of Fluxus memorabilia. As Cathcart puts it, Fluxus was an extension of Dadaism, and "the first movement to deal with ephemera to show that art didn't have to be precious, that it could be made out of casual art materials." Seen in 1984 was "The Heroic Figure," including Post Modernists David Salle and Cindy Sherman, along with neo-expressionist Julian Schnabel and others who reinvest *art brut* with hubris, paint, and a desire to expend energy, not save it or judge it. Spring of th year saw an exhibition of the Minim canvases of Robert Mangold, whos ethereal geometry was in sharp cor trast to the exhibit downstairs of Ba bara Kruger's politically minde photographs, "Striking Poses." Clea ly Cathcart is well on her way towar transforming the C.A.M. into one o the most celebrated switching station of our time.

Her immersion in contemporary ar began in earnest as an intern workin with curator Marcia Tucker at th Whitney Museum of American Art "Marcia had a very idealistic view o museology," Cathcart recalls, in a manner both tough and jovial. "She talked about a museum-in-the-sky, a nonhierarchical situation in which ev eryone would rotate jobs and the mu seum would be better off for the shared expertise." Although she owes her most intensive exposure to contempo rary art to Tucker, Cathcart maintains, "my personality and education make it hard for me to entertain a democratic organization." It also seemed to Cath cart the pragmatics of running a muse um suggested it would not be possible to deviate much from tradition; and working as curator under Robert T. Buck at the Albright-Knox from 1975–79 only reinforced her own administrative conservativism. "One thing he taught me was to refuse to consider anything more important than the art. But he also assumed operations ran smoothly, which made it possible to get grants, etc., so I came away with a sense of responsibility to the institution I head to run it so it and our experimental programs last." Recent accreditation by the American Association of Museums caps Cathcart's effort to remedy C.A.M.'s ailing practical operations and ready this institution for celebrating its previous feisty cultural role.

The challenge of running an aggressively contemporary museum is clear: to mount uncompromising exhibitions that dignify what's new while allaying the skepticism, if not the hostility, of the public toward this unfamiliar art. "Without loss of quality," Cathcart says, "we hope for a democratic program that demonstrates not all contemporary art looks alike. Or as I've heard trustees say, 'You don't like this show? Come back in a month. It will all


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be different.' "

Except for its physical plant, the C.A.M. is as ephemeral as a museum can be, that is until one considers the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art, whose very building is a changing exhibition. Standing in front of The Temporary Contemporary during Olympic summer, you had only to look across the street to the police horses paddocked in wooden stalls neighing back at the exhibition "Automobile and Culture" installed in a garage that once saw repair of police cars, and then beyond the horses to Mitsubishi and other Japanese corporate offices zooming up, to be struck by technological vertigo. No doubt about it, in its ad hoc quarters, The Museum of Contemporary Art is attempting to capture the dynamism of Los Angeles evoked by this serendipitous abridgment of the evolution of horsepower. In fact, planned for the future, says director Richard Koshalek, is a show devoted to the quickening spirit and site of Los Angeles.

Placing context first is Koshalek's idea of how to run a museum. To see how MOCA is run is to discover how much Koshalek has been emboldened to break the rules by the Bohemian site aesthetics and alternative space movement that flourished in the sixties and seventies. Circumstances have forced MOCA to be experimental. Since its opening in November 1983 and while it awaits the completion of its complex by Arata Isozaki and the stability of a permanent contemporary art collection, it has been improvising its day-to-day existence like the most rebellious of alternative spaces. Squatting in underutilized municipal or industrial property is one hallmark of such liberated alternative institutions (Frank Gehry Associates saw that the garage's raw beauty needed little civilizing, virtually leaving it alone); active participation by artists in the administrative structure is another sign of alternative programs (Robert Irwin, Sam Francis, and DeWain Valentine serve on the board). "In Context," Koshalek's scheme to place art around the city, is only one way MOCA expresses its iconoclastic interest in going beyond the art object toward an awareness of site, environment, and community—concerns artists lobbied for fifteen years ago. These are just a few ways MOCA distinguishes itself from a t ditionally run museum. By absorbi the populist spirit of the sixties into grand administrative style, Kosha has dared to give lasting form to fl and in doing so has raised the excit and volatile style of alternative art p grams to the institutional level.

While some galleries are still kno for their open collaborative spirit, it near miracle that a museum can be r on the vitality of collective initiative. revolutionary as this idea is, Koshal takes credit for expanding and stick to it, not originating it, and insists link with alternative philosophy is si ply a coincidence. His formative inf ences came from apprenticeship unc Martin Friedman at the Walker A Center, an independent who anticip ed the institutional flexibility for whi alternative spaces have becom known. "I arrived in 1967, in the mid of a two-year building program," sa Koshalek in his soft, liquid voic "While waiting for his museum to b built, Martin organized shows in d partment stores and vacant lots. Ta ing advantage of my architectur training, Friedman put me in charge installation but understood I was int ested in working with graphic artis architects, and artists, producin shows, not just organizing them. Th ambition was possible to realize b cause this was the mid-sixties, when k netic art and environmental use of lig were beginning to emerge."

In addition to training on the jo Koshalek brings an entrepreneuri and boyish personality eager to atta obdurate administrative problems cr atively—risking spectacular flops and the will to carry out his adventu ous plans. The possibility of creati administration eventually lured K shalek to MOCA, initially as assista to Pontus Hulten, the museum founding director. When Preside Mitterrand called Hulten back France to organize the 1989 World Fair, Koshalek, assuming control MOCA, had free rein to experiment a large way. He made sure that the m seum-as-laboratory would be irresis ible to Julia Brown Turrell and Jul Lazar, curators who had worked wi him at The Hudson River Museum an whom he lured to Los Angeles.

Julia Brown Turrell, curator painting and sculpture, organized th



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recent show of a generous selection of the eighty Abstract Expressionist and Pop works newly acquired from the prestigious Panza di Biumo collection and which inaugurates MOCA's own effort to assemble a permanent core of art created since World War II. Meanwhile, Lazar, curator of "anything that moves," spearheaded "Territory of Art," a series of sixteen radio broadcasts on National Public Radio, a collage of thoughts by denizens of the art world and featuring art specifically commissioned for radio by Claes Oldenburg, Laurie Anderson, and Lee Breuer, among many others, intended to stretch our ears and sensibilities.

To make ends meet, Koshalek relies on his celebrated talent for fund-raising. Even so, given the cost and hard work in constructing a museum and paying for a large corpus of art, and firing salvos of art within buildings, on the street and over the air waves, isn't MOCA scattering its energy, growing too fast? "This is something we have to be very careful about," muses Koshalek. "There are great expectations for MOCA and great demands being put on MOCA by different constituencies: architecture, photography. . . But we do have to set priorities: developing our permanent collection of art of the last forty years. In seven months, the opportunities of The Temporary Contemporary and the Panza collection came about. Well, maybe we are moving a little too fast."

Koshalek, perhaps thinking of problems the newborn MOCA faced, like the initially acrimonious battles over Isozaki's architecture or the verbal free-for-alls at board meetings that invariably turn competitive, prefers to express the workings of the fledgling, free-form MOCA in cosmic terms. "There are problems with a developing institution with different personalities addressing diverse problems. But all are solvable in time if you take a problem-solving approach and consider what's best for MOCA, not what's best for me, or for these people over here, or over here. If you keep asking that question of yourself and of peopl with expertise of their own, you ca find a solution. In a museum, every thing is an artistic opportunity."

The opportunities for museums t shape the way we experience art clearly have inspired some heroic performances by those directors who understand what's at stake. Philadelphia and cities on the East Coast are lucky to have founded museums one hundred years ago, when European and Asian masterpieces were still readily available for collecting. But masterpieces cannot be manufactured. With only so many European masterpieces to go around, an alternative to hoarding art must be found in the kind and quality of the experience of looking. Houston and Los Angeles evidently understand this. Eager as any to house first-rate art, but relative newcomers to the scene, they have created two kinds of museums that are exciting now and will be indispensable in the future, if we are to understand art works and not simply turn them into instant masterpieces. □

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TOILS OF HOFFMANN

Though its foes called it the "Viennese Woe," the Wiener Werkstätte produced some of the most refined designs of this century

By Rosemarie Haag Bletter









JOSEF HOFFMANN: THE ARCHITECTURAL WORK
by Eduard F. Sekler, Princeton University Press, 529 pp., $130

JOSEF HOFFMANN
by Giuliano Gresleri
Rizzoli, 200 pp., $12.50

WIENER WERKSTÄTTE: DESIGN IN VIENNA 1903–1932
by Werner J. Schweiger,
Abbeville Press, 272 pp., $65

LE ARTI A VIENNA: DALLA SECESSIONE ALLA CADUTA DELL'IMPERIO ABSBURGICO,
Edizioni La Biennale/Mazzotta Editore, 589 pp., $50

Clockwise from top left Purkersdorf Sanatorium, Purkersdorf, Austria, by Josef Hoffmann, 1904–06; silver vase for Wiener Werkstätte by Hoffmann, circa 1920; silver jewel box for Wiener Werkstätte by Dagobert Peche, 1918; master bathroom of Palais Stoclet, Brussels, by Hoffmann, 1905–11.

Bauhaus design, not long ago regarded as the ultimate in twentieth-century modernism, seems to have plummeted precipitously to an all-time low in the estimation of many Post Modern critics. At the same time the work of the Viennese Secession—formerly regarded as not quite modern and too efflorescent—has gone through an extraordinary revival.

As the Austrian variant of Art Nouveau, the Viennese Secession rarely displays the flora of undulating S-curves and fauna of snakes and swans so typical of French and Belgian Art Nouveau; rather its emotive flourishes are kept under strict control within carefully ordered grids—inspired by the work of the Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh and the English Arts and Crafts movement. In fact, after one Secession exhibition in 1900 which included pieces by Mackintosh and C.R. Ashbee's London Guild of Handicraft, a Viennese critic wrote that the furniture looked as if it "had come from a rectangular planet inhabited by four-square peasants. All is upright, right-angles, at ninety degrees. In actual fact, it is English Biedermeier, simple, worthy and clumsy . . ."

It was out of the Secession movement that the Wiener Werkstätte group—committed to unifying arts, crafts, and architecture—was founded in 1903 by the architect Josef Hoffmann and the artist Koloman Moser. Like William Morris before, they tried to offer good design to a larger audi-


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ence, but again it was only affordab to the happy few. Everything from fu niture, *objêts d'art,* silverware, jewelr to fabrics, clothes, postcards, an bookbindings were produced by wel known designers and artists includin Oskar Kokoschka, Egon Schiele, an Gustav Klimt.

With its superb illustrations, Wer ner J. Schweiger's *Wiener Werkstätte Design in Vienna 1903–1932* makes a this material available for the first tim in a comprehensive manner to the En glish-speaking reader. *Le Arti a Vien na,* published in Italian last year i conjunction with the rather unever and badly mounted exhibit at the Ven ice Biennale, yields scattered back ground information presented mor coherently, however, in earlier books Giuliano Gresleri's *Josef Hoffmann* first published in Italy in 1981, has jus come out in English. Written before i could have benefited from Eduar Sekler's careful study, Gresleri's slim book consists mostly of captions tha accompany illustrations of abysma quality. The translation is startling, a times turning the observer into a surre alistically outfitted creature, as in the following: "One enters the vestibule between walls clad in antique marble, embellished by Hoffmann with vases and gilded branches."

From the outset, the Wiener Werk stätte had a generous patron in Fritz Waerndorfer, who was heir to a con siderable fortune. The artistic direc tion and continuity was provided by Hoffmann himself after Moser—dis enchanted with the clients and the dif ferences within the group—left in 1908. Although Hoffmann's central role has always been appreciated, very little has been known about his person al life. Why this was so is now revealed in Eduard Sekler's definitive and mag nificently illustrated monograph: *Josef Hoffmann: The Architectural Work.*

By no means a theorist, Hoffmann once rejected an invitation to speak about art to a radio audience with these words: "What should one say about art? Do it or leave it alone!" He did most of his thinking visually, constant ly sketching, even during concerts. Though he was caustic in conversation, he was known to be hypersensitive to his environment: when his regular res taurant acquired an artificial palm and the proprietor did not respond to his

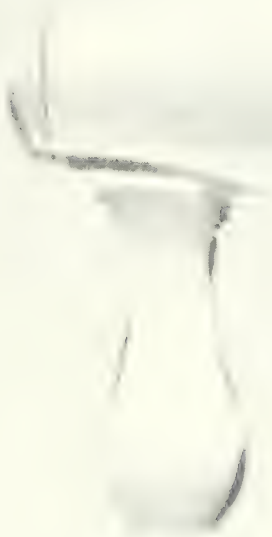
quest for its removal, he simply ›pped going. He was almost phobic ›out being touched. He nearly ılked out of a gathering when a lady ith lacquered fingernails appeared, ıd disliked being served food by any- ıe whose hands he thought unattrac- ve. Not only did he not like to talk ›out art, but he was just as reticent ›out his private life. Even close asso- ates did not know for many years that e had a son. After his marriage he ıaintained his old bachelor apartment ıd when friends walked him home, he ad them accompany him there. Thus, ny expressiveness he was able to mus- er resides completely in his works.

In 1904 Hoffmann received one of is largest early commissions, for the 'urkersdorf Sanatorium near Vienna. The flat-roofed, cubically massed exte- ior has small blue-and-white checker- d tile borders and sculptures by Richard Luksch over the entrance. The evere simplicity of the exterior is off- et by the elegant interiors produced ›y the Wiener Werkstätte. Colors are argely confined to the contrasting dark and light tonalities characteristic ›f Mackintosh, with only a few touches ›f polychrome ornament in stained glass and borders. The Purkersdorf Sanatorium functioned as a hosptial for nervous disorders, offered physical therapy, and served as a spa for a wealthy clientele. Dress in the dining room was always formal. One can imagine it as a place where some of Sigmund Freud's well-heeled female patients might have recuperated in elegance, or as a setting with a social life that might parallel Thomas Mann's sanatoria in his "Tristan" and *The Magic Mountain*.

It was the Palais Stoclet in Brussels (1905–11) that represented the most monumental and dramatic collaboration between Hoffmann and the designers of the Wiener Werkstätte. Adolphe and Suzanne Stoclet had lived in Vienna before returning to Brussels to take over the family banking business and there they had gotten to know the work of the Secession and the Wiener Werkstätte. Startling among the more conventional villas on one of Brussels's most fashionable thoroughfares, the Palais Stoclet is covered in a light, translucent marble with dark metal borders (highlighted in gilt) framing each elevation, the



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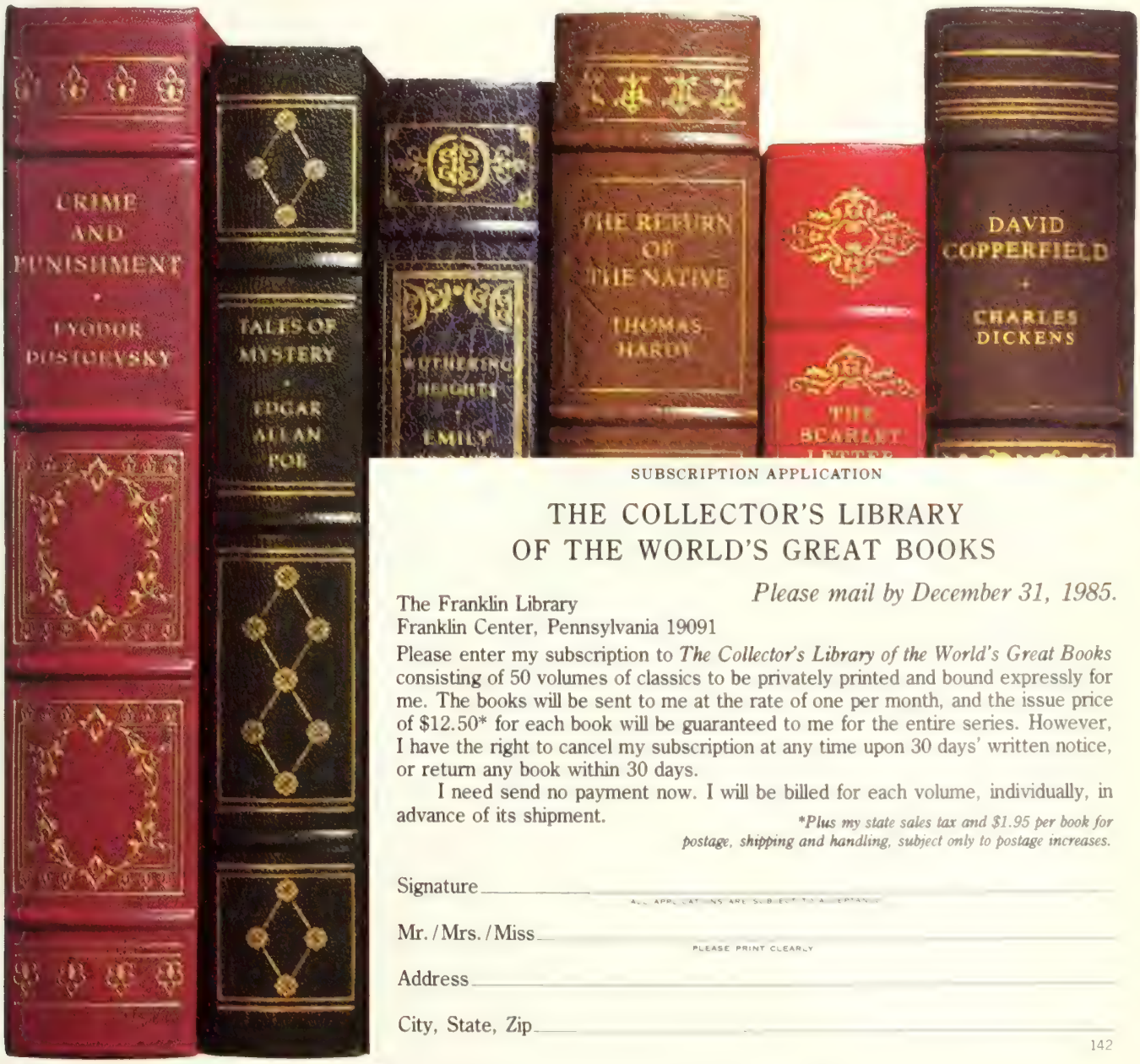
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doorways, and the windows. The building is like an outline drawing and comes close to the dematerialization more typical of the later International Style.

Inside are the mosaic panels done by Klimt for the dining room, and one of the earliest modern bathrooms, the size of a small gymnasium. (A balcony off the bathroom was set up for outdoor exercises.) The music room had a generous stage large enough for theatrical productions, concerts, or dance performances and famous guests at Stoclet soirees included Jean Cocteau, Anatole France, Sergei Diaghilev, and Igor Stravinsky. The Stoclets, who were almost as sensitive about their setting as Hoffmann, left little to chance. Stoclet's tie often matched the color of his wife's dress, and he decreed in his will that he wanted to be buried with a silk handkerchief by Hoffmann in his breast pocket.

Despite the group's constant financial uncertainty, new designers joined the Wiener Werkstätte, foremost among them Dagobert Peche. Before 1915, Wiener Werkstätte designs hovered between the simplicity of Biedermeier and the proto-modernism of Mackintosh's geometries. Peche, by contrast, introduced a wilder mix of what one might call an Expressionist Rococo style. Some of his small decorative objects have a wonderfully nervous, calligraphic energy; larger pieces of furniture, however, frequently border on clunky kitsch.

Well-known architects such as Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier came to visit Hoffmann, and in 1912 the French fashion designer Paul Poiret purchased so many Wiener Werkstätte products (he was particularly impressed by the boldly patterned textiles) that the Viennese style could be detected in the Paris fashions of that year. Joseph Urban, who had come from Austria to the U.S. before the war and who was to build a theater for Florenz Ziegfeld and the New School for Social Research, designed a showroom for the Wiener Werkstätte on Fifth Avenue in New York in 1919. Probab for lack of sufficient patronage closed four years later.

After Peche's death in 1923, Hof mann's less florid touch predominate in the Wiener Werkstätte again. H designs were now less stark than the had been before the war: the classic undertone was still present, but it wa now suffused with an easygoing Ro manticism. In 1925, at the Paris Expo sition of Decorative Arts (from whic the term Art Deco derives), Hoffman together with a number of colleague designed the Austrian pavilion.

Hoffmann's pavilion and the displa of Austrian crafts inside demonstrate that the work of the Wiener Werk stätte had been a major stimulus fo Art Deco. In 1930, Sheldon Cheney, a astute American critic, wrote, "As ear ly as 1925, Paris spread out the build ings of the Exposition of Decorative Arts, avowedly to bring to focus con temporary French efforts outside the traditional styles" but, he continued, "the Exposition proved the French to be adapters of the Viennese thing."

Hoffmann's architecture and Wiener Werkstätte design, most likely because of their classicizing, right-angled, tectonic base, outlasted Art Nouveau and formed a crucial link between that turn-of-the-century style and Art Deco. But by the twenties, the Wiener Werkstätte was no longer as experimental as it had been initially. Its reputation in avant-garde circles was eclipsed by the Bauhaus, founded in 1919. The Bauhaus was assured of a degree of financial stability by emphasizing pedagogical goals over direct sales. The Wiener Werkstätte, having moved from one financial disaster to the next, was finally dissolved in 1932 with a public auction of its products.

It was a valiant attempt to introduce good design, but also proof that, at least as conceived by the Wiener Werkstätte, even simple design can be too costly unless mass-marketed. As one critic observed about the Arts and Crafts movement in general: "only the well-to-do nowadays have a special right to simplicity—the poor have no choice but to accept factory art." The Wiener Werkstätte's persistence over three decades in the face of a shaky economic footing reveals the refreshing, if naive, optimism of a pioneering spirit. □

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IN AUNT FENITA'S FOOTSTEPS

Postcard clues to the family past

By Gore Vidal

In my youth, it seemed that every American had an Aunt Fenita. No matter where one's family lived or was from, Aunt Fenita was always from Ohio. As she grew older, she tended to move east to New York State or Connecticut, where she would settle in a white-frame house in a town with a name like Plandome. By definition, Aunt Fenita was of a certain age, as the French say; and, widow or spinster, she lived contentedly alone. She had enough money to travel, and that is what she did best—and most. Since European travel was still an adventure for Americans before World War II, Aunt Fenita was positively glamorous in her knowledge of steamship lines and railroad schedules, hotels and pensions. She was what was then called a globe-trotter. Had anyone collected her postcards, he would have had a panoramic, even Braudelesque, view of just what it was that our innocents abroad most liked to look at: in Aunt Fenita's case, the Matterhorn loomed rather larger than the Louvre; but then she never saw an alp that she didn't like. Of course, we were Alpine folk.

Aunt Fenita was the self-appointed emissary between the family in America and the family in Europe. Before World War II, we were remarkable in that the European branch was far more distinguished than the American. Things had not gone well for the first two generations in God's country. But in Europe, titles abounded; and though she always got them wrong, Aunt Fenita was an eager, even obsessed, genealogist. Postcards of castles where relatives lived, or allegedly lived, would arrive, such as Schloss Heidegg in Gelfingen. A neatly drawn arrow, pointing to a noble casement, marks, "Your grandmother Caroline's room." On Aunt Fenita's death, trunks were found filled with Brownie snapshots of houses, castles, stout ladies, bearded burghers, coats of arms, pressed flowers from gardens of relatives in Feldkirch, St. Gallen, Unterwalden, Lucerne, and a list of the doges of Venice—her greatest discovery and the family's Rosetta stone—of whom three were called Vidal or Vitale, the magic name triply underlined in Aunt Fenita's triumphant porphyry-purple ink. There were also postcard views of, variously, the church, the piazza, and the Rio de S. Vidal.

I was much impressed; and grateful to Aunt Fenita for connecting me with that slightly comic title of doge ("Git Along Little Dogie" was a popular old Western song). Of course one never took Aunt Fenita all that seriously; even so, there was something mesmerizing about her—the gray knowing eyes, framed by steel-rimmed pince-nez; the huge dentures not unlike those of Woodrow Wilson; and, always, the knowledge that she had been to Europe a thousand times, and met Cousin Ludwig, Cousin Emma, and all those mysterious von Hartmanns and von Baldeggs and de (why not "von"?) Traxlers. The family was mittel mitteleuropa in spades, occupying that area which was once the Roman province of Rhaetia, an Alpine district which Tiberius filled with legionnaires as a defense against the German tribes. At Aquileia, I have worshiped at a monu-



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ment to a defunct Roman army officer named Vitalis; his descendants are everywhere in that part of the world and, literally, lively.

Rhaetia has now been split up by three countries: Switzerland, Austria, and Italy. Our family lived—and lives—in all three sections, as if the province was still a living entity. There is even a Rhaetian language, Romansch, now spoken by very few people; rich in triple dipthongs, it is close to the vulgar Latin of two millennia ago.

Inspired no doubt by the restless ghost of Aunt Fenita, I finally went to the back, as it were, of all those postcards. I drove from Zurich to Liechtenstein to nearby Feldkirch in the Austrian Vorarlberg. Here, from 1300 to 1848, the Vidals were apothecaries—more like wholesale chemists—and Vidalhaus still stands, a splendid fourteenth-century arcaded building, currently occupied by the provincial tax office. The setting is best described not by me but by that wicked travel writer of genius, Norman Douglas, who was brought up near Feldkirch, and who describes the wild countryside in a book due for revival, *Together*.

By the nineteenth century, the Vidals were renting out flats in Vidalhaus, and one was home to the late good President Frei of Chile. Were there any Vidals left? The priest at St. Stefan's Church thought not. Together we went through the registry of births. There was my great-grandfather Eugen Fidel Vidal, born in 1820; but after him, the line ends. I know little about him. He graduated from the University of Lausanne; he married Emma, an heiress from Lucerne (who was promptly and permanently disinherited); he arrived in Wisconsin in 1848. No matter what he put his hand to, he failed. Then, one day, he disappeared. The bitter Lucerne heiress supported their four children by translating French, German, and Italian stories into English for newspapers. After a twenty-year absence, Eugen Fidel came home. Emma committed him to the poorhouse, where, each evening he put on a tattered red velvet smoking jacket; he died a long way from Vidalhaus.

As the priest and I went through the records, I noticed that the family vanished at the end of the sixteenth century; then they surfaced again in the 1790s, when one Johan Felix Vidal reappeared in Feldkirch, reoccupied Vidalhaus, and married the daughter of the burgher-meister, who gave birth to the poorhouse-bound Eugen Fidel Vidal. Where, I asked the priest, was the family from 1590 to 1970? Friuli, he said, pointing to the yellowed page. Johan Felix was born in the Friuli, at Forni à Voltri. And where—or what—I asked, in Fenitaesque confusion, is Friuli? A part of Rhaetia that is now a part of Italy and, before that, for centuries, a province of Venice. I knew ecstasy! *The Vidals had gone south to be doges*. Aunt Fenita was vindicated. Giddy along, little dogie, indeed. Had we not in Byzantine splendor, thrice wed the sea?

In due course, I visited the mountain town of Forni à Voltri. The church records were missing for births and deaths; but the marriage records were intact. We were still apothecaries; but a large number had become priests. In the high main street, circled by sharp alps, I stopped an old man to ask him the way to the cemetery. When he looked me directly in the eye, I found myself staring into my dead father's agate-yellow eyes. But then, as it turned out, everyone in the village looked like my family, except for the kindly Vergilian ghost of Aunt Fenita. She was not Romanischer but Ulster, and shared with us the turbulent blood of that most dear of presidents, William McKinley. She was also very good about the fact that our family had been Roman Catholic, something so unfashionable at the turn of the century that Emma, after a losing battle with the Jesuit order over some property in Feldkirch, became an atheist, that is, an Episcopalian.

The town baker is called Michele Vidali. I told him that I was sad to see that a vowel had been added to the name. He said it was inevitable now that Friuli was neither Venetian nor Austrian but Italian. I introduced him to my uncle, a retired air-force general. To make conversation, the general, Felix (yet



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again!) Vidal, said that he had been based in Italy during the war, and that he had led several bombing expeditions over Germany. Michele looked grim. "Yes," he said, "I remember. Your flight path was just there, to the west." He pointed to an attractive alp. "You bombed Innsbruck, didn't you?" The general said that he had. Michele sighed; then he produced a bottle of grappa, and we drank to Vidals with and without vowels at the end of their names. I daresay had Michele and not Felix gone to West Point, Michele would have bombed Innsbruck.

I came to Venice late. The city has been so overpraised that I saw no reason for visiting what I had already heard too much about. Why fall in love with that glorious light which Canaletto and Bellotto and Guardi have dealt with so much better than the retinas of my myopic eyes could ever do? Also, pre- and postwar Venice was a center of what used to be called café society, and I steered clear of all that. The thought of Oswald Mosley romping in the sand of the Lido was my idea of true death in Venice. But, in due course, at some point in the 1960s, I came to Venice; checked into the Danieli Hotel; escorted the beautiful Clare Boothe Luce to a ball held in the Palazzo Rezzonico. We arrived by boat, as torches flared in rooms where once the Brownings had flared or flickered. *Paparazzi* cameras recorded our arrival. A string orchestra played Offenbach while cloudy Venetian mirrors reflected crystal chandeliers, diamonds, and every splendid familiar face that one had spent a lifetime avoiding, including (could it be?) Oswald Mosley's. One had stepped into the pages of a novel by Frances Parkinson Keyes, Aunt Fenita's favorite cicerone to Romance. And so it came to pass that at a green damask-covered table, where Browning had worked beneath a huge, gaudy, candy-like Venetian chandelier, beautiful Clare and I got into one hell of a political row. But that was in another country; and besides, she still is fair.

Every year I come to Venice at lea once, in August, because a friend only free in that month and she lov Venice. I hate the place in August (tc many people, and the heat is African but the air conditioning at the Gritti excellent, which it should be as one paying for what seems to be the mine al rights to Antarctica; and there a still those churches to see and se again, and the islands of the lagoon t explore. I particularly like Burano, miniature city on whose church wa there is a plaque commemoratin those who died in World War I: thre Vidals. There is also a plaque to thos who fell in World War II: not one V dal is listed—lesson learned. As for ou three doges, Aunt Fenita, alas, got it a wrong, as usual. The *first* name of thre doges was Vidal. So that little dogie ha finally got along; nor were we to b found in the Book of Gold where th noble families are listed. On the othe hand, we are well and truly represent ed in the Venetian telephone director and Vidal Soap—the Lifebuoy of Ita ly—seems rather more our speed. Si centuries of pharmaceuticals, concen trated in a cake of soap. (You can smel the *pine*!)

For some years now I have spen New Year's in Venice. That is the mag ic time. The weather is apt to be gooc while the light—oh, that light!—is na creous, for once a proper use of that word. There are few foreigners or view, and Harry's Bar is more than ever a shrine to the martini while the light But I've just done the light.

There is nothing quite like writing and appearing in a two-hour television documentary on Venice to stumble on a truth: as, talking and talking, I slowly sank into a mud flat near Torcello, I realized that not only did I have nothing to say but there *is* nothing to say. The place is there—still. Look at it. In a world of glass and plastic, of toxic wastes and poisonous air and lethal rain, Venice is as scarred and damaged as everything else. But, even so, the city in the sea still remains like some natural—that is, currently *in*human—formation created out of a sense of wholeness that we have entirely lost as the second Christian millennium sputters (you pick your own verb) to its unmourned end. □





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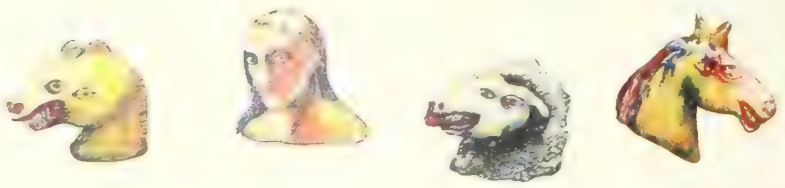
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WESTERN ORIGINALS

William Jamison and Jeffrey Thomas have staked out the unusual art object in the Pacific Northwest

By Michael Boodro



Above: Jeffrey Thomas and William Jamison in their Portland gallery. *Top:* Mary De Lave's hand-painted clay and resin "Face pins." *Below:* A bone mask by Stuart Buehler.

The slightly shaggy, post-prep young man stands in a cheerful, all-white space in the midst of Portland, Oregon's small but active gallery community. He's quick to tell you he's proud of the colorful and diverse array of works that surround him. For Jeffrey Thomas, the young partner in the Jamison/Thomas Gallery, spends his time searching out unique American artists throughout the Pacific Northwest, tracking them down in such unusual and unexplored spots as trailer camps, isolated mountain cabins, sunny suburban street corners, and in converted buses that are hidden away among the giant redwoods.

It seems an offbeat life for a bicoastal boy who was originally drawn to religion and philosophy in college before pursuing theater studies in India and Paris. But Thomas sees his current activity as simply a return to his roots. "My parents (best-selling novelist Michael M. Thomas and writer and former actress Brooke Hayward) are both collectors. Art history was a way of life. I was born in Manhattan, raised in Los Angeles, and then was sent to boarding school in the East. I lived in a pop household in Los Angeles, when my mother was married to Dennis Hopper. I played with my "G.I. Joe" doll under canvases by Lichtenstein and Ruscha. I grew up thinking everybody had large paintings on the wall. It was a shock to realize that very few people actually are interested in art."

Thomas first arrived in Portland in 1974 to attend Reed College. "I hated college and I swore I'd never return," he says. But love conquered distaste. The woman he married was involved in the area's high-tech industries and Thomas found himself back in the city, "largely for lack of a better thing to do," he admits. But Thomas was also aware of the region's reputation for nurturing creativity. "Despite the pull of the East, I decided to try and create something in Portland. The Northwest has always been something of a haven for artists," he explains. "They can afford to have a family here, afford to have a studio, afford to eat. Many of them live below the poverty line and it's not comfortable, but they *can* survive. Morris Graves, Mark Tobey—artists, for whatever reasons, have a tradition of moving out here."

In any case, a brief stint working at New York's Acquavella Galleries, says Thomas, "made

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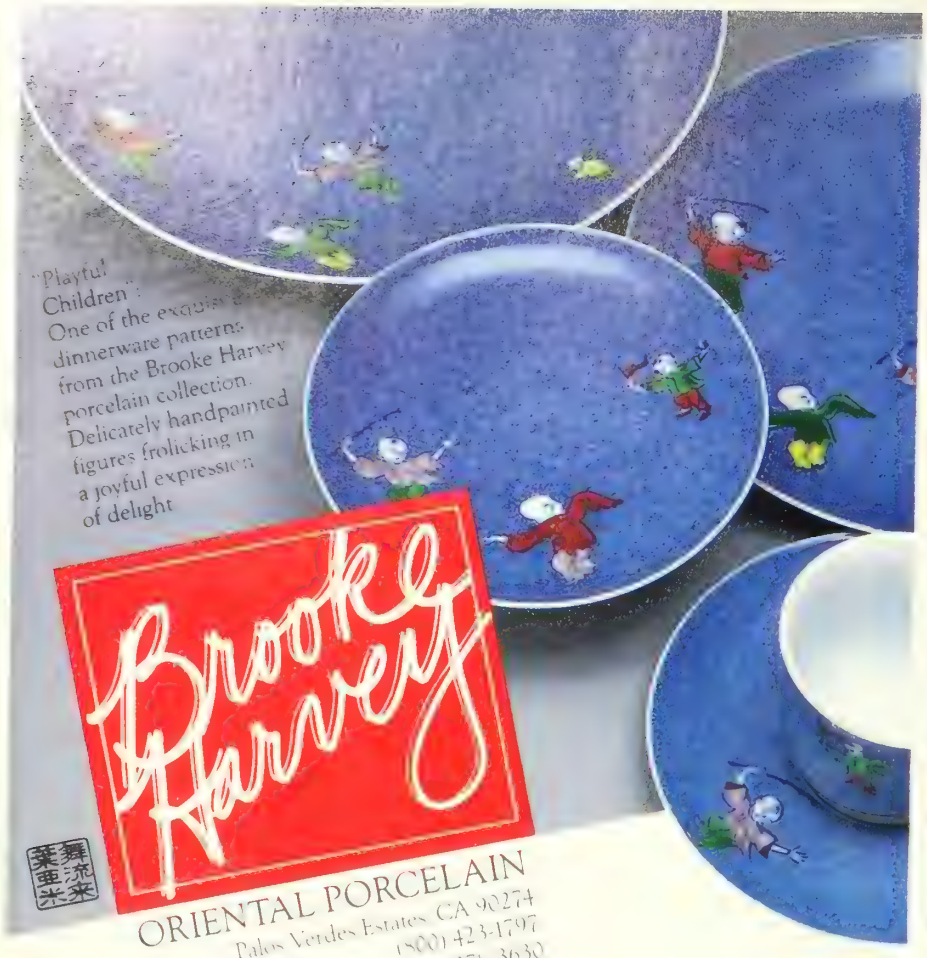


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me realize that art was not something for me to do in New York." But it was a further bit of serendipity that led Thomas into the rather unusual byways of the art world he now traverses.

"Of the thirty-odd galleries in Portland, the only vacancy was in a folk-art gallery. I had no interest in it. Like most people, I guess, for me the words conjured up the images of Grandma Moses and itinerant carvers." But this particular gallery was run by William Jamison, a man who has had a profound impact on Thomas. "He has a real love of American folk arts," says Thomas of his mentor. More importantly, he helped Thomas realize that in the near vicinity were many artists working in highly personal modes.

Jamison, who is happy to let his younger partner speak for the gallery, has a more traditional art background. He used to paint and taught both painting and sculpture at Ashland College in Ohio where one of his responsibilities was as an assistant to the director of the school's gallery. It was this experience that first piqued his interest in having his own gallery. A workshop by the National Art Education Association in 1971 served as his introduction to folk crafts and led to an interest in the crafts of Appalachia.

In 1974, Jamison moved to Oregon, which he had first discovered on camping trips. "I liked the whole philosophy of the area at the time. The state just had good PR," he says laughing. But there were no teaching jobs available, so Jamison opened a restaurant, although he admits, "I suppose it had always been in the back of my mind that someday I'd open a gallery." That day finally occurred in 1980, but "for a long time, it was the restaurant that allowed the gallery to survive." It wasn't until February 1984 that Jamison felt secure enough to make a full commitment to the gallery and closed the restaurant.


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THE DEALER'S EYE

The gallery, then called the Fo Craft Gallery, originally dealt in han made baskets and brooms, twig furn ture, and the art of Southeast Asia refugees. But Jamison began to realiz that there were many self-taught artis in the region whose work deserved a tention. "I was interested in artists wh were not academically trained," say Jamison. "It was an evolutionary proc ess, one that went far faster once Je frey got involved."

"Most of the artists are reclusive they have sizable bodies of unsee work," says Thomas. "Much of it is no necessarily meant to be seen. It's an ex pression of personal mythology a best—a hobby, at worst."

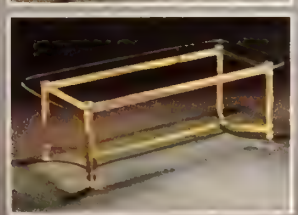
With Jamison's encouragement Thomas began searching, following up on clues, tracking word-of-mouth, lis tening, and looking. "I had some ide of wanting to explore the area," he say grinning. "It took a lot of investigation Sometimes it took months to work ou the details with the artists, many o whom were reluctant. They didn't al ways trust us right away. Fortunately Jamison has a talent for artists' rela tions." Most of the twelve artists the gallery now represents come from the Pacific Northwest, but Thomas has also ferreted out talent in northern Cal ifornia and British Columbia.

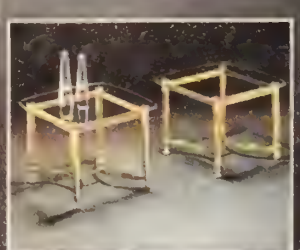
Thomas becomes passionate when discussing his artists, and if there is something practiced, a touch of the pitchman in his smooth presentation, it is probably because the works he deals with are so unusual, so far from the mainstream. He has had to explain this work often. "It's disturbing—visceral. The work is full of emotion. I feel it will have some sort of significance years from now."

This might seem somewhat grandiose claim for the work of, for example, the man who lives in a remote cabin, Stuart Buehler. But Buehler's work does have an undeniable presence and strength. He first came to Thomas's attention through the incised pieces of bone—intended to be worn as pendants—he was selling up and down the coast. "I was excited to find someone working in the tradition of scrimshaw, but not doing huskies or whaling scenes," explains Thomas. After tracking Buehler down, Thomas realized his work had an elaborate ritual. "He picks up bone pieces from slaughterhouses and then takes them back to the

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bin where he lives. There he buries e bones often for up to a year. He ves them a decent burial, whether nscious or not," Thomas says smil- g. "Then he digs up the bones and ils them over and over again. It's ly after those stages that the bones e ready to work." The artist, some- here in his late thirties or early forties, nishes by hand each of his "fetish ieces," shapes reminiscent of Arp, rancusi, and ancient artifacts. Often e incises and paints the forms with ag- ressive, brutal faces, skeletal forms nd markings, evoking artists from ubuffet to Basquiat. "On each visit e would show me more," Thomas re- alls. "He doesn't really care if his ork is sold. The work is eerie. You an call them fetishes, talismans, and harms."

Equally important, but totally dif- erent," is Thomas's assessment of an- ther of his artists, Robert Gilkerson, vho lives in northern California and egan making assemblage pieces after eing laid off from his job as a grease nonkey. Gilkerson's vividly painted reestanding figures and three-dimen- ional wall pieces have the energy of artoons but with underlying disturb- ng edge. "His work is manic," says Thomas. "It has a weird American quality of humor merged with vio- lence, the prospect of impulsive action. It's heads above most young graffiti artists and this is a man in his sixties, a middle-aged Puck."

Another favorite is Stan Peterson, a retired postman, who began carving figures of wood on his lunch hour, carrying his tools in his lunch box. Peterson creates delicately detailed, painted wall pieces that evoke domestic, suburban moments—the painting of a house, a day at the beach, lovers on a city street, a garage sale—both humorous and resonant. The artist calls them "carved figures in small worlds." Each takes from five weeks to two months to complete and, says Thomas, "The craftsmanship is amazing. Peterson's work is still, serene. The work is not cute, not contrived, and not pretentious. It's accessible."

None of the work the gallery handles is similar and "these pieces could not be done by anyone else," says Thomas—a criterion he applies in judging all work he sees. One of the major attractions of the work is its purity, a quality Thomas feels will not be sullied by bringing it within the realm of commerce. He regards his position as one entailing both aesthetics and diplomacy. "All of the people we handle have artistic temperament to the extreme. They don't care about selling or showing their work. Trust is all. If you push, you'll never see them again. It's a process of patience and encouragement, often financial."

Thomas is particularly anxious to bring the work of these artists to the attention of more East Coast collectors, especially the younger ones. "What's amazing about so much of the work we show is that the first people to recognize and respect its importance are other artists," says Jamison. "Then, with that kind of support, other people begin to see the work in a different way." The gallery has recently arranged to have works by several of their artists shown in New York at the Charles Cowles Gallery, in Los Angeles at the Jan Baum and Tops galleries, and at the Braunstein Gallery in San Francisco.

"Those who can't afford blue chips can turn to us," Thomas says emphatically. "These works don't demand that you read a book in order to understand them."

Thomas pauses and blushes slightly at his own hyperbole. He grins, then shrugs. "Just say we're a Lower East Side gallery in the middle of Portland." □



"Sunset, Predicted Drought, Winter," acrylic on paper by Stuart Buehler.

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He didn't move when she tentatively put her hand on his arm.

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She watched his big shoulders rising out of the chair.

"I knew it had to be," he said. "The 18th century masters would insist that the carving flow like a sculpture. Furthermore..." He stopped in mid sentence. "Will you dance with me, Elizabeth?"

How odd they must look, she thought, bobbing around the room, his arms pumping to a tune that wasn't there.

She raised her head to his shoulder, "Albert, you don't have time to do all that new carving by hand."

He stopped, removed the glasses and rubbing his eyes, smiled that shy smile she knew so well. "I have the time."

Once, thirty years ago, he had said to her as he pulled a branch from an old and full walnut tree, "I know why wood is. I know why some woods belong together...why to finish the emotion of a magnificent design you must hand carve the wood and flush the joints.

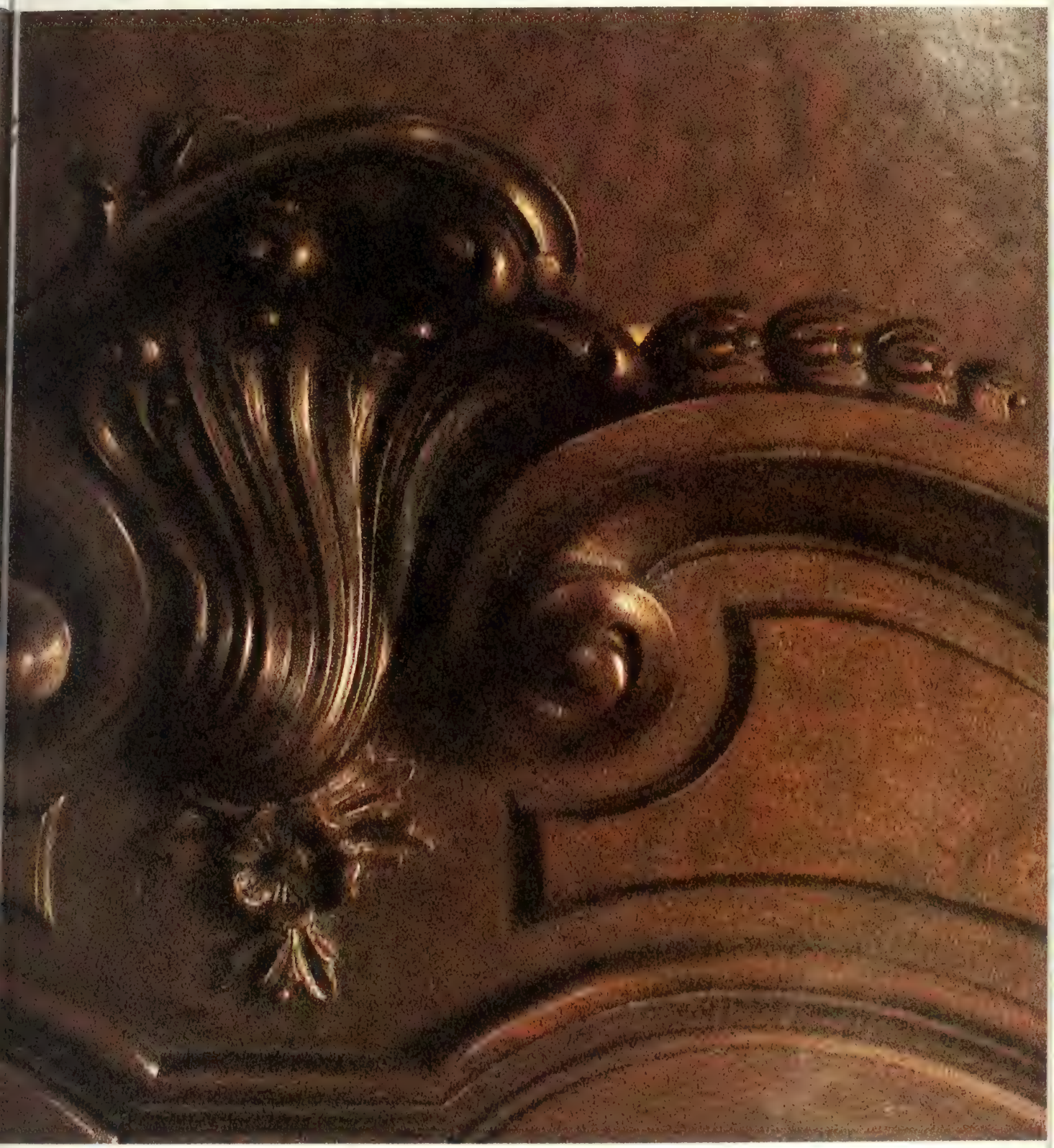
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And she knew indeed he did.



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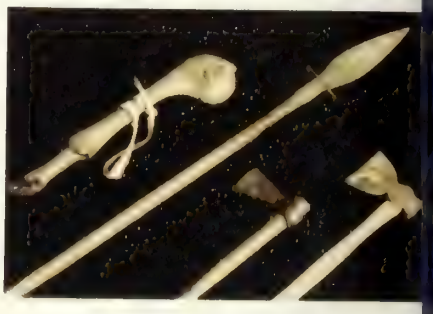
Realizing history through tomahawks, blunderbusses, buckskins, powder horns, drums, and a Hudson's Bay coat

By Steven M. L. Aronson

The impetus for—and the ultimate outcome of—one man's offbeat collection of nineteenth-century artifacts is a remarkable, just-published historical novel set on the Ohio frontier during the War of 1812: *The Tree of Life*. Rather than exclusively utilize dusty archives, the author took a bold approach—he amassed a hoard of frontier objects that enabled him to enter the past through the back door. Hugh Nissenson, who until now has explored Jewish themes in his fiction, in the tradition of Elie Wiesel and Isaac Bashevis Singer, was inspired to create a richly credible frontier character, Thomas Keene, poet and artist.







Part of the frontier collection: *top,* some fierce skins; *above,* the weaponry; *left,* author Hugh Nissenson and daughter in the living room with tamer beasts.

A transplanted New Englander, Keene pits himself against a land whose ways are fierce but whose promise has never been doubted, and in turn confronts the feral forces within himself. His spiritual struggle is played out against the larger story of our country, for as his Delaware-Indian neighbors heed Tecumseh's command and go on the warpath against the whites, fertilizing the cultivated ground with the pioneers' own blood, *The Tree of Life* becomes a prism refracting a harsh light on race war in America.

Nissenson set himself the all-but-impossible task of getting to know his subject matter intimately. He insisted at all costs on achieving absolute realism, a kind of historical pointillism. "I knew from the outset that, being the kind of writer I am, I had to reproduce as completely and vividly and faithfully as I could for the reader the day-to-day life in that ferocious wilderness surrounded by Indians and bears and ghosts and demons—the entire experience—and I realized very quickly that book-learning was not going to be enough, that the only way I was going to create this novel was from the inside. I had no idea, for example, how to load and get off a shot on a flintlock rifle, what sound it made, what the smoke smelled like. I wanted to actually hold the past in my hands until the frontier lived again." (It goes almost without saying that the definition of "the frontier" was changing as often as the frontier itself, with the last frontier—the Far West—coming to incarnate the dark romance of unsettled territory. Still, it is startling to realize that the frontier of Nissenson's book is onl Ohio, that the remote and primitiv places he describes so palpably are to day Dayton, Fort Wayne, and Mans field, bastions of domestication, th very epitome of middle-class America life. The letter written in the 1840s tha concludes *The Tree of Life* already ha a middle-class gentility to it—in fact, few years down the road and we're a the beginnings of Helen Hooven Santmyer's *". . . And Ladies of the Club"*—"the novel that captured the heart of America!"—which does indeed accurately describe the kind of smug bourgeois life that was flourishing in Ohio well before the nineteenth century ended.)

Nissenson's editor at Harper & Row, Aaron Asher, who also edits Saul Bellow and Milan Kundera, assesses: "Hugh has gone about as far as one can go in immersing himself in a specific time and place. I don't think I've ever worked with anybody who has surrounded himself with the physical the way he has—all those original objects he's obsessively collected. Like most good writers, and like all obsessives, he pushes as hard as he can. It's a kind of

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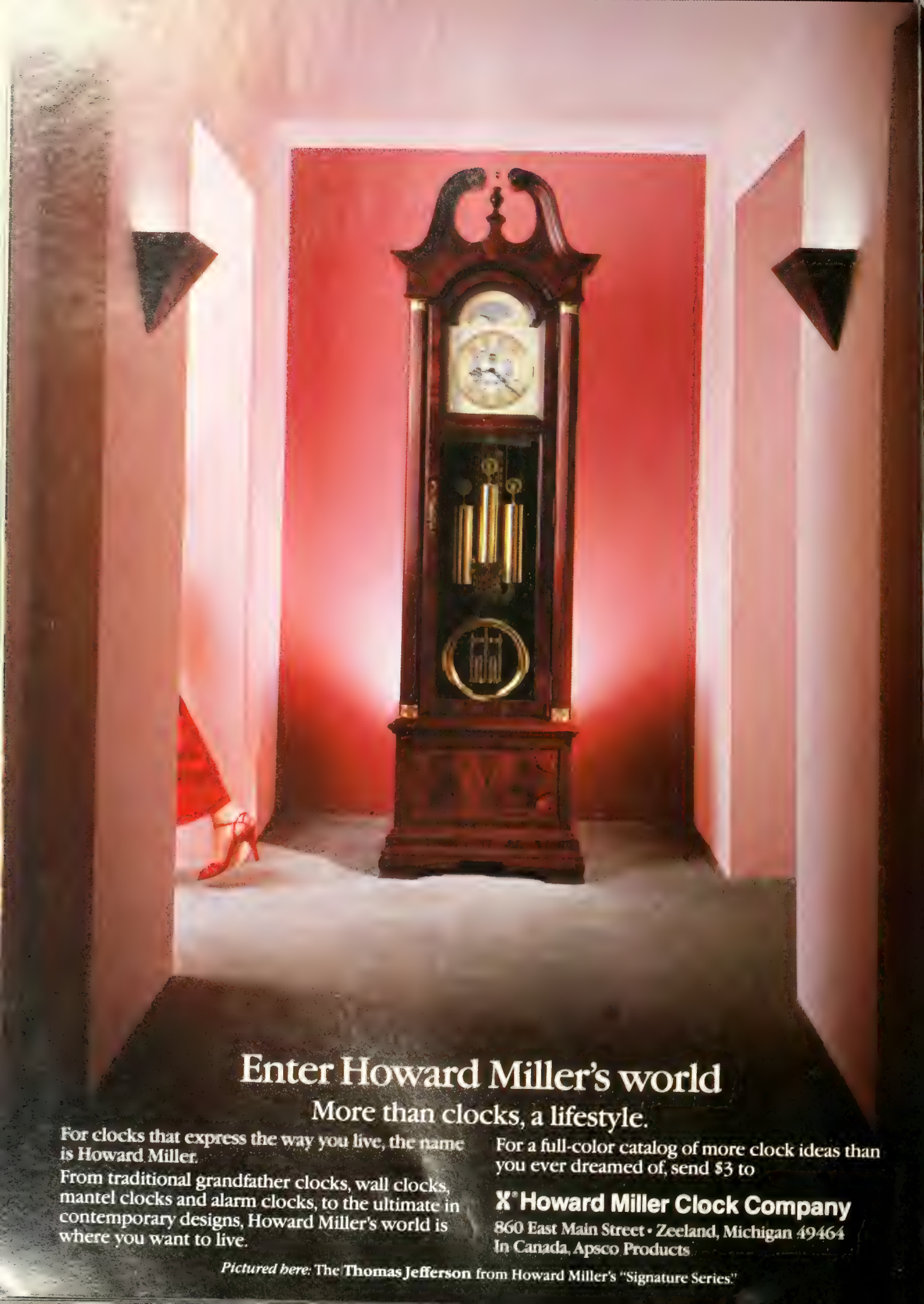
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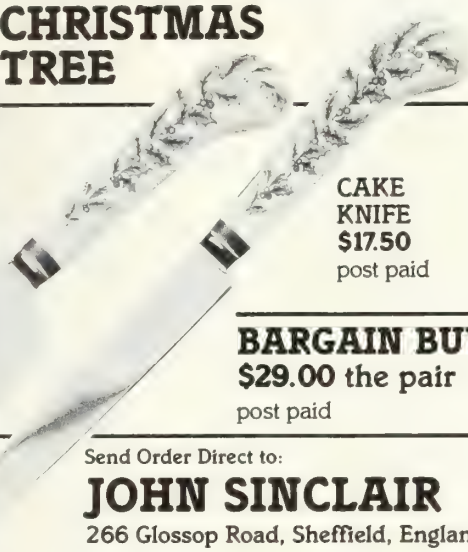
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the obsessiveness."

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, s
nior daily book reviewer of *The Ne
York Times* and a longtime acquai
tance of Nissenson's, adds: "My rea
tion to his collection was one of gre
respect. His study is steeped in the a
mosphere of his book, what with th
weapons and the animal skins and th
frontier clothing—and the clutte
The room is antiquarian, it has a must
ness about it that's almost nineteent
century."

Writer Peter Davis, who coincider
tally was researching Ohio in the twen
tieth century for his book, *Hometow
A Portrait of an American Community*
while Nissenson was researching it i
the nineteenth, reflects: "What im
presses me is the way Hugh, when h
invites you into his office, is taking yo
backwards in time. He went on an ex
tended Outward Bound back into th
early nineteenth century. I think wha
he's done is tap into the collectiv
American memory, into our roots as
culture. When I first saw the room,
felt that I'd entered a museum both o
the past and of the imagination. He
gives me an Ohio that I feel I remembe
without ever having been there."

"It's a room full of threat—a room
about predation, about facing death,"
Nissenson sums up, opening the door
to the littered study in his apartment on
Manhattan's West Side. "I started with
weapons. I'll tell you, I learned when I
was on an Israeli kibbutz, on *their* fron-
tier, that every man's life—and wom-
an's life—depends on protection."
(The result of the two years Nissenson
spent in Israel was a memoir, *Notes
From the Frontier.*)

"The first weapon I armed myself
with was a tomahawk," he continues
without a blink. "I'm sure I'm the only
Jewish writer in history who learned
how to throw a tomahawk. It was a
popular sport on the frontier, it wasn't
used only for battle. This short rifle
here is a Harpers Ferry that appears in
my novel—it's really the first gun made
by an American arsenal for the Gov-
ernment, it's mentioned in Lewis and
Clark. And this," he explains, display-
ing another frontier favorite, "is *the*
great American rifle, the American
Long Rifle or Kentucky Rifle. And
here's a primitive, ferocious shotgun

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Sculpted For The Emperor Napoleon's Wife

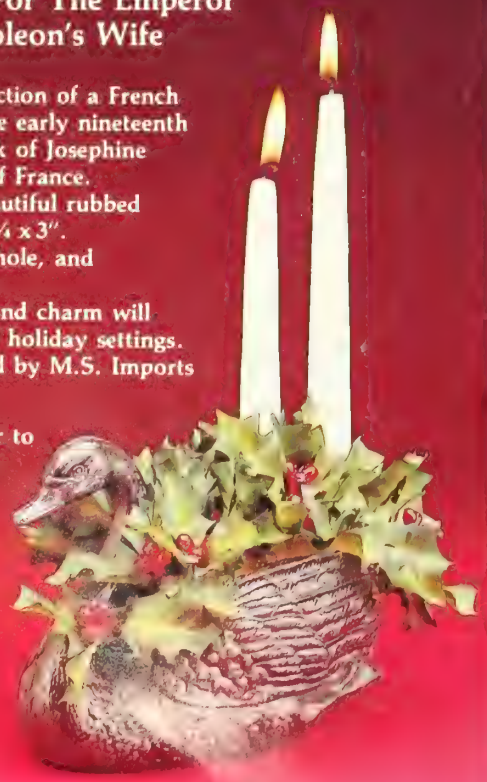
"Josephine Swan" is a reproduction of a French antique le plumier designed in the early nineteenth century to adorn the writing desk of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, Empress of France.

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for you—a blunderbuss, a standar weapon of the British infantry, that learned how to fire and that's carrie by the Indians in my book. It was nick named 'the widow-maker.' Yeah, thi is the original widow-maker—the wid ow- and orphan-maker! Look at th bayonet on the end of it. In a sense, lot of the characters in *The Tree of Lif* began taking shape around the guns What I mean is these weapons weren only created to answer the needs of th period, they also helped mold it.

"I became aware that step by step was entering a kind of—what's th word? 'mystical'?—I don't want to us 'hallucinatory'—state. I mean, I wa becoming part of. . . .For example, plugged into a black-powder network I discovered that there's a whole world of black powder out there today, men who go around shooting black powde weapons for sport—flintlock weapons from the nineteenth century. This is an American obsession, I didn't invent it. These men and their womenfolk trek all over America, they meet regularly in what they call 'rendezvous.'

"Listen, I *went* to one, on a camping ground in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and for two whole days I lived with Americans from all walks of life, including a charming Methodist minister. I lived in a tepee and I ate the food of the early nineteenth century and I shot at candles from thirty yards away with a flintlock. There were *contests* with flintlocks, there were tomahawk throws—America's an amazing country. These are grownups, mind you, replicating in the most extraordinary detail what that life was like—and *they* weren't writing novels about the nineteenth century! Everyone was dressed in these pioneer costumes, some of them were even dressed as Indians—you've never seen anything like it.

"I'd bought myself an original buckskin outfit and I was wearing it. I began to feel like the character in my book. At the very least I could meet him now on an equal footing. An extraordinary moment of my life writing this book—and it has to do of course with being a child again—I mean, that's the root of all creation—was the first time I got into my buckskin pants, put the whole outfit on; and I looked in the mirror and I had a real shock because there I saw a nineteenth-century American in the woods. In a mirror on West End

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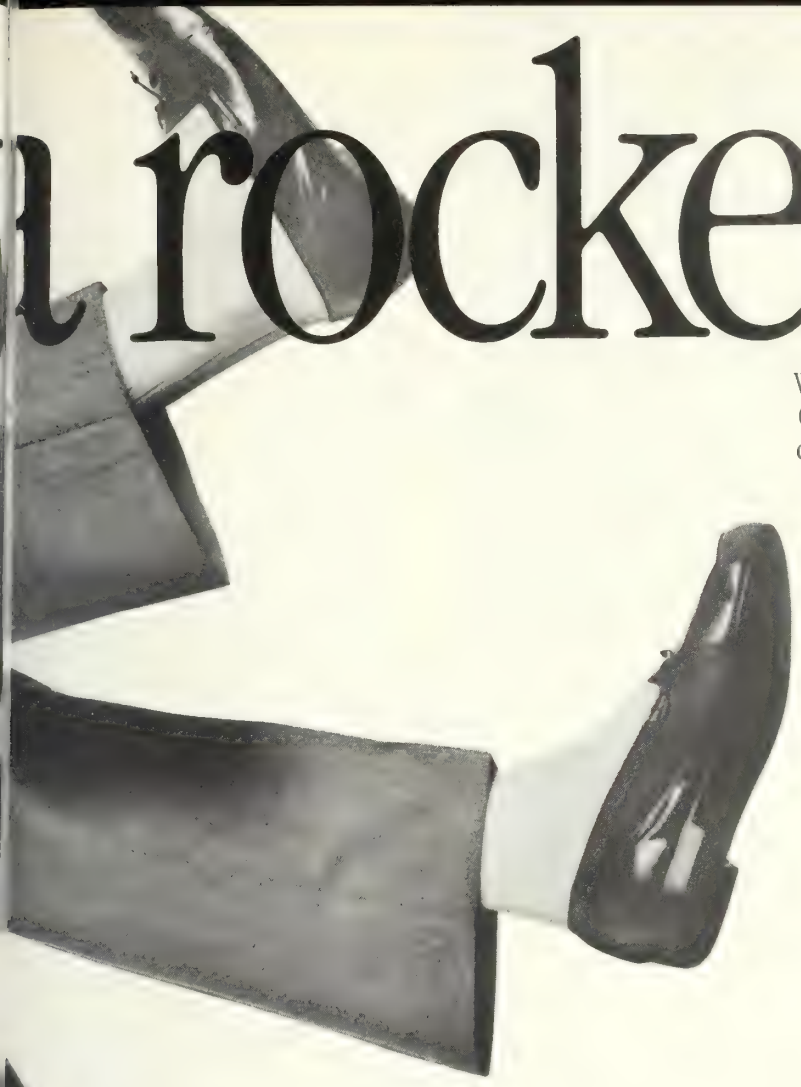
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Avenue I saw this guy armed with flintlock rifle—he looked like ghost—wearing the complete regal with the, you know, bullet bag and th powder horn and the tomahaw Look, if you're a novelist what you c in one capacity or another is put you self in other people's skins." The wal of Nissenson's study are draped wi skins—the pelts of deer, bear, wol "As I would walk into this room in th middle of the night in the dark," he r calls, "two huge glowing eyes tran fixed me—particularly that stuffe owl over there. Then I would light candle and savor what came over me a the candlelight flickered on the anima skins."

Other period artifacts that helped t transport Nissenson back to the Ohi of his imaginings include a Hudson' Bay coat, a goatskin horn helmet, a Indian drum, a pair of Indian leggings a spontoon, a cartridge belt, and Plains Indians scalping wand—"whe they took a scalp," he explains, "the peeled it back, cut it, trimmed it, an then spread it on this—mounted it, i fact, because a man was judged on th number of scalps he accumulated, the were trophies of victory. See, it has knife, a Hudson's Bay knife on the oth er end, which they'd stick in th ground and the scalp would hang down in front of their tepee.

"I have this compulsion to be his torically accurate. When you are re constructing the far past, if you ar doing it the way *I* did it—which is no approximate—the physical, the specif ic, is all-important. You know what i reminds me of? When I was a kid I wa interested in religious experiences an I came to read in translation the spiri tual exercises of Saint Ignatius Loyola They impressed me immensely be cause what the man was saying wa this: If you want to have a religious ex perience, you have to re-create in you mind the passion of Christ—*picture ev erything*: the struggle up the hill, th way the nails were put in, the way th flesh sagged, the slack body on th Cross. It's a baroque moment, a won derful moment in western history—al baroque painting is based on this, al the crucifixions. And Saint Ignatius said if you visualize all this, you'll begi to understand it, then feel it, and o course this is what I've tried to do al my life." □

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THE GASCON BOUFFE

Returning to the riches of French country cooking

By Jason Epstein





Above: Foie gras and *confit* for sale. *Right:* André Daguin, the owner-chef of the Hôtel de France in Auch, with local geese. *Below:* Foie gras *frais* of duck livers from Bernard Coussau's kitchen, Le Relais de la Poste in Magescq. *Below right:* The Gascon countryside





Though it was barely noon when we set out from the airport at Bordeaux, my friend V. admitted that he was feeling a bit peckish, his appetite awakened, I felt, less by hunger than by the thought of our forthcoming visit to Gascony—the land of truffles and duck livers and of *Boletus edulis* as big as your fist. Since we had eaten well at Olympe in Paris the night before we could easily have done without lunch. But V., ordinarily the most accommodating of traveling companions, is as willful as Zeus when he feels peckish and so we asked Gilles, the driver who had met us at the airport, to take us to the St. James in the nearby town of Bouliac. Thus we soon found ourselves—V., our friend Alice, and I—seated at a table overlooking the misty valley of the Garonne far below.

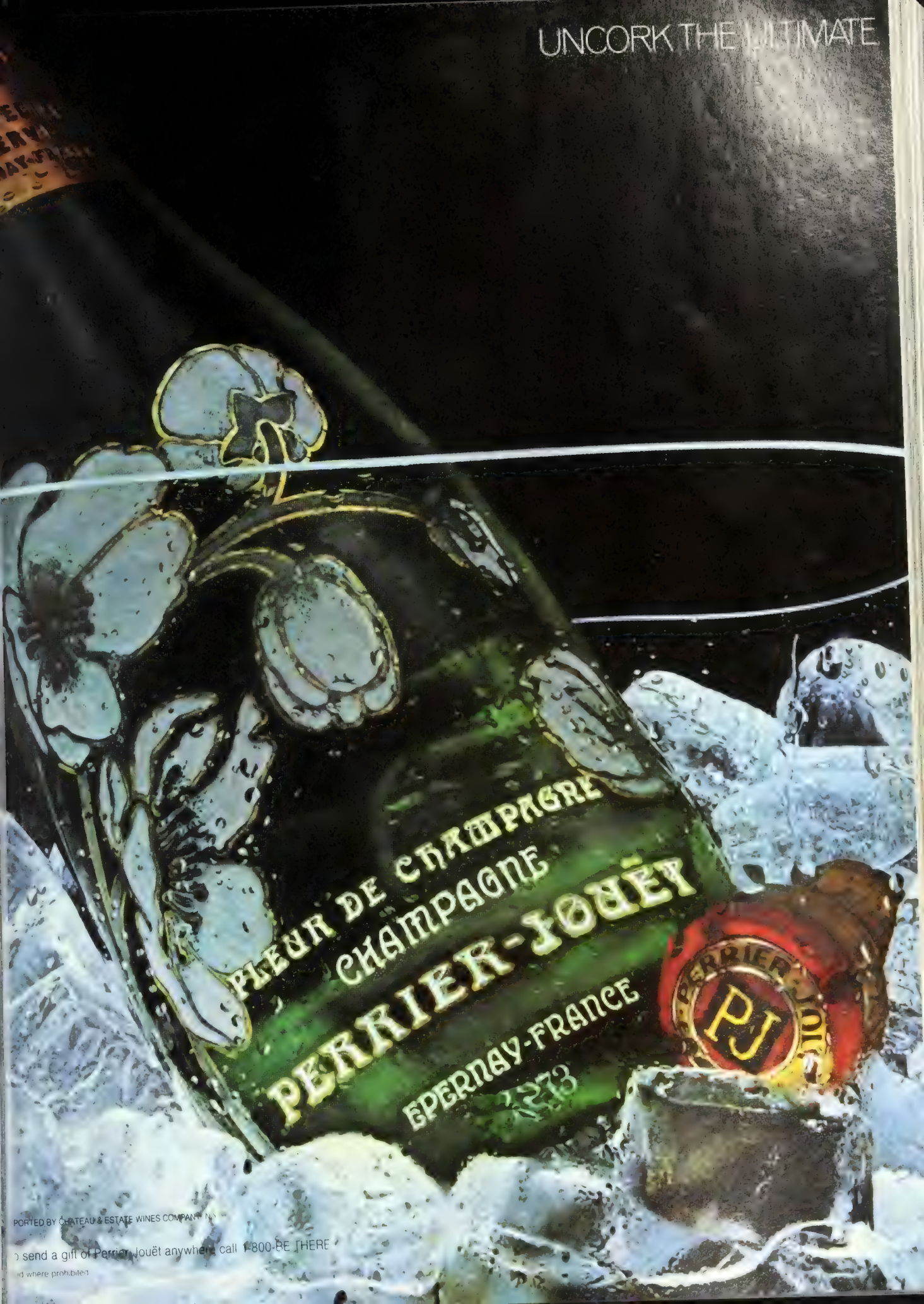
Because our eventual destination was the city of Auch, that citadel of *foie gras de canard, confits,* and Armagnac, we ordered from the menu *à l'accent* "tonic," only some ravioli stuffed with oysters in a saffron fumet, some filleted eels sautéed with small onions and a half young wild duck braised in a pot with olives. With the duck we ordered a claret, which was brought to the table by an angular sommelier who moved like a comic dancer. his shiny black jack and with his point nose, black hair plaster in a curl against his bro and cheeks the color the wine he was pourin he reminded me of Da mier.

"More like Cruik shank," said V., and th began a literary convers tion that descended fro Dickens and Balzac the meager situation literature in France t day, a conversatio which continued in a de ultory way as the waite placed on the table a *bo lette d'Aven,* a truncate pyramid of goat chees dusted with cumin an black pepper. How man French novelists, V wanted to know, coul Alice and I think of wit pleasure—or think of a all—who were under for ty? Were there any Flau berts or Prousts in th making? Any Gides o Mauriacs? And if not wa there even a Bernanos or Camus i sight?

"None," I replied after a moment' reflection as V. drained the last centi meter of *bas* Armagnac from his glass before calling for more.

"Nor any poets either," Alice add ed, "and no dramatists. And I can't think of a single painter or even a film maker for that matter."

"But there are plenty of critics, se miologists, deconstructionists, struc turalists, philosophers of the left and right, and so on," I said, introducing a topic upon which I knew V. liked to fulminate. But V., his eyes fixed on the


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ey below as the sommelier replen-
ed his Armagnac from a large bottle
ed a *pot gascon,* said nothing, so I
ed how many chefs he and Alice
ıld name.

'A dozen, maybe twenty," said V.,
Armagnac suddenly half gone.
here's Troisgros with his salmon in
rel *beurre blanc.* And Daguin with
magret de canard, and of course the
nderful Coussau with his duck liv-
, his prune tart, his little birds"
was evidently anticipating our eve-
ıg meal, for it was to M. Coussau's
lais de la Poste in the tiny village of
ıgescq in that coastal region of Gas-
ny known as Les Landes that we
:re heading after we left the St.
nes.

Later that sunny afternoon as we
ove south through the pine forests of
:s Landes, a sandy triangle bounded
the Atlantic coast from the oysters
Arcachon in the north to the hams of
ıyonne to the south and by the valleys
the Garonne and the Adour with
eir ducks, geese, truffles, and salmon
ıversing either side, Alice said, "It's
ld how the critics take over when the
riters depart, like weeds in an aban-
ɔned garden. It's evolution in re-
:rse: lower forms of life replacing
gher ones."

"And now the critics are getting into
ɔoking, too," V. sighed from the front
:at where he had been chatting with
·illes. "Lévi-Strauss and Barthes have
ready written philosophies of cook-
ıg, and look at the kiwi. Only a food
ritic could have invented the kiwi—a
ritic's fruit," he added, returning to
is conversation with Gilles as we sped
ast rows of pines as uniform as bean
oles.

Occasionally these forests give way
ɔ cornfields, now harvested and dry in
ıe pale October afternoon, their spi-
:ry watering machines idle in the
nted sunlight, the corn in cribs by
: side of the road, waiting to fatten
pigs and ducks that will in turn fat-
the Landaise and their relatively
visitors, for Les Landes is too re-
te, its settlements and its history too
rse to attract many tourists. The
hway we were on, straight as a gun
·el, had been built originally by Na-
ɔn for his Peninsular Campaign.
its modern replacement is used
ly by travelers on their way to
:z and Spain. Napoleon's miser-
able Peninsular Wars brought to mind his conqueror, Wellington, and Wellington's fowling officer, Colonel Hawker, famous to this day for his game sauce based on mushroom, ketchup, mace, cloves, and port when Alice's voice once more interrupted my reflections.

" . . . You couldn't come to a better place if you're dying for foie gras de canard with Chasselas grapes, preserved duck legs, sole with mushrooms, grilled fresh salmon, or prune tarts," Alice read aloud from Gault and Millau's restaurant guide. It was a description of our forthcoming dinner chez Coussau. "But look," Alice said, handing me the book. "Gault and Millau have misspelled Magescq. Instead of a 'q' at the end, they've put a 'co.' "

"A Rumanian proofreader," V. said. "The Rumanians put 'co' at the end of



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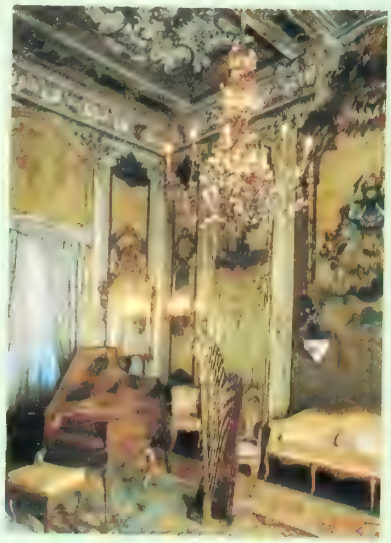
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everything."

But it wasn't the spelling that bothered me. It was the patronizing phrase, "if you're dying for foie gras," with its implication that the clients of the steadfast Coussau are neither à la mode nor in control of themselves. Gault and Millau, I noticed, awarded Coussau only fifteen points out of a possible twenty and complain that his menu seldom changes, even though they admit it's "done with perfect seriousness and reliability," which was the very reason, of course, that V., Alice, and I had been looking forward to our dinner there that evening. "These food critics are as presumptuous as the literary critics," I said. "They confuse their fashionable prejudices with absolute truth and impose their entirely personal standards as if they were laws of nature. Why shouldn't Coussau do exactly as he wants, as long as he does it well?"

But V. was now reading the London papers and Alice had fallen asleep and so I read on in silence as the pines spun and wheeled in their military ranks past the speeding car.

Magescq, a crossroads village, more crossroads than village, contains about twenty houses and a stone church upon whose tower rests not the usual spire but a kind of mansard dome painted black from which a spike protrudes, not unlike the one on Hindenburg's helmet. There is also a pharmacy, a doctor's office, and a few small shops. The early evening air reminded me of England's southeast. A dozen or so young waiters and kitchen helpers on their way to work, some carrying their waiters' jackets over their arms, others in white aprons, were kicking a soccer ball along the edge of the road as we drove into Coussau's two-story coaching inn with its pebbled courtyard shaded by lindens where we would dine and spend the night.

With pleasure I announced to Alice that the dining room was unchanged since my first visit there with V. nearly ten years ago: brocaded high-backed chairs, well-spaced tables with stiff white cloths, lamps with red silk shades, tiled uncarpeted floors, the walls covered in fabric. M. Coussau, a retiring man, was as usual out of sight and so were his silver trays with their array of birds in their feathers, for the season had not yet begun. The tourist



season, however, had ended, and t
were only a few other diners at that
ly hour, local people to judge by t
familiarity with the staff. In her l
chair Alice seemed lost while V. wa
gal in his as he described the O
Welles diet. "You eat and drink
much as you want and you grow er
mously fat," he explained with a w
rying bravado since it was the curr
joke in Hollywood that no man is ar
land but Welles comes close.

The foie gras was also as I had
membered it, nearly the size of a c
quet ball and served in a cocotte wit
little wine, reduced and emulsif
with the liver's own juices and s
rounded by a few grapes, then serv
at the table in thick slices. The art h
is to sear the liver so that the inter
becomes silken before the outsi
melts, for the raw foie gras has the te
ture of butter and is hardly less fragi
This, followed by a few slices of *m*
gret—the seared, still-red breast of t
barbarie duck from which the foie gr
had come—constituted the main pa
of our dinner.

"The dread kiwi has struck he
too," V. observed as he studied t
menu for dessert and noticed the
*lade de kiwi et fraises au Grand Ma
nier,* a wan concession to critic
fashion, soon forgotten as our wait
brought three huge triangles of prun
confit within a leafy crust of puff pas
ry, accompanied by three bowls of A
magnac sorbet, followed by a cart th
held a dozen Armagnacs from the hun
dreds in Coussau's cellar. The waite
suggested a 1928, which he poure
from the *pot gascon,* and after a bri
turn in the garden I ascended to m
room for the night, simultaneousl
chastened and reassured to find on th
bedside table the name and telephon
number of the local doctor.

A half day's pleasant drive to the ea
of Magescq lies the village of Eugéni
les-Bains and the renowned spa an
restaurant of Michel Guérard wher
we stopped the following evening fo
dinner and a night's rest before th
day-long journey to André Daguin'
Hôtel de France in Auch. Gault an
Millau give Guérard nineteen point
out of twenty because "there is no
where in the world more civilized o
more sincere in its natural refinemen
and unaffected charm," though Gué
rard's floodlit inn, painted white wit



its intimations of an American country club and its beds of geraniums and impatiens, is as unlikely in its setting as a wedding cake in a moonlit forest.

"There is nothing that man cannot make natural," I quoted Pascal petulantly as we took our seats.

V. agreed. "We begin in artifice," he said, "and we end in artifice."

"Especially here," Alice added, saddened, I thought, as was I, that this showy place with its largely American clientele should be more acclaimed than Coussau's unpretentious inn.

"Inside every fat man there is a simply enormous man ordering his dinner," V. said, defiantly it seemed to me, as he studied the menu. But after Magescq even V. had begun to flag and though he admitted to his usual peckishness we settled for a light dinner of foie gras in aspic, truffle ravioli, and lobsters smoked over a wood fire with a few raspberries touched with sage for dessert.

We had come to Gascony for the earthiness of its cooking—what Paula Wolfert in her fine account of the cooking of southwest France calls "la cuisine du terroir," foods which bear "natural affinities as opposed to wild experimentation, gratuitous gestures, complexity for its own sake . . . dishes which are built step by step, inexorably toward a finish that is the inevitable result of all the ingredients employed." It would be unfair to accuse Guérard of gratuitous gestures and unnecessary complexity, for beneath his glittering surfaces his cooking is as clear and intense as Coussau's, but these surfaces that for Gault and Millau are the climax of civilization I found distracting and was eager to be on the road to Auch.

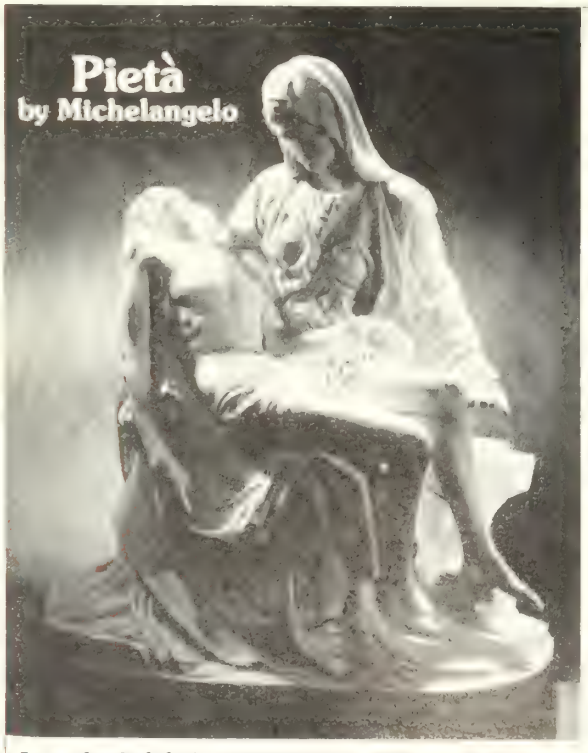
The following night over grilled salmon and foie gras at a table that had been set in our honor in his kitchen Daguin explained, with typical Gascon exuberance that fattened duck livers can be pink, blond, or cream-colored and should always be clear and bright. Shades of blue or green or specks of red mean burst blood vessels and should be avoided. The ducks—either mullards or barbaries—from which these livers come are twice as large as the American Pekin and their feathers are brown, gray, and green. Experts can tell, André explained, from which breed of duck a liver came and whether



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it was male or female and even what had been fed, and drew for us, with his pen on a scrap of paper, the various shapes. Tomorrow we could see for ourselves for he had arranged for us to observe the gavage, the process by which the ducks are force-fed twice a day for seventeen days until their livers are fat enough for market.

A sky of broken clouds awaited us the following day. Fall was delicious in the air but V. said that he would forego the gavage. "I prefer my duck livers in ceramic jars. It is against nature for a duck liver to be inside a duck. Remember," he said from the steps of the Hôtel de France as we prepared to join Gilles in the car for our outing, "it is our gavage that makes possible theirs," words that seemed to silence the usually talkative Alice a half hour later as we entered the gates of Jean Gomez's farm where six thousand ducks a year are fattened until their livers weigh as much as four hundred grams. Traditionally the gavage is performed by farm wives who fatten a few ducks and geese at a time in their barnyards, which is said to breed an affectionate intimacy between the wives and their fowl. But now the process has been industrialized and at the Gomez farm we were led first through a kind of clinic where the ducks are examined upon arrival and from there we were taken to a long, darkened shed where under a low roof the birds are separately penned in groups of twelve and fed a mixture of half-cooked corn and oil through long metal tubes attached to funnels, by the same attendant who will ultimately kill them. "The ducks must experience no surprises until the final one," M. Gomez explained. The ducks were torpid in their pens, and silent.

"Ruth in tears amid the alien corn," I whispered to Alice as we rejoined Gilles. It was the sight of their webbed feet against the floor of wire mesh, feet meant to dance in ponds, that most depressed me.

"A Robin Redbreast in a Cage, puts all Heaven in a Rage," Alice replied. On the way back to Auch we barely spoke.

That evening, V., who had spent the morning at the cathedral and the afternoon with a book, was, as usual, feeling peckish and when we had taken our seats in the dining room and André an



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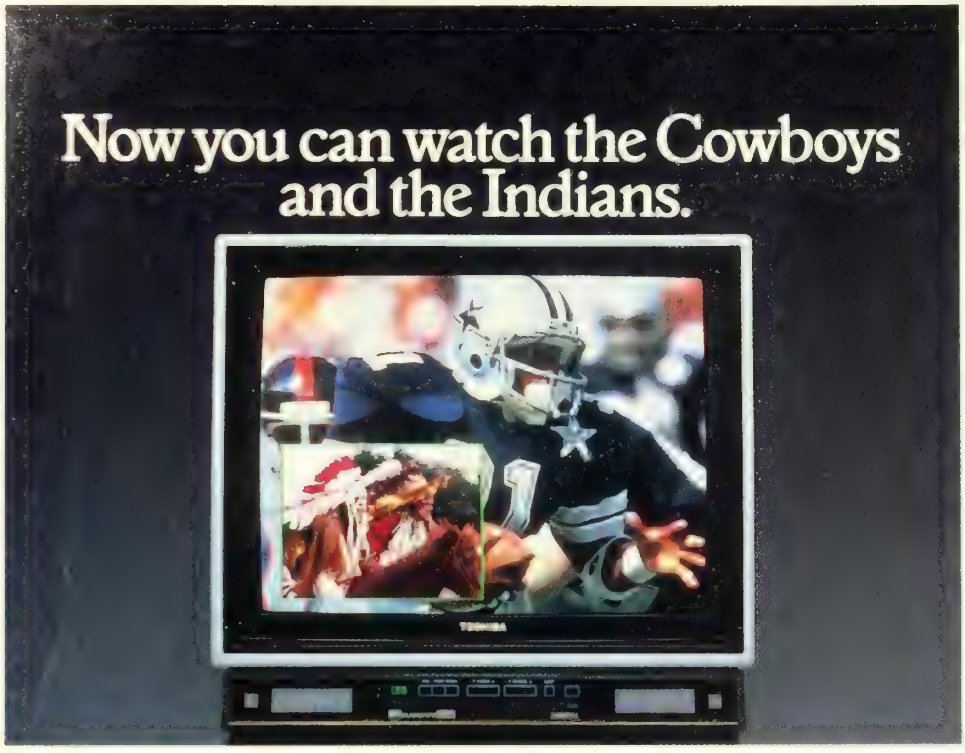
nounced that tonight he would serv
foie gras in three classic ways— w
jus de viande, jus de truffe, and in a cr
of coarse salt, to be followed by an
tire duck liver steamed in foil over
coals and afterward a smoked du
breast, V. beamed, though his eye
noticed had begun to fade and he
less talkative than usual. It would h
been inappropriate in such circu
stances to describe the proceedings
the Gomez farm, so I chose a differ
approach.

"These ducks," I said, "are pure
tifice. They are works of the imagi
tion, as rigorously composed a
Horatian ode. That they happened a
to be alive as recently as Mond
means no more than that the paper
which this menu is printed was onc
living tree, probably one of those pi
we saw on the road to Magescq alo
side the rows of corn, some of wh
may have fattened this very foie gr
There may no longer be any writers
France, but these ducks are poems,
subsided, woozily suffused after
fourth bottle of Madiran with the f
ness of things but darkly aware as w
that my effort to redeem the dignity
the poor birds I had seen that aft
noon would help neither them nor u

When the meal had ended and t
waiter took away our wineglasses
placed on the table four *pots gasco*
which obscured Alice at the far end
the table who was murmuring that
did the ducks no good for me to co
fuse poultry with poetry.

With the table cleared except for t
pots gascon, André joined us and e
plained that the four bottles contain
the pure distillations from which A
magnac is blended: Colombard, Bac
Saint-Emilion, and Folle Blanche.
was a Gascon game to tell them apa
and experienced players could ev
guess the years. But the game was b
yond us and for all our efforts to t
one grape from another, the evenin
ended in a blur.

The next day as Gilles drove us
the airport at Toulouse for the flight
Paris we passed a lovely château on
hillside above a green vineyard. "A pe
fect label," V. muttered as he looke
up from the book he had been readi
in the front seat. But I had been thin
ing of the gavage and the Orson Well
diet and knew that there was only
much artifice a man can bear. □



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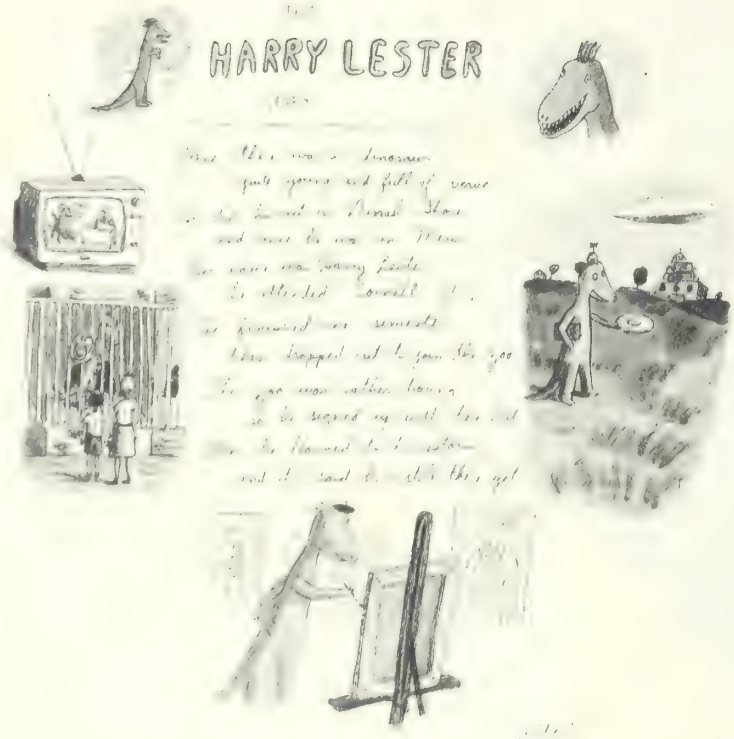
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JOURNAL

LA VIE EN ROZ

Though Roz Chast's distinctive drawing style has been widely copied by a new generation of cartoonists, her verbal gift keeps her work inimitable. That is amply demonstrated in her new *Poems and Songs* (Ink, Inc., $45), which combines the lyric gaiety of a wacko Whitman with the antic innocence of Allen Ginsberg's reinterpretations of Blake. Included are "There Ain't No Dogs on Mars (Astronaut's Chantey, c. 1993–95)," "The Worried Trucker's Song" ("He's apprehensive, but don't know why"), and the tale of an upwardly mobile dinosaur, *right*. In all, a new treasure for fans of this unique artist. *Martin Filler*



MORE THAN MOONRISE

Ansel Adams: Classic Images, The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., through January 12.

During the five years before Adams's death, in 1984, the photographer put together six flawless collections of his prints and dubbed them "museum sets." The 75 image compilations offer a rare chance to view Adams's work as he wished it to be seen. This first-ever public showing of a museum set takes Adams's work outside the reduced-format context most people are familiar with, and emphasizes the expansive preparation, monumental production, and divine cooperation that each of Adams's photographs descries. Aside from the artist's benchmark wilderness photos, this show presents some portraits of fellow artists and a number of mural-sized and screen prints that have never been exhibited in their intended dimensions. Visitors to this exhibition will leave having viewed Adams in his own best light: a man of journeyman skill, poetic vision, and saintly patience. *Donovan Webster*



TETONS AND THE SNAKE RIVER, WYOMING, 1942

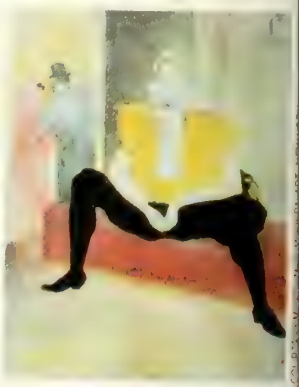
MOULIN ROGUE

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, The Museum of Modern Art, NYC, Nov. 7–Jan. 26

Toulouse-Lautrec made th advertising poster—lithography's street urchin—the cutting edge of Belle Epoque art. Like Degas, h adopted the flat, cropped perspective of Japanese prints and honed his art in cabarets, circuses, and brothels. His haunts got th better of him—but with febrile immediacy and live-wire colors he got *them:* only Brassaï and Fellini captured the lure of Nighttown as skillfully since. *Margaret Mor*



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LA CLOWNESSE CHA-U-KAO



MARTEX 1985

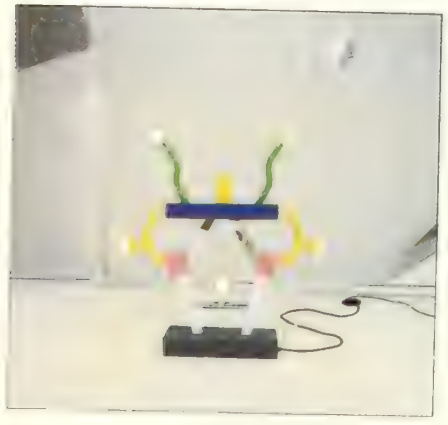
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LIGHT AND LIVELY

Lamps the likes of which were never seen before illuminate a show that recalls the glory years of Italian design

By Martin Filler



The history of modern design, it has been said, is little more than the history of the chair, and in fact it is easier to trace major developments within a single object type than it is to draw conclusions from a wider range of artifacts. But in the case of innovative Italian design since World War II—one of the most stupendous outpourings of creativity in the annals of human manufacture—the saga is best told in terms of lighting.

A dazzling exhibition entitled "The Italian Lamp: 1945–1985," at the Furniture of the Twentieth Century Gallery in New York from October 10 through November 15, provides a comprehensive survey of the formal experiments and functional solutions by the gifted men and women who revolutionized interior illumination during the glory years of the Milan School. Almost a hundred pieces collected by Philip Cutler and Inge Zerunian are mounted in a superb installation by architect Paola Navone (who collaborated on the controversial "Banal Object" exhibition at the 1980 Venice Biennale). This assemblage is an honor roll of the most prestigious members of Italy's postwar design elite: Archizoom, Gae Aulenti, Mario Bellini, Cini Boeri, the Castiglioni brothers, Joe Colombo, Vico Magistretti, Gio Ponti, Gino Sarfatti, Ettore Sottsass Jr., and Superstudio are among those present and accounted for.

Those of use who recall the time not so long ago when many of the lamps and fixtures shown here were readily available (virtually all of the show's pieces are now out of production) will experience the sense of stylistic acceleration that has become one of the keynotes of twentieth-century design:



Left: Ashoka lamp by Ettore Sottsass Jr. for Memphis, 1981, this show's most recent design. *Below:* Left to right: floor/table lamps by Vinicio Vianello, 1950; Aloa floor lamp by Claudio Salocchi for Sormani, 1971; Imbuto torchère by Luigi Caccia Dominioni for Azucena, 1954; snakelike Boalum lamp by Gianfranco Frattini and Livio Castiglioni for Artemide, 1969; tripod base Luminator floor lamp by Achille and Piergiacomo Castiglioni for Gilardi and Barzaghi, 1955.

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The amazing outburst of creativity came from small entrepreneurs who revitalized Italy's artisan workshop tradition

today's retail merchandise is often literally tomorrow's museum piece. Many of these examples will seem familiar primarily because of their copies. American manufacturers have for years feasted off the crumbs from the banquet table of Milan: here you can discover where they got their nourishment.

But the major impression that one takes away from this glittering array of lighting is the sheer joyousness that infused Italian product design throughout its peak years of the fifties and sixties. It was a period when anything seemed possible, and that feeling of experiment and daring quickly launched Italy into the forefront of contemporary design.

The conditions that encouraged this rise to supremacy were born of a typically complex interrelationship of historical, economic, and political forces. The industrial revolution came to Italy much later than it had to England and Germany. At the turn of the century, Italy's richly handcrafted version of Art Nouveau—called *lo stile Liberty*—paralleled England's Arts and Crafts movement and Germany's *Jugendstil,* but Italian efforts to create more progressive forms of modern design lagged far behind the avant-garde elsewhere in Europe. The Fascist rise to power in 1922 encouraged the institutionalization of a monumental, stripped classicism—known today as Mussolini Modern—and Italian expressions of the International Style (such as Giuseppe Terragni's Casa del Fascio of 1932–36 in Como) were exceptions to the conservative rule.

Italy emerged from World War II with far less damage to its industrial fabric than either Germany or England had suffered, and it was soon able to satisfy a public eager for the consumer goods it had been deprived of for so long. Though several large Italian manufacturers, like Olivetti, had made important commitments to modernism during the prewar years, the credit for the amazing outburst of new product design after 1945 must go to the numerous small entrepreneurs whose c erations grew from Italy's artis workshop tradition. Though many these new companies now figure s nificantly both in their historical i pact and their subsequent grow some of the most influential—such Arteluce, Artflex, Azucena, Boffi, C sina, Poggi, and Tecno—started out shoestring operations.

The vast majority of innovative It ian design of the postwar period w produced in very small quantities. T tyranny of high volume played no p in the thinking of the designers a fabricators of the new Italian lightir Craftsmen in metal, glass, and plas could turn out just enough of one sty to make a profit without investing lar sums in machinery, marketing, and a vertising. A fledgling firm could quic ly and easily bring a design completion and then immediate move on to the realization of anothe

But every product must have a cu tomer to whom it is directed, and unique combination of influences fo tered what might be regarded as t optimum climate for the acceptance experimental design. Historians of t Italian high-style phenomenon agr on the crucial contributing factors: d signers and manufacturers were aide immeasurably by the trade institution exhibitions, and publications th raised awareness about good desig and created a new constituency suff ciently large and enthusiastic to su port the system economically.

Design shows such as the Trienna (held every three years in Mila and making its seventeenth appea ance there from January 10 to Marc 23) have been eagerly awaited an heavily attended not only by profe sionals and tastemakers but by signif cant numbers of the general popu lation. Design prizes like the co eted Compasso d'Oro indicated th the creation of utilitarian objects e joyed as much respect as the fine art The Italian consumer public (or at lea the more sophisticated portion of i was thereby encouraged to participa



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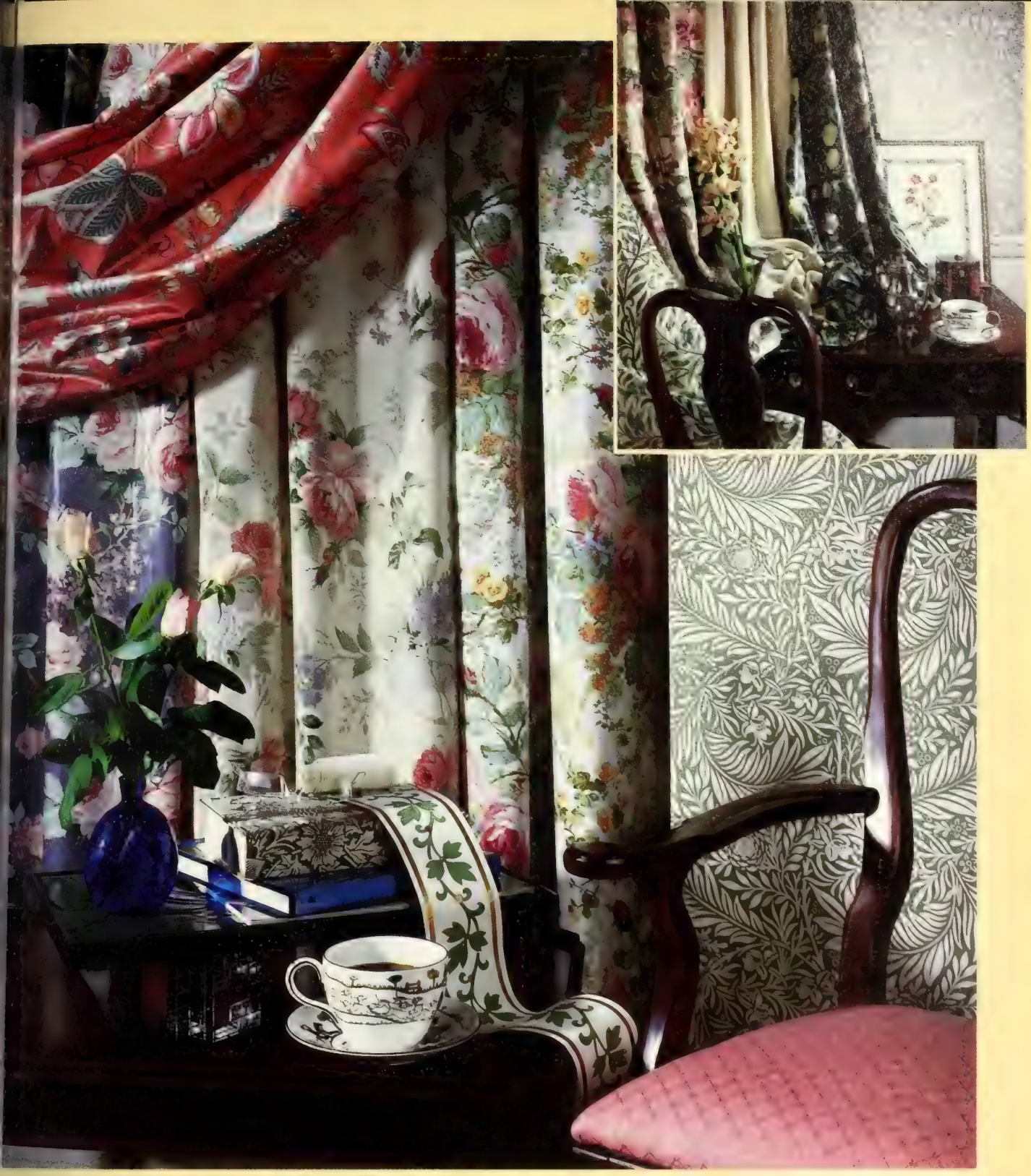
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Largely because of the reaction traditionalism of the Fascists, mode ism in Italy has long been linked to reformist ideology of the left wing the immediate postwar years, mode ism was once again imbued with all visionary zeal that it had possessed the early years of the century, wh many idealists sincerely believed t the world could be improved throu better design.

As "The Italian Lamp: 1945–198 demonstrates through its selection the best lighting from that fertile och, the works themselves seem to barometers of the ever-changi avant-garde state of mind. Domes objects always tell us something abo the society that created them, but ra ly so much. The earliest lamps in t show, such as the matte-brown me Imbuto torchère of 1954 designed Luigi Caccia Dominioni, possess a strained simplicity appropriate to t mood of austerity after so many ye of economic privation and political pression. (The vaguely Art Deco lo of the Caccia Dominioni lamp also minds us of the relatively late start Ita got on the road to modernism.) On when the financial recovery of t "Dolce Vita" years began in the m fifties did designers start to expan their vision. The snazzy canister flo lamp designed by Rudy Righi 1957—a red enamel cylinder decora ed with an irregular grid of painte black plaid—is infinitely bolder tha the quiet pieces of the decade before

But even more striking was the tho oughgoing reconception of how tho lamps were meant to perform in inter ors. Increasingly, Italian designers b gan to think of their work as practic light sculpture, addressing the "fun tion" of those lamps in quite anothe manner than the lumens-per-squar foot considerations of the commerci space-planner. Function quite correc ly began to encompass not only th physical but also the psychological an symbolic aspects of design. The lamp once a necessary if ungainly accesso in an interior landscape in which sea ing, tables, and case goods predomina ed, became an element of newfoun presence and independence.

Scale exploded: the Castiglion brothers' famous Arco lamp (not in cluded in this show because of its ex

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IF YOU'RE THE KIND OF PERSON WHO APPRECIATES QUALITY IN EVERY ASPECT OF YOUR LIFE, YOU'LL WANT DIAMONDS OF QUALITY AS WELL. BECAUSE DIAMONDS OF QUALITY HAVE MORE FIRE, MORE SPARKLE AND SCINTILLATION. AND THEY'LL ENHANCE EVEN THE SIMPLEST PIECE OF JEWELRY.
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1
2
3
4
5
I'd wear, on a dare,
A diamond brooch most anywhere.
6
7
I find full of charm
A row of bracelets on each arm.
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
I like pretty things,
As, for example, sparkling rings.
15
16


But before I say yes to you,
I've one little weakness to confess to you.
1. $14,000.
2. $9,100.
3. $14,500.
4. $18,365.
5. $5,400.
6. $4,325.
7. $4,950.
8. $1,999.
9. $7,500.
10. $14,600.
11. $5,700.
12. $4,500.
13. $9,000.
14. $5,000.
15. $2,100.
16. $3,999.
17. $6,000.
18. $7,900.
19. $4,000.
20. $8,000.
21. $3,400.
22. $2,176.
23. $10,000.
24. $8,900.
From night till morning we will sing love's tune.
But I'll take you shopping ev'ry afternoon,
'Cause I like pretty things.
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THE MAN'S DIAMOND.
After all, he's the tops.

I don't like men who take you off
And give you talks on their game of golf.
You don't know how to play golf,
That's why I love you.



I don't like girls who make a
But when they keep it they're t
hours late.
You're only half an hour late,
That's why I love you.

I don't like girls who talk with gle
Of other men when they're out with
You only talk about me,
That's why I love you.

THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU

I don't like men of great renown
Who tell you how much they made
downtown,
You lost a fortune downtown,
That's why I love you.

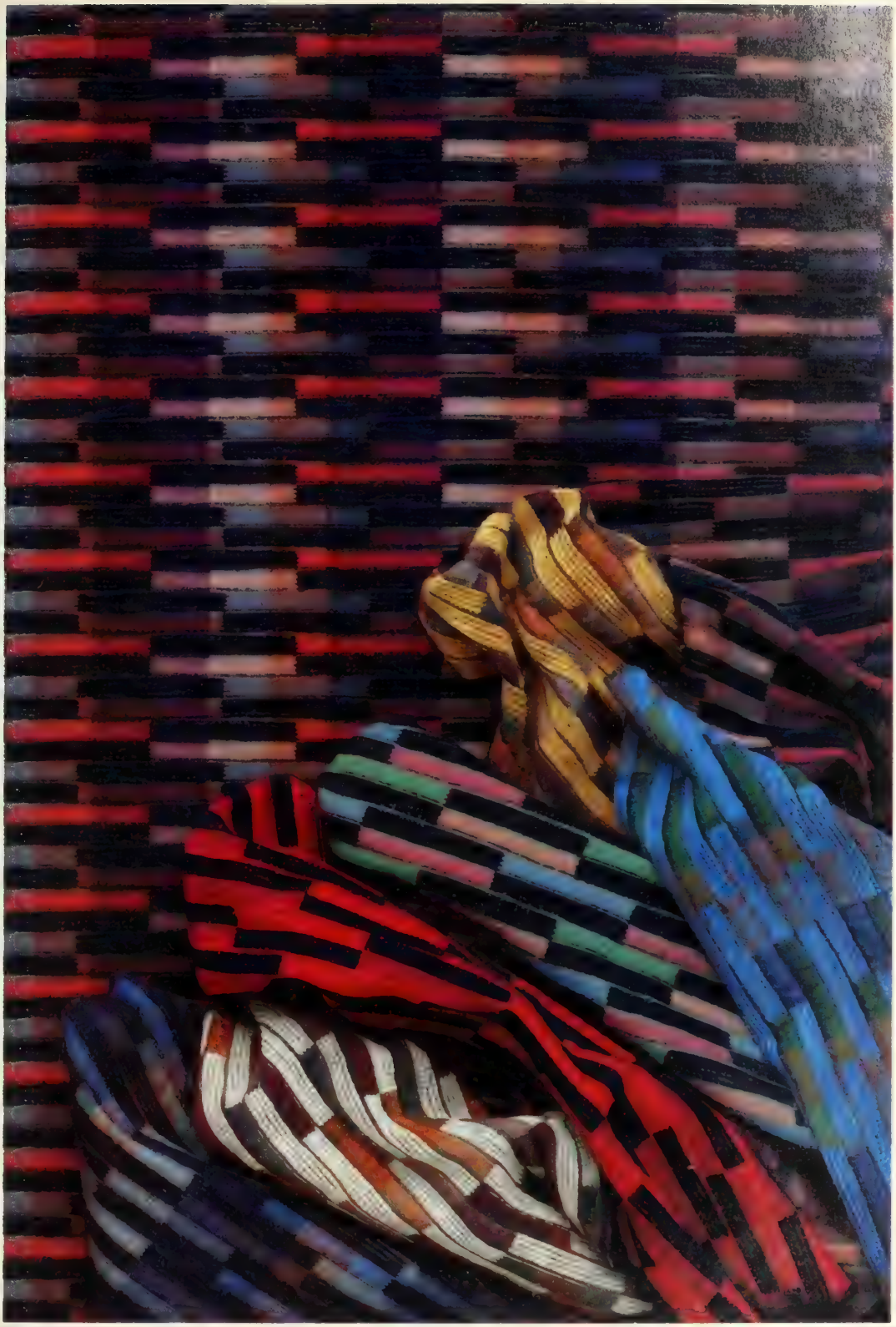


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A diamond is forever.

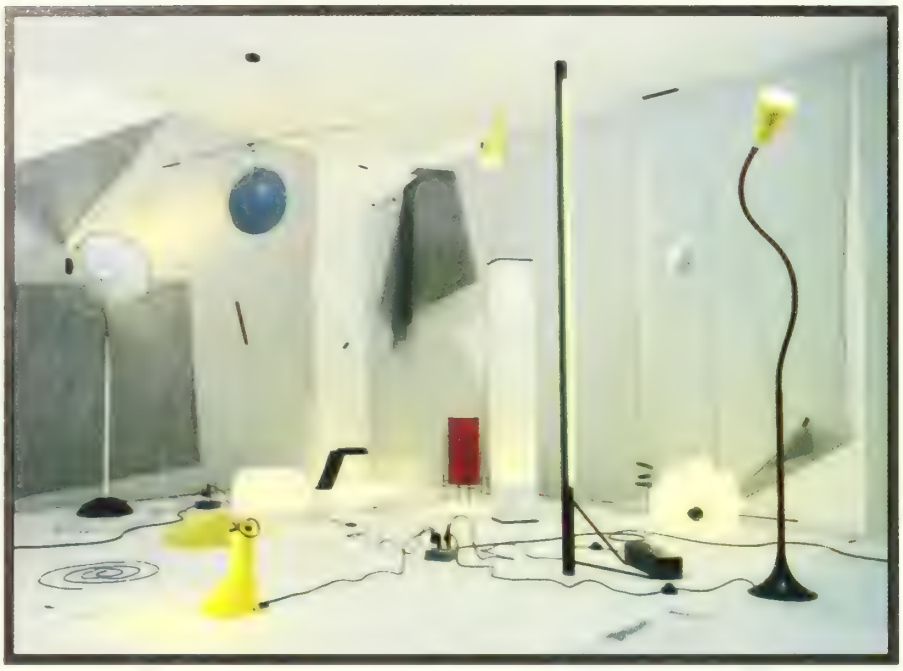


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Left to right: Floor lamp by Jonathan De Pas, Donato D'Urbino, and Paolo Lomazzi for Stilnovo, 1970; Umberto Riva's desk lamp for Francesconi, 1966; Vittoriano Viganò's 2062 ceiling lamp for Arteluce, 1950; Artemide's Vacuna floor lamp by Eleonore Peduzzi Riva, 1969; 607 desk lamp by Gino Sarfatti for Arteluce, 1971; red enamel canister floor lamp, Rudy Righi for Siva, 1957; light column attributed to Lumenform, 1972; Sarfatti's 1063 floor lamp for Arteluce, 1954; Superstudio's Gherpe table lamp for Poltronova, 1967; 3033 floor lamp, by Roberto Bianchi for Bilumen, 1978.

treme familiarity) inscribed a majestic arch over eight feet high and almost seven feet wide, and was often employed to tie together groupings of furniture in a way that had never been done before. Floor lamps the size of a small igloo—such as the exhibition's white plastic globe some three feet in diameter produced by Martinelli in 1970—were joined by other freestanding fixtures the approximate bulk and height of a well-developed adult male—such as Ettore Sottsass's six-foot-tall Cometa floor lamp of 1970 for Poltronova and the equally high light column of 1972 made by Lumenform. Lamps snaked across the floor (Boalum by Castiglioni and Frattini for Artemide, 1969), shimmered with sprays of light filament plastic (8½ by Hans-Jürgen Fischer for Zanotta, 1960), mimicked flowers (Superstudio's Passiflora and Gino Marotta's Dalia, both introduced by Poltronova in 1968), palm trees (Sanremo by Archizoom for Poltronova in 1968), and clouds (Nuvola by Marcello Pietrantoni and Roberto Lucci for Stilnovo, 1966).

It was all great fun while it lasted, and for a while it seemed as though it might last forever. But the heady prosperity of the sixties gave way in the seventies to economic stagnation (brought on by the energy crisis) and political disintegration (echoed by the rise of the Red Brigades and the new reign of terrorism), and those striking changes affected the philosophy of product design in general and lighting in particular.

Socially concerned architects and designers began to question the very premise of consumer goods produced with little or no regard for the fact that virtually no need for them existed, so they believed, aside from keeping the capitalist machine going. (The fact that high-style residential products accounted for only a tiny fraction of the output of the Italian industrial system as a whole mattered less in practice than it did in theory.) Petroleum-based plastics, which had been a comparatively cheap material permitting all sorts of dramatic formal investigatio became much more expensive after Arab oil embargo of 1973, wh brought to an end one prolific phas the postwar Italian design adventur

The slowdown in product introd tions during the second half of the s enties is readily apparent in t Cutler-Zerunian collection, which a noticeable gap in the years betwe 1972 and 1981, that time of so searching and self-consciousness. welcome sign of release from this s downturn in the Italian design cy came in 1981 with the founding Memphis, the Milan-based group. contrast to the philosophical har wringing typical of the Italian ava garde during the seventies, the bu ant mindlessness of Memphis—t most nonideological design moveme imaginable—was like a late Fellini fi after a triple feature of early Antonio

The loosely associated Memphis d signers—who have included Ettc Sottsass, Studio Alchymia, Matt Thun, and Marco Zanini, as well such non-Italians as Michael Grav Hans Hollein, Arata Isozaki, and Iss Miyake—have rejected post-industr creative anxiety and have promoted return to the optimism of the more i nocent fifties. Sottsass's hydra-head Ashoka lamp, pretty and polymo phously perverse, is as neat a summ tion of the Memphis approach exists. The more frivolous and impra tical a lamp could be, the design seems to be saying, the better. The fl grant extravagance—both in conce tion and execution—that is the prou and almost defiant emblem of th Memphis approach is proof that th Italian creative spirit is capable of r vival and transmutation even after th most trying of times.

The eternal search for good form—*la bella figura*—is an essential part the Italian national character, bot personally and professionally. That s much light could be shed on such chiaroscuro period as the past four d cades is evidence enough that the trad tion of the perpetual avant-garde likely to persist—in what form one ca only imagine—for as long as there is a Italy. □

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson

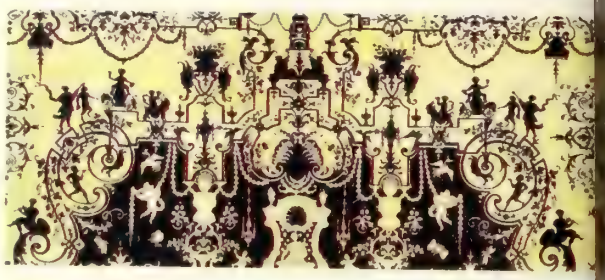


THE TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

CURIOUS AND STRANGE The use of bizarre or downright ugly motifs to create a positive aesthetic effect has a certain fascination if only because for most people monstrous effects could never be considered more or less than monstrous. Yet there exists a little-discussed but virtually unbroken tradition in the history of ornament of the use of incongruous, comic, distorted, off-color, and certainly monstrous motifs in works of architecture, painting, and decoration. *Grotesque,* the umbrella term for this sort of element, comes from grotto, the word used to describe rooms of the so-called Golden House of Nero, which were eventually buried deep in the earth only to be rediscovered in the Renaissance. The walls of these rooms were frescoed with murals filled with fanciful creatures—the head of a monkey sat on the body of a lion that had fish fins instead of feet and sat on coils of made-up vegetation instead of a seat. These recombinations of nature and man were symmetrically arranged into vertical panels of considerable elegance. The effect was light, thin, gracious, disciplined, and though it included exotic elements, there were no monsters. Renaissance artists were riveted by them, and Raphael's work in the Vatican Loggie is still considered their ultimate "modern" interpretation. The manifestation of the grotesque spirit, however, was not always so refined. In the nineteenth century, for instance, the word described waterspouts in the shape of frightening animal and masklike faces, the gargoyles of Gothic architecture. In Germany, popular printers sent forth a flood of prints: savage satirical cartoons, baudy bathroom flyers, trick pictures, social commentaries in which humans were portrayed as animals. Other visual gags showed the world and its relationships turned upside down—the mouse chases the cat, the steer flays the butcher. This taste for the peculiar and the absurd is richly illustrated in an exhibition of German prints, "The Topsy Turvy World," at Goethe House in New York until November 2. Devoid of this kind of agenda and with the intention only of delighting the eye are the grotesques found in an exhibition of textiles, porcelain, furniture, drawings, and bronzes from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries assembled by Dr. Alain Gruber, director of the Abegg Museum in Riggisberg, Switzerland, which is famous for its collection of textiles. Here grotesque elements provide an alternate design vocabulary used to relieve what might be a too strict or monotonous classicism. Do not miss the Directoire damask with its witty grotesques that was originally ordered for the White House and made again from the original documents for Mrs. Kennedy in 1961. Until October 27. ■ PIANISSIMI Musical instruments, rather like clocks, have come to be



Above and *below:* Early 18th-c. Italian grotesque paintings. Sold at Christie's, NYC, last June.





Top: 17th-c. tabletop by Jean Berain. *Above:* 18th-c. harness decoration. *Below:* German print, 1710.





TOP LEFT, BOTTOM RIGHT, GOETHE INSTITUTE. TABLETOP, WALLACE COLLECTION. HARNESS DECORATION, ABEGG-STIFTUNG-BERN



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admired not only for what they do but for how they look. The visual appeal of a mandolin, lute, or violin is obvious in seventeenth-century still-life painting. To the richness of the graining of the wood of the body of the instrument and the neat refinement of ivory tuning pegs, add a crisp, curvaceous silhouette and an instrument becomes as much of an object as a bronze, a marble bust, or an obelisk. Many collectors, even at the risk of liking the right thing for the wrong reasons, arrange small decorative instruments on tabletops or prop them up on chairs where no one sits merely in celebration of their good looks. Some instruments work as objects, some as sculpture or furniture. Think of an Empire harp, perhaps completely out of tune, that can hold down one end of a dining room as sculpture. The harp was something an amateur learned to play in the nineteenth century and it was as much a part of the furniture of an important room as a black lacquer grand piano was in the twenties and thirties. In fact the piano, in its years of greatest development, the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, was as good an indicator of furniture styles as any self-respecting secretary or desk. And pianos did look sometimes just like a secretary, a dressing table, an enormous lyre-backed chair, a Pembroke table, or even a sewing box. The Metropolitan Museum in New York is no ignorer of the dual character of the piano and owns seventy of them. Thanks to the continuing ministrations of Saul Steinberg and Reliance Group Holdings, Inc., thirty of these pianos are being shown through November 29. The small, lively catalogue by curator Laurence Libin has as much information about pianos as music makers as it does about pianos as furniture. Look for the keyboard where the "ivories" are tortoiseshell and the "black" keys are mother-of-pearl. ■ DYNAMITE FLOWERS Because of the nineteenth-century delight in the natural world, painters of birds, flowers, plants, and all sorts of creatures found an almost endless sophisticated demand for their work. Though these artists like artists in other categories took part in annual salon exhibitions, their real achievement was the watercolor series on which a set of virtuoso color engravings could be based. It usually took years to complete such a series and subscribers—as many as two hundred—were content to receive a few at a time. Some were bound into books, others were loose in folios that made it possible to frame them and incorporate a group into a scheme of decoration. Buffon, the eighteenth-century naturalist, hung hundreds of watercolors of birds painted by his friend Martinet.



Left: Grand piano, London, c. 1840. *Below:* Grand piano by Joseph Böhm, Vienna, c. 1815.

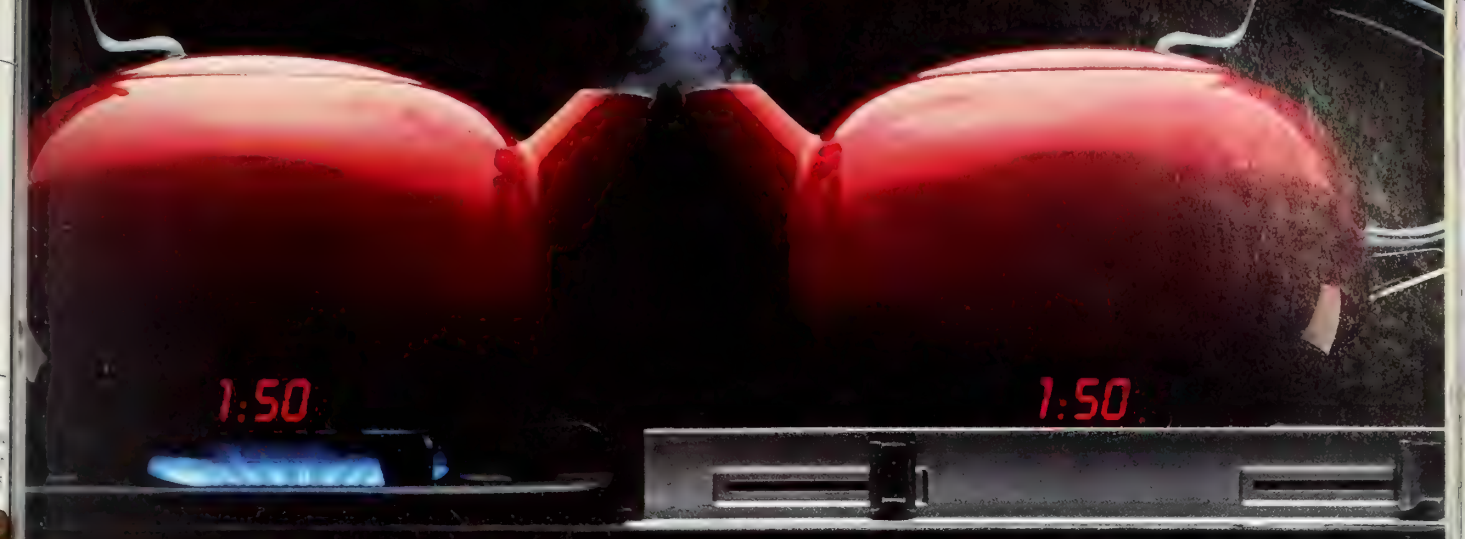






Left and *above:* Three watercolor originals from Redouté's *Les Liliacées.*

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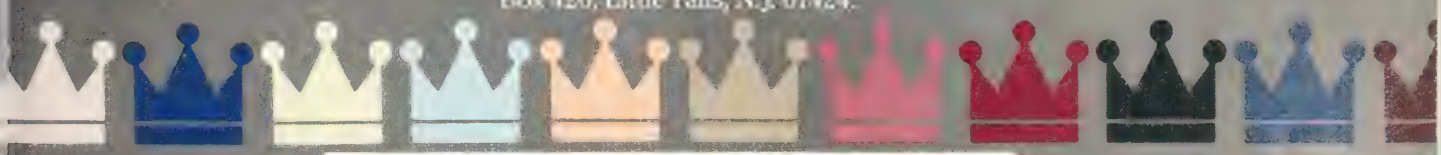
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Frame-to-frame in a stylish grid, th engulfed the stairwell, spilled over in the study and other rooms, and gen ally "made" his house in the country eighteenth-century standards and ours. By the nineteenth century t habit of using birds or flowers to de rate a room was well established. T day collectors consider themsel lucky if they have been able to put gether a small grouping of engravin let alone actual watercolors. Auc bon's prints, for instance, get o scarcer, more valuable, and seemin more beautiful. Think then what event it is that the original watercol from Redouté's eight-volume, mast piece flower series, *Les Liliacées*, a coming up for sale November 20 Sotheby's in New York. The comple work—468 watercolors—could fet several million dollars. They co from the Empress Josephine's libra and are as fresh as the day they we painted, probably because no o looked at them in the nineteenth ce tury while they were still in the fami and for the last fifty years while th have been in a vault. The series consis primarily of lilies. But there are also o chids, bromeliads, tulips, amaryll etc., but no roses. (The rose series ha 170 studies and appeared two years a ter *Les Liliacées*.) Each painting is th portrait of a specific plant, often beautiful example, but Redouté alway painted them warts—dead leave flower heads gone to seed—and al The weight of the flower petals, th fleshiness of the leaves, the tempera ment, eccentricities, subtle or robus beauties of each plant are observed an handled with a correctness thrilling t botanists. Yet they undoubtedly quali fy as works of art rather than docu ments. Since the watercolors ar neither stuck nor bound into their vol umes, Sotheby's is able not only t frame and exhibit them but also to re produce each watercolor in an enor mous catalogue. Since everyone hope that *Les Liliacées* will be sold in its en tirety, the desire to see a large group o botanical pictures up on a wall shoul perhaps be satisfied by contemporar watercolorists. One name that instant ly comes to mind is Valentine Lawford the painter/author, who is currently showing a series of watercolors at Val ley House Antiques, Locust Valley, New York. □

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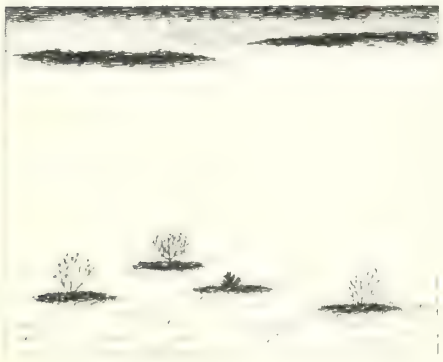
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By Edward Gorey



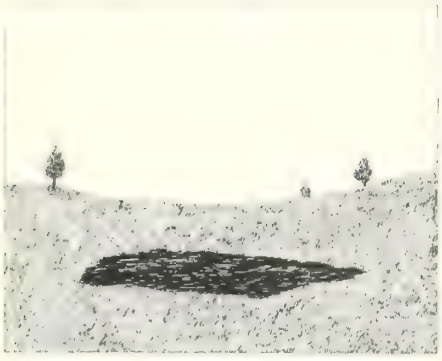
Objects of pity



Taking advantage of a rock



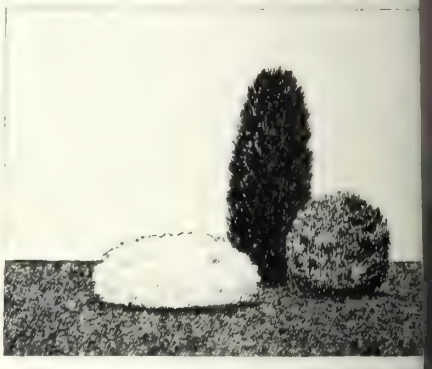
An interesting arrangement of stone



A less than ornamental pond



An unsuccessful vista



An exemplary grouping



Doubtful value as a lawn object



Worth paying to see



A meaningless hedge


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In the living room, a bust by Marc Chabry looms in the foreground, *opposite*. A terra-cotta torso by Innocenzo Spinazzi sits on late-18th-century commode under a trompe-l'oeil painting by Johannes Leemans. *Above:* A collection of 18th- and 19th-century architectural drawings hangs in the front hall; on the 18th-century Irish mahogany side table a painting by Karl Jensen stands between two carved wood bozzetti.

GOOD BONES

MAC II's spare settings for the furniture and objects Bill Blass collects

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

What I admire about Bill Blass's sense of style is its sinew. There is no flab or flashiness or folderol about it—no nostalgia. Despite a passion for the art of the past, this designer has seldom sought inspiration outside his own country, his own experience, or his own time. Down-to-earth Yankee swagger has always been his trademark, with a touch of restraint that could be described as puritan.

This element of restraint is much in evidence in the penthouse apartment that Bill Blass recently redecorated—redecorated for two excellent reasons. After twenty years as a tenant, he had been able to buy the place; he had also grown tired of the high-fashion décor—brown walls and lots of *objets*—that he had formerly espoused. However, Blass was in no mood for the so-called "English look," needlepoint and chintz, or the so-called "Second Empire look," all buttoned velvet and expensive fringe, which many of his friends have adopted. Besides knowing what he didn't want, Bill had an exact idea of what he did want: everything to be quietly comfortable, subdued in color. "Very spare settings for very good things—good bones," is how he described it.

The first step was a ruthless clearing out of virtually everything inside as well as outside the apartment, not least the picturesque planting on the huge terraces. Bill had the courage to rid himself of collections that had taken over thirty years to form: collections that included a few youthful follies but also many items—good Oriental things, for instance—that you and I would have given our eyeteeth for. Tabula rasa achieved, he asked his old friend Chessy Rayner of Mac II to cor-



A view through a mahogany-and-glass Louis XVI screen into the light-filled living room: on left, a magnificent trompe-l'oeil painting of muskets and standards by the 17th-century Dutch painter Jacobus Biltius hangs over a late-18th-century Irish side table between a pair of Georgian globes on mahogany bases.



In the living room, *above,* the sofa upholstered in a neutral tone by Mac II sits on a 19th-century Aubusson. An 18th-century trelliswork chair is to the right of the massive Charles II cabinet. *Below:* The early-18th-century French trompe-l'oeil painting depicts a marble relief of Vulcan's forge.

rect and simplify the architecture of the rooms and then paint all (except the hall's walls) what he described as "pale paper-bag color." The same neutral color was prescribed for the heavy but absolutely plain stuff for curtains and sofas. Where necessary, doors and bookcases were mahoganized. The only remotely decorative feature was a purplish brown marble floor in the hall. It all took much longer than expected but Mac II had come up with exactly what was wanted: an elegant, modern background that draws little attention to itself.



While these transformations were under way, Bill asked me to help him form a collection of old master drawings—a collection originally destined to cover the living-room walls. In the end the scale of the room turne out to require things with "wal power" (to quote a crass dealer know), so most of the drawing have been hung in the bedroom And surprisingly good they loo massed together, these Oudry and Menzels, Bibienas an Burne-Joneses, to name but few of the artists represented i this heterogeneous collection Meanwhile the living room ha been hung with a collection o fine trompe-l'oeil paintings dat ing from the seventeenth and eigh teenth centuries.

At the same time Bill and I shoppe around for paintings and furniture. A

An unusual polygonal late-18th-century English mirror hangs over the mantel, *above,* with its four late-18th-century bronzes of the labors of Hercules. On either side are a set of drawings by Oudry of the fables of La Fontaine. *Below:* A French trompe-l'oeil tapestry done after the painting on the opposite page.



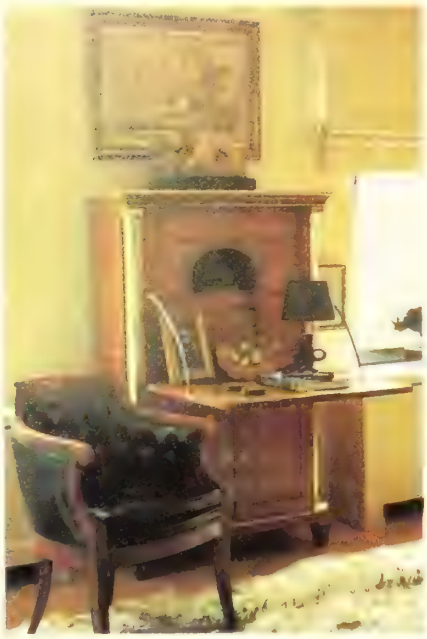
ascinating job, except that the ollector proved to have such de-isive likes and dislikes that he idn't really need an adviser at ll. The first major acquisition as a magnificent trompe-l'oeil ainting by the seventeenth-cen-ury Dutch painter Jacobus Bil-ius. From the time it was ainted (1666), this huge display six feet by twelve feet) of mus-ets and standards stacked one bove the other on racks was one f the wonders of Louvain, here it hung in a convent and attract-d almost as many visitors as that city's Rubens. The painting was subsequent-y acquired by the eighteenth-century English dilettante, Henry Blundell, who installed it with his incomparable collection of marbles at Ince Blundell. Sold a few years ago at Christie's, it was bought by Christopher Gibbs, the London dealer who specializes in the offbeat, the outsize, the magical. Lucky for Blass, Gibbs gave him first crack at the painting.

Gibbs was also the source for the superb Charles II cabinet, veneered in oyster-spotted lignum vitae, that dominates the north wall of the living room. This wood, with its flamboyant figuring, is rare enough in small pieces of furniture but virtually unheard of on this monumental scale. The only other lignum-vitae cabinet of this importance is the famous one mounted *(Text continued on page 232)*

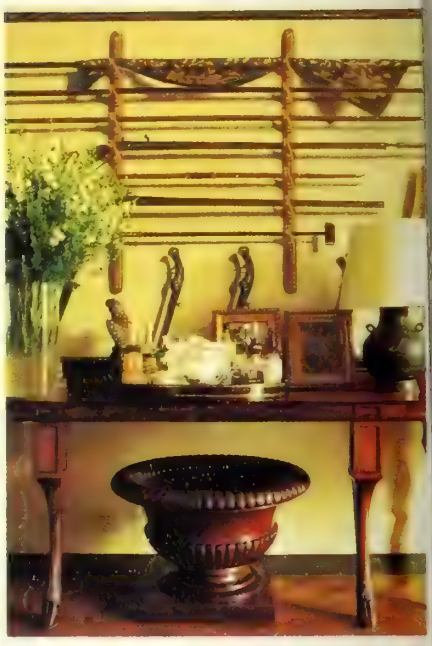


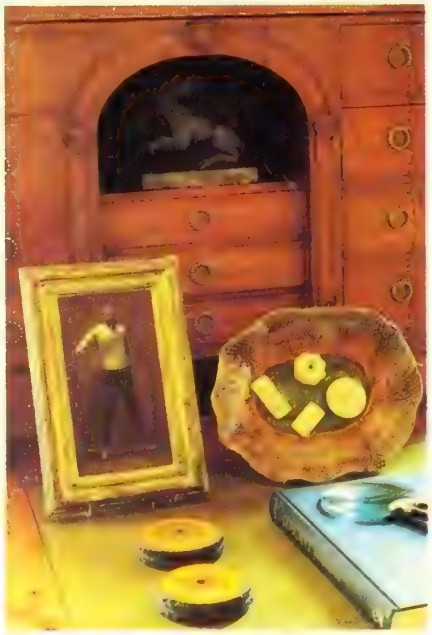


At the far end of the library/ dining room, antique marble heads from Lord Pembroke's collection at Wilton sit on Italian fluted mahogany columns. Empire chairs covered in off-white sailcloth are Swedish. The brass library lights have been copied from ones made for Charles de Beistegui's bookcases at Groussay and the library steps are 18th-century English.



Details of the Blass style. *Left:* In the bedroom, an 18th-century yellow marble figure of a lion sits on top of the mahogany secrétaire by Jean-Henri Riesener. *Right:* In the living room, an urn-shaped Georgian wine cooler stands beneath the Irish side table. *Below:* Detail of bedroom secrétaire with *Fencing Master* by James Camille Lignier, 1887. *Bottom left:* The Charles II cabinet veneered in oyster-spotted lignum vitae, in the living room. *Bottom right:* The Stubbs over the bedroom fireplace with a leather-and-steel club fender.





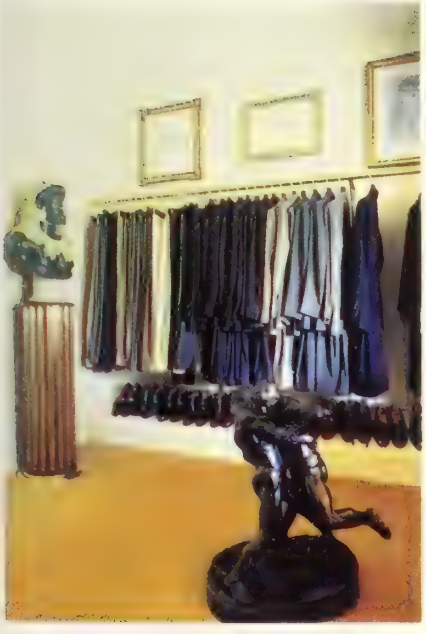












In the bedroom, *top left,* a 19th-century watercolor of an interior sits on a late-18th-century Danish table with a slate top. *Top right:* A pair of lions and photographs of dogs in front of old master drawings. *Above:* In the dining room/library, white roses in front of a study of parrot tulips attributed to the 17th-century French painter Nicolas de Largillière. *Left:* The open closets of the dressing room. *Right:* The stag legs of the late-18th-century Swedish table.





In the light-filled bedroom, two large obelisks sit on the windowsill, with the terrace beyond. All has been kept spare, with the floors bleached a light tone and covered here and there with fur rugs. The walls have been hung with part of Blass's collection of old master drawings including, among others, Bibiena, Barye, Landseer.

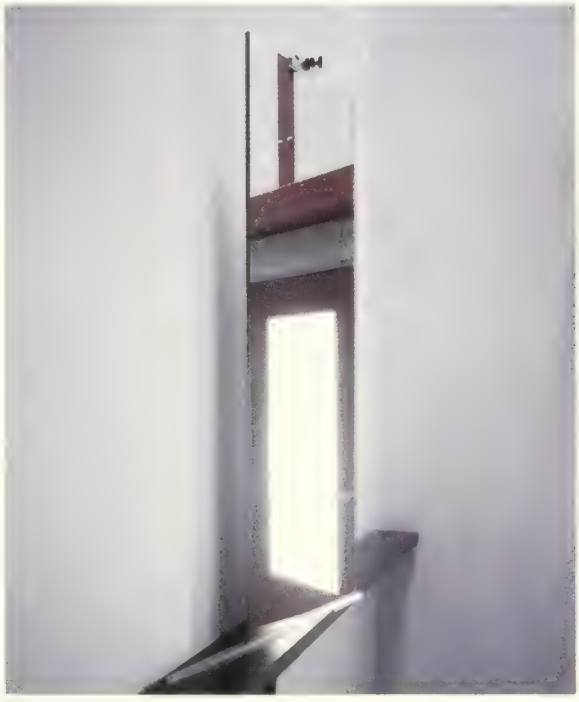




ADVENTURE IN STYLE

A weekend house by Tod Williams and Robert McAnulty viewed as an architectural exploration

BY SUZANNE STEPHENS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



The house sits unprepossessingly in its setting of marsh grass on eastern Long Island, *opposite*. *Above:* A mirror designed by architects Tod Williams and Robert McAnulty is angled from a steel channel to dramatize the entrance foyer by its off-axis reflections.

In a slightly risky move, the clients for this Long Island house decided to hire Tod Williams and Associates after reading a review in *The New York Times* of an exhibit called "Window/Room/Furniture," which Williams co-conceived for The Cooper Union in 1982. In other words, the clients didn't go to their architect with a particular idea about how the house should look: they were attracted to Williams by his demonstrated interest in exploring the nature of architectural elements. The couple, who had moved from the suburbs to an apartment in New York City once their children were grown, now wanted a weekend home. As long as they got a house that was quiet and secluded but allowed them to entertain, they felt they could be adventurous.

This kind of loose approach by the clients resulted in a house that is tightly worked out by the architect. In the house, principal designers Williams and partner Robert McAnulty explore what can be salvaged from a modernist vocabulary increasingly thought to have been drained of content versus what can or should be resuscitated from a classical architectural idiom long viewed as moribund.

The modernist parts are easy to spot—planar walls, rectilinear volumes, expanses of glass, and flat roofs dominate. The typically diagrammatic separation of the functions of the house is clearly expressed. In fact, Williams and McAnulty have even separated these functional areas into three blocks clad with distinctly different materials—stucco for the cubiform pavilion housing the major living areas, cedar siding for the bedroom wing, and aluminum cladding for the entrance block between them. All are united by a soft gray color that gives the textures of the materials a sort of abstract quality.

Yet a number of other motifs hint at the architects' allegiance to a more traditional, classical orientation.



The bar on the pool deck, *above,* has translucent sliding screens that open to the west. *Right:* A painting by Deborah Kass from Baskerville + Watson marks the bedroom wing; the balcony opening above frames the library window beyond. Rug designed by Williams and partner Billie Tsien; black wood ebonized dining table by partner McAnulty; glass-topped coffee table by Williams and McAnulty for LCS.

The large centralized "great room," containing the living, dining, and kitchen functions, is just that—a well-proportioned room with a sense of enclosure. Then again, the house has a strong axial organization. You enter on the ground level and take the stairs—the central vertical axis—to the main living and bedroom level. As you move up through the house, you always have the major living spaces on one side and the bedrooms on the other, connected at the second (main) and third levels by bridges forming cross-axial paths. Your perception of this complex interweave of vertical and horizontal axes linking private and public areas of the house is maintained throughout. It means you always have a sense of what to expect next yet are still surprised when you arrive.

Other earmarks of a classicizing sensibility heighten the experience. A whole system of proportionately determined elements *(Text continued on page 258)*





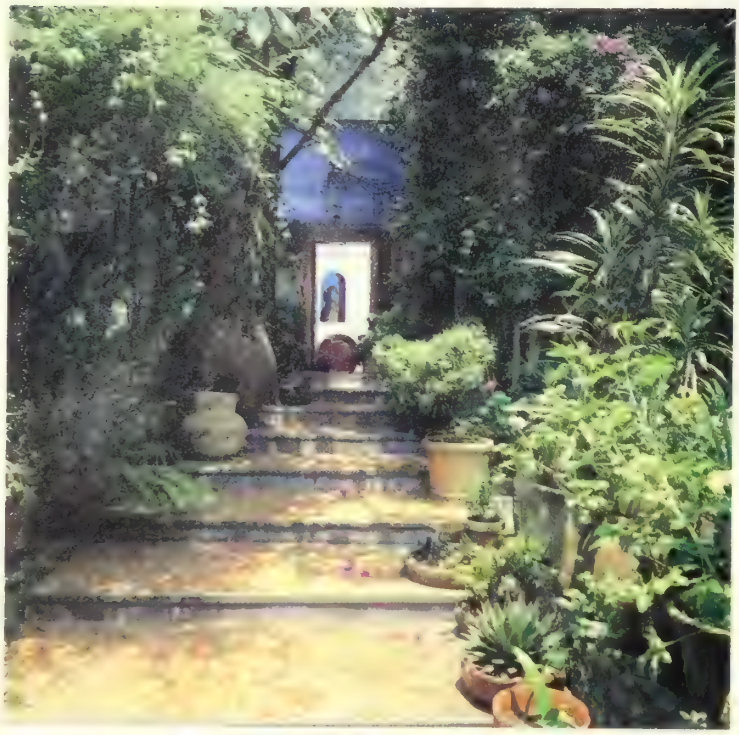
Opposite the entrance, a light well, 25 feet high, is wrapped by stairs and punctuated by small square windows. *Opposite:* On entering the foyer, one sees the steel bridge overhead; in the alcove, a sculpture by Mel Kendrick from John Weber Gallery.







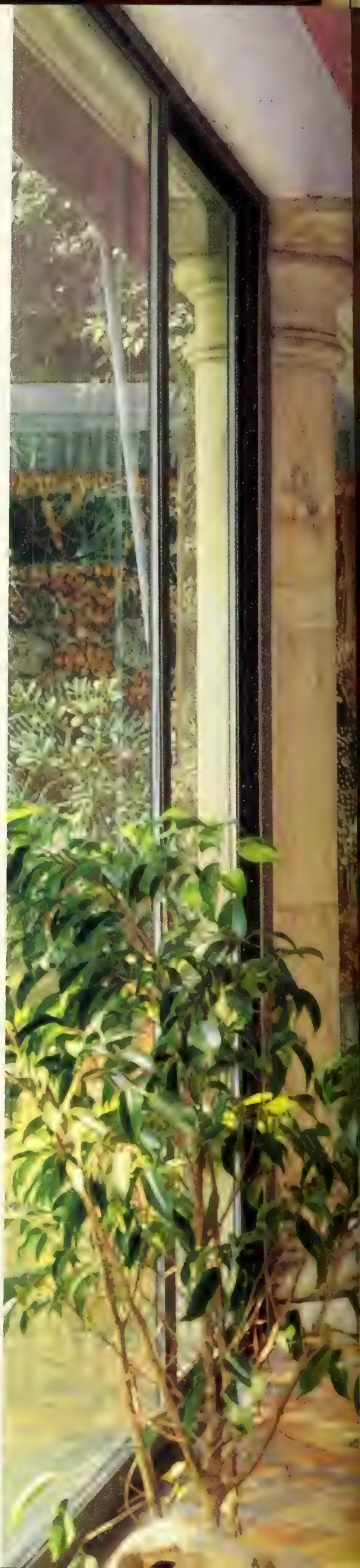
The wood deck running alongside the main living area is bordered by three small cabanas that give a sense of privacy to the open space; the deck itself is anchored between the swimming pool and the Peconic Bay.



AN ARTIST'S MEXICO

The house of Rufino and Olga Tamayo

BY ROGER C. TOLL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLEN CARTER



Luncheon is often served on the covered terrace, *right*. The flower panel with the words "Olga y Rufino" was a gift to the Tamayos from Oaxaca on their 48th wedding anniversary. *Above:* The verdant entrance path.











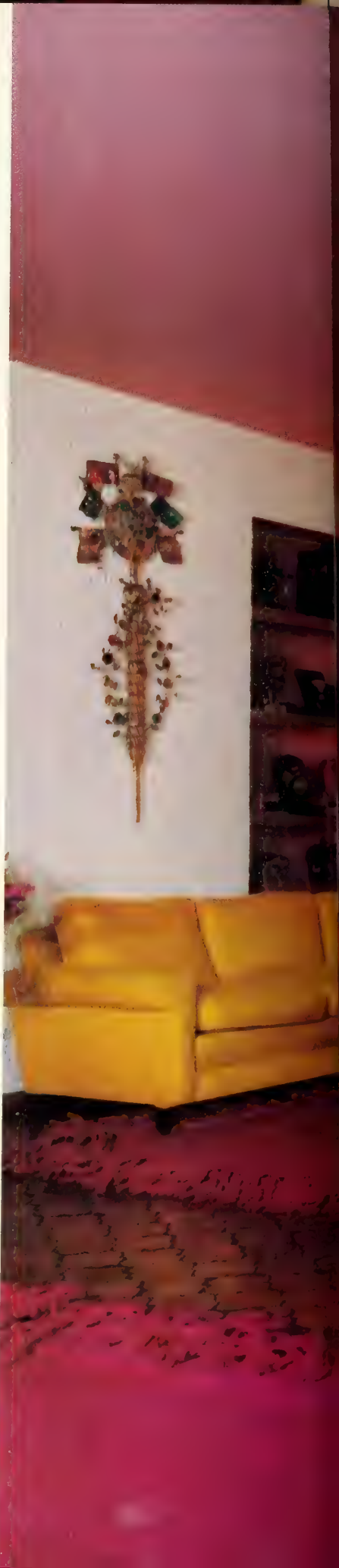
In a cobblestoned lane, behind stone walls of lava exuberant with cascading orange and pink bougainvillea, is the quiet refuge of Mexico's premier artist, Rufino Tamayo, and his wife, Olga. Santisimo, the street is called: "most sacred." Mexico's patron saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe, stands in a niche nearby, watchful over the house designed fifteen years ago by the artist himself. A tall pine and a blue-flowering jacaranda tree soar above the high walls.

The rich colors and light of the tropics, and perhaps the need in the end to return to his roots, pulled the expatriate artist back home to Mexico after having spent thirty years in New York and Paris. "The light of Paris is wonderful, but it is not my light," Tamayo says. "I was so melancholic there that I even began painting black. It's curious that my first painting when I returned was of watermelons. You see, I came back to the light."

His house, in Mexico City's southern suburb of San Angel, is an outgrowth and a clear expression of that need for the light, color, and ambience of his native land. From the bright, orange-hued portrait of Olga in the entrance to the sugar skulls and children's folk toys that dot every room, Tamayo's home is very Mexican. For a man

The dining room, *left,* is dominated by Tamayo's 1983 *Watermelons. The Yellow Chair* is from 1929; bottles are 19th-century Mexican copies of French ones. *Above:* The terrace, with its traditional *equipales* chairs, faces the rear garden.





who loves light, the glass wall of the living room and terrace is a way to invite in the green of the garden, a soothing counterpoint to the vibrant colors within. At the main meal of the day, in the midafternoon, the sun slants in from the west, backlighting the blossoms Tamayo himself has planted. Inside, the furniture, bought in a local market, is unpretentious and natural, like the house itself. Pre-Columbian figures and faces play with more modern pieces of popular art. Wooden bookshelves, cabinets, and coffee tables, made by village artisans, are roughhewn and unfinished, except for the dining-room chairs, painted mauve by the artist himself. Tamayo, who enjoys upsetting the normal pattern, also painted the ceilings—some blue, some mauve, others yellow—while leaving the walls white. "Usually it's the other way around," he laughs, amused by the idea.

"Actually, I've used the colors of both my palettes here: those the village people use in their daily lives because they're cheap, like the blues and whites and ochres, and those bright colors they buy especially for fiestas." At times full of passion and vitality, at times humble and earthbound, Tamayo's colors play an important role, even in his choice of clothes. It is not surprising that one of his earliest influences was the rich tropical fruit—mangoes, papayas, guayabas, mameys, zapotes—he packed and unpacked at his aunt's *(Text continued on page 260)*

In the living room, *right*, are village crafts and toys of today; fifty-year-old wood masks; 19th-century popular paintings and an ornate mirror; Olmec, Mixtec, and Mayan sculptures. *Above:* Between pre-Columbian pieces from Veracruz is Tamayo's 1928 *The Blue Child* sold for 50 pesos, bought back in 1977 for $15,000.



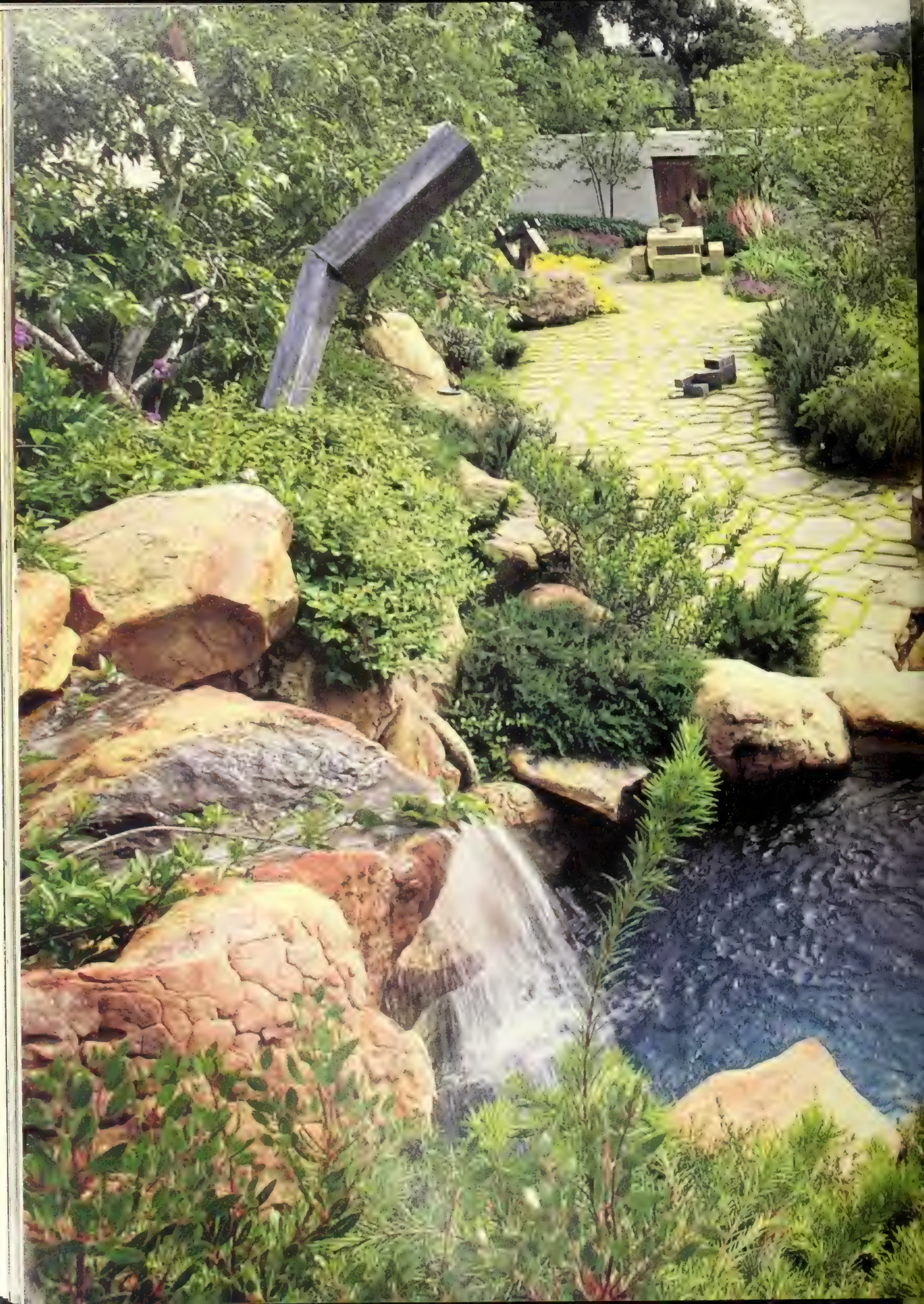


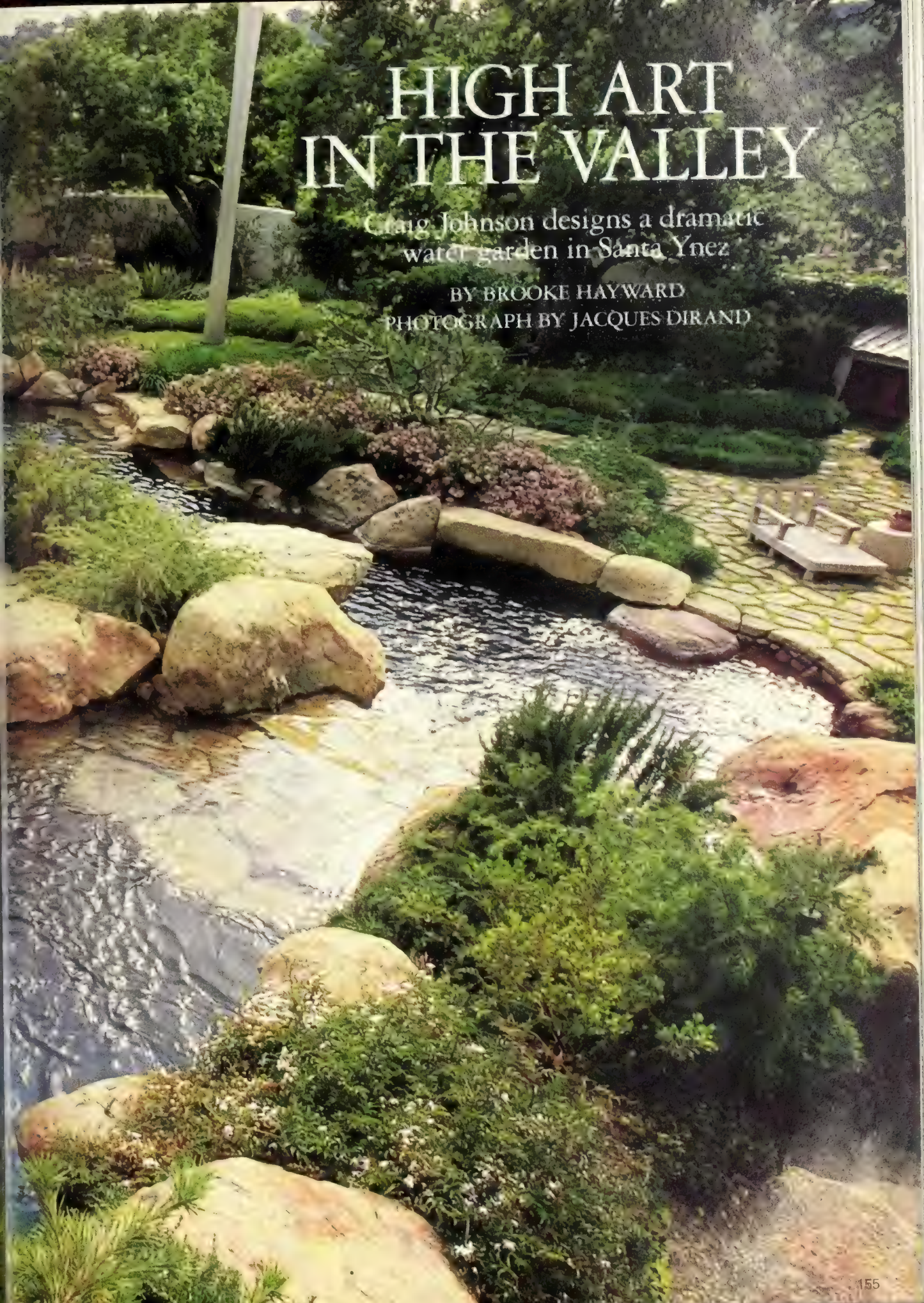
The artist in his studio, *above*. *Below:* The guest bedroom is furnished in romantic 19th-century Mexican black wicker, with framed embroideries of the time; village lace bedcovers. *Right:* Niches hold a valuable collection of pre-Hispanic sculpture from Nayarit, Jalisco, Teotihuacán, Veracruz, Colima, Tabasco, Yucatan, Oaxaca, and the Valley of Mexico.











HIGH ART IN THE VALLEY

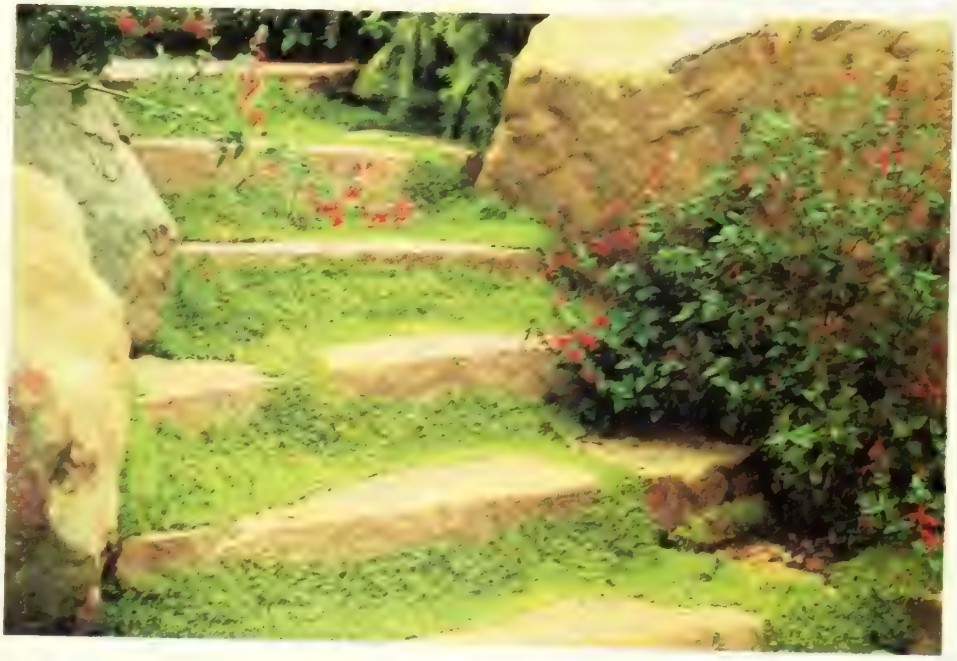
Craig Johnson designs a dramatic water garden in Santa Ynez

BY BROOKE HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES DIRAND









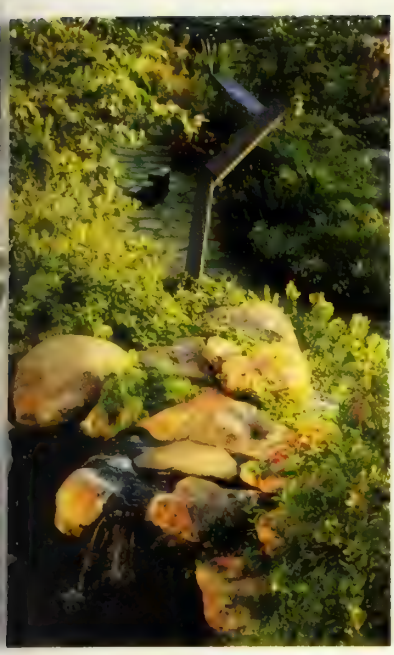
Does money grow on trees? In an astonishing new garden located in California's Santa Ynez Valley, an area devoted to traditional Western horse ranches and recently planted vineyards, behold—Shangri-la.

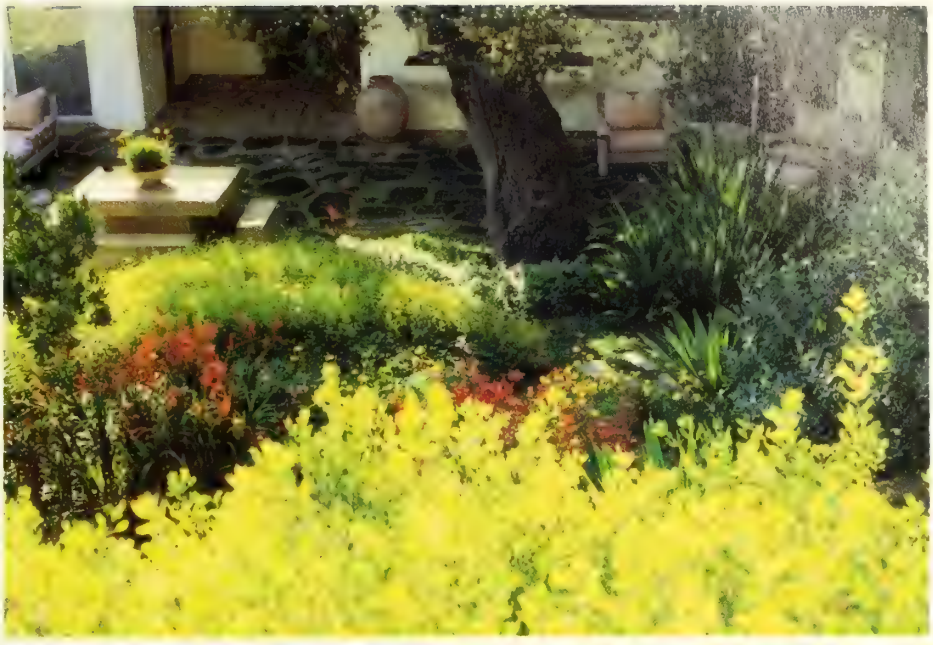
Imagine, if you will, a rolling land of chaparral and manzanitas broken by the dark rise of an occasional scrub or live oak, a land that extends south, north, and east as far as the eye can see, but on the western horizon runs smack into the Santa Ynez Mountains, which stand between it and the Pacific.

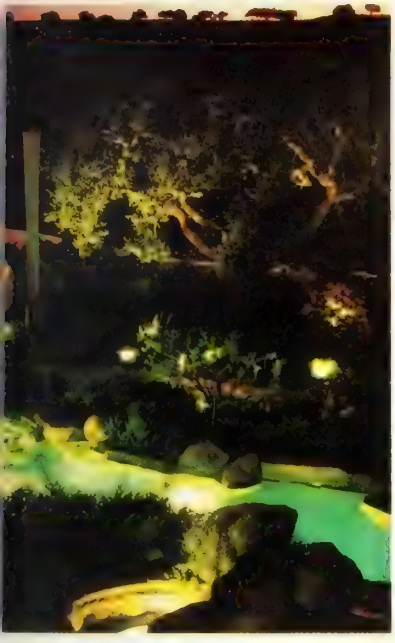
For six or seven months of the year when the water table is high, streams filled with trout crisscross the land and it becomes the emerald green of an Irish meadow; wildflowers, in their changing patterns, blaze on the hills. In the dry season, deprived of rainfall, the land returns to a uniform color somewhere between gold and dun. But no matter what time of year, the air is so clear it makes your lungs ache, and not a day passes that you don't spot some sort of wild creature; coyotes abound and so too do raccoons, possums, deer, bobcats, mountain lions, hawks, owls, and hummingbirds. Twenty years or so

A wide-angle view, *preceding pages,* of the three levels of the garden linked by cascading waterfalls photographed he in May. *Clockwise from top left:* Details taken in late summer: a border of zinnias behind one of three Joel Shapiros on a California sandstone bould —at other times pansies and violas are planted here; another Joel Shapiro reclin on Scotch moss; a 25-foot Ellsworth Kelly totem catches the last light; Scotch moss carpets the sandstone steps bordered by Mexican salvia.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGUES COLSON









Details of garden, *clockwise from top left:* Koi pond, and Shapiro terrace—trumpet vine on right of waterfall and dwarf daisies and zinnias beyond; manzanita, selaginella, pineapple guava, doryanthes, vinca major and minor, pseudo freesia, yellow coreopsis lead down to the lower level—Michael Taylor's wooden furniture is in front of guesthouse and a stone table designed by Craig Johnson inspired by the Ming tombs is used for poolside meals; detail of zinnias and arbutus; a dramatic night view of the swimming pool and Jacuzzi.

ago, a friend of mine even saw a giant condor sailing overhead. For lying on the coast immediately to the south is Santa Barbara. But now, alas, the countryside around Santa Barbara is too civilized to support any major wildlife.

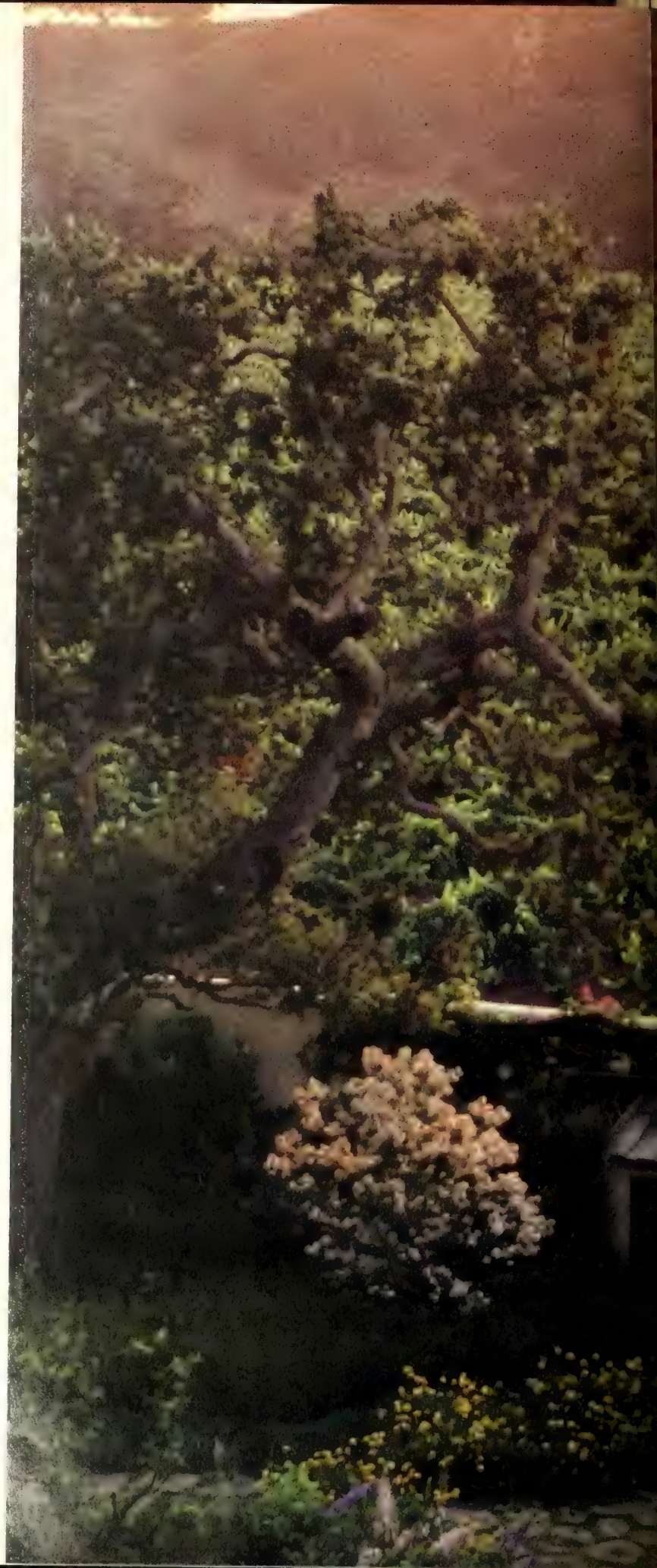
Once upon a time, not so far in the past, the Santa Ynez Valley was comprised mainly of ten-thousand-acre Spanish land grants. However, smack in the middle of what used to be the old Duke Sedgwick ranch now sits a manicured, 380-acre vineyard. And plumb in the middle of *that* sits the aforementioned oasis. Six years ago ("before all of this madness"), its owner, a mightily successful film and TV producer, made an initial investment in what he now regards as a piddling 66 acres of grape-producing country; then, to keep pace with the ever-increasing scale of the house and garden, he felt he should keep adding to his property.

Both the house and the garden took roughly three years to build, if you allow a year for the planning stage. The house was designed by Peter Choate, the garden by Craig Johnson, a landscape architect. Considering what was to be involved, this was fast work, even in Southern California, which routinely bestows its stamp for Overnight Suc-

cess on projects that elsewhere in the world would remain nocturnal fantasies.

From the outset, the garden was intended to be a setting for sculpture, sculpture that, perhaps, would be created just for it. Ellsworth Kelly was asked to do a big piece, and flew out from New York many times to study the site, or what he *imagined* the site would eventually look like, since at that stage it was pure desert. Hours were spent, a maquette was built, and finally a 25-foot-high stainless steel totem was designed to be executed by Lippincott in Connecticut. Meanwhile, on one of his trips to New York, the owner, whose great passion is collecting contemporary art, contacted Joel Shapiro and asked him to do a piece also. (In keeping with the general spirit of things, this commission was eventually to grow into three pieces—a set of bronze men, one standing, one crouching, one lying down, all to be sited independently of each other.) Shapiro got so excited he re-created the garden to scale in miniature and in cardboard from a set of plans so he could work at home. More recently, one of Bryan Hunt's eight-foot-high bronze waterfalls has been added as well as Julian Schnabel's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell.* The Schnabel, found in Zurich in 1984, now leans against the side of the guesthouse like some prehistoric giant's walking stick or club: a fourteen-foot-high bronze shaft piercing at the top a bronzed animal skull with antlers and at the base a head of Satan with goat's horns.

From the beginning of the project, there were certain givens. The house, an amalgam of New Mexican, North African, and Greek Island architecture, was to be built into the side of a mesa-like hill that faces due west and also fortuitously overlooks the long horizontal rows of carefully tended grapevines. An integral part of the view would be beyond the vineyard to where a twin mesa rises, topped by an ancient line of live-oak trees that catch the light like armed medieval warriors. The garden itself, every angle bathed in afternoon *(Text continued on page 262)*



The white stucco guesthouse at dusk nestled against the garden wall and vineyards beyond.




THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY





HADLEY BY HADLEY

The peaceful, private, and precise country house of decorator Albert Hadley

BY MARY CANTWELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM P. STEELE

Mr. Hadley's living room, *left,* takes its elegance not from an overall decorating theory but from combinations of his favorite things, such as a hooked imitation-zebra rug, a wash drawing of an owl by Van Day Truex, and a 17th-century Dutch still life. *Above:* Mr. Hadley uses the porch "from the first nice day of spring until there's snow on the ground." Deer head above Aiken sofa is carved wood.





Albert Hadley, president of Parish-Hadley, which is to decorating what Mouton-Rothschild is to claret, says he's not a good houseguest. By which he doesn't mean to imply that he stays up all night and burns cigarette holes in the rug. To see Mr. Hadley—small, neat, gazing mildly at the world from behind round spectacles—is to know that's hardly his style. Rather, Mr. Hadley is the kind who likes to keep his own time, move at his own pace, and sleep in his own bed. That's why the place he bought near Tarrytown, New York, twelve years ago is a "godsend. I spent a lot of weekends in the city, working. But the house, once I got it, took over my life and everything else disappeared."

A farmhouse built about 1850 and sitting on a knoll, it wasn't at all what Mr. Hadley had in mind. "I'd always thought of having a much simpler, more classic box, perhaps on flat land. But here was this perfectly lovely house, so I couldn't resist.

"I remember every detail of seeing it and falling in love and thinking it an enormous challenge. No, an enormous *opportunity,* I should say, to do the things I like most—to create order and the atmosphere that I love."

What is the atmosphere that Mr. Hadley loves? In three words: peaceful, private, precise.

"I'm rather an orderly person and I don't like clutter. I like things, but I'm very interested in the juxtaposition of objects and the way materials look together. I love the excitement of discovery, but I'm

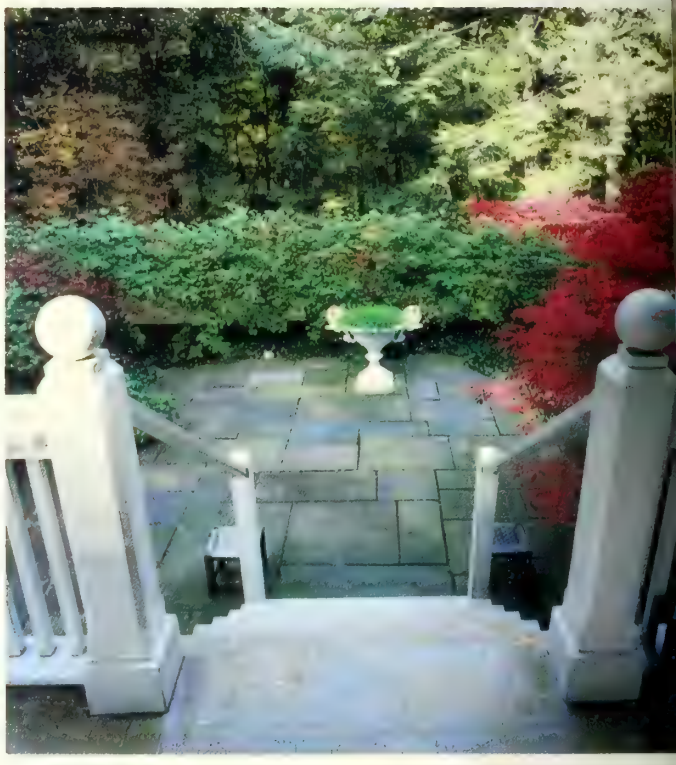
A 19th-century "fainting couch," *above,* occupies a sunny corner of the living room. *Right:* In the dining room French 18th-century armchairs and an 1860s English mahogany table serve as a pedestal for the gilded ceramic gourd by Mrs. Hugh Hyde. Iron bookcases designed by Parish-Hadley.


VOGUE
DAVID ARMOUR







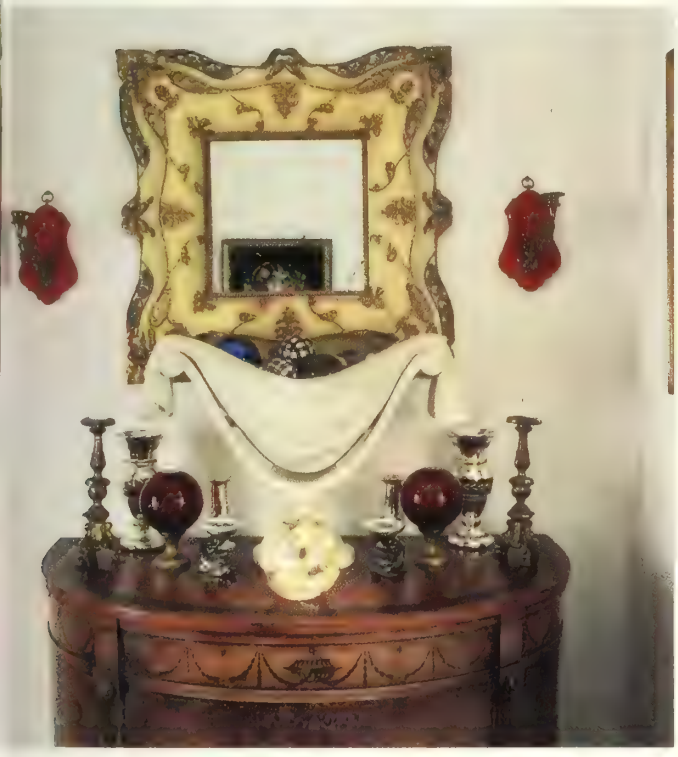


Two views of the dining room show Mr. Hadley's versatility with different styles inside one area. *Top:* Over an English scroll table with a marble top is a reproduction of an Irish plaster bas relief, a gift from Sybil Connolly. *Above:* A painting done by Mr. Hadley "very early on" hangs above an English trolley table. Lamps are original Tiffany design.

A grouping on the bureau in one of the guest bedrooms, *top,* is composed of 19th-century plaster busts, a Regency box with drawers, and horn-and-ivory candlesticks. Bed is 19th-century English and hung with fabric that was designed by Mr. Hadley. *Above:* The view of the terrace from the back porch. Iron urn is 19th century.









In the living room, *top,* an 18th-century Portuguese table centers another Hadley vignette. Drawing of birds by Dudley Huppler. *Above:* In a guest bedroom, a French Deco pedestal urn attributed to Jean Michel Frank holds a collection of carpet balls. Mirror is 20th-century American; miniature candlesticks are 18th-century Venetian.

The "Tinsel Room," *top,* takes its name from the tinsel basket construction hanging above the bedside table. Beaded picture of a rose by Loelia, Duchess of Westminster. *Above:* In the living room, an early French oak table is surrounded by four English Regency chairs. Giraffe print is part of a set of 19th-century animal drawings.



not a collector. What I have, I have, and if I didn't have it I'd be happy with much less."

Soon after Mr. Hadley moved in "and got the land in better order" (order is clearly Mr. Hadley's favorite noun), he decided the house needed a wider porch. He added one, with steps leading to a flagstone terrace; other than that, there was little to do but rebuild the chimneys.

"Inside was no problem at all. I had the furniture—some in storage, some I'd let people borrow, some family things I brought up from Tennessee—and I chose to keep everything as simple as possible." The house is white from top to bottom; some floors were sanded, cleaned, and left natural; those that weren't were painted dark green. Plain white muslin skirts the bottom half of each window because Mr. Hadley didn't want to impede the light and air and because he isn't too fond of curtains anyway. "Perhaps I shouldn't say that," he murmurs.

An ordinary weekend starts Friday afternoon when Mr. Hadley goes up alone to work the house's several acres. He loves to work outside but he is not, he says emphatically, a flower gardener. "I like natural things. . . ferns and such." Entertaining is mostly Saturday or Sunday lunch, usually on the porch. "I'm not awfully domestic. I manage a bit but it's not my great passion."

If by "domestic" Mr. Hadley means being a dab hand with a dustcloth and bread dough, he probably doesn't deserve the *(Text continued on page 274)*



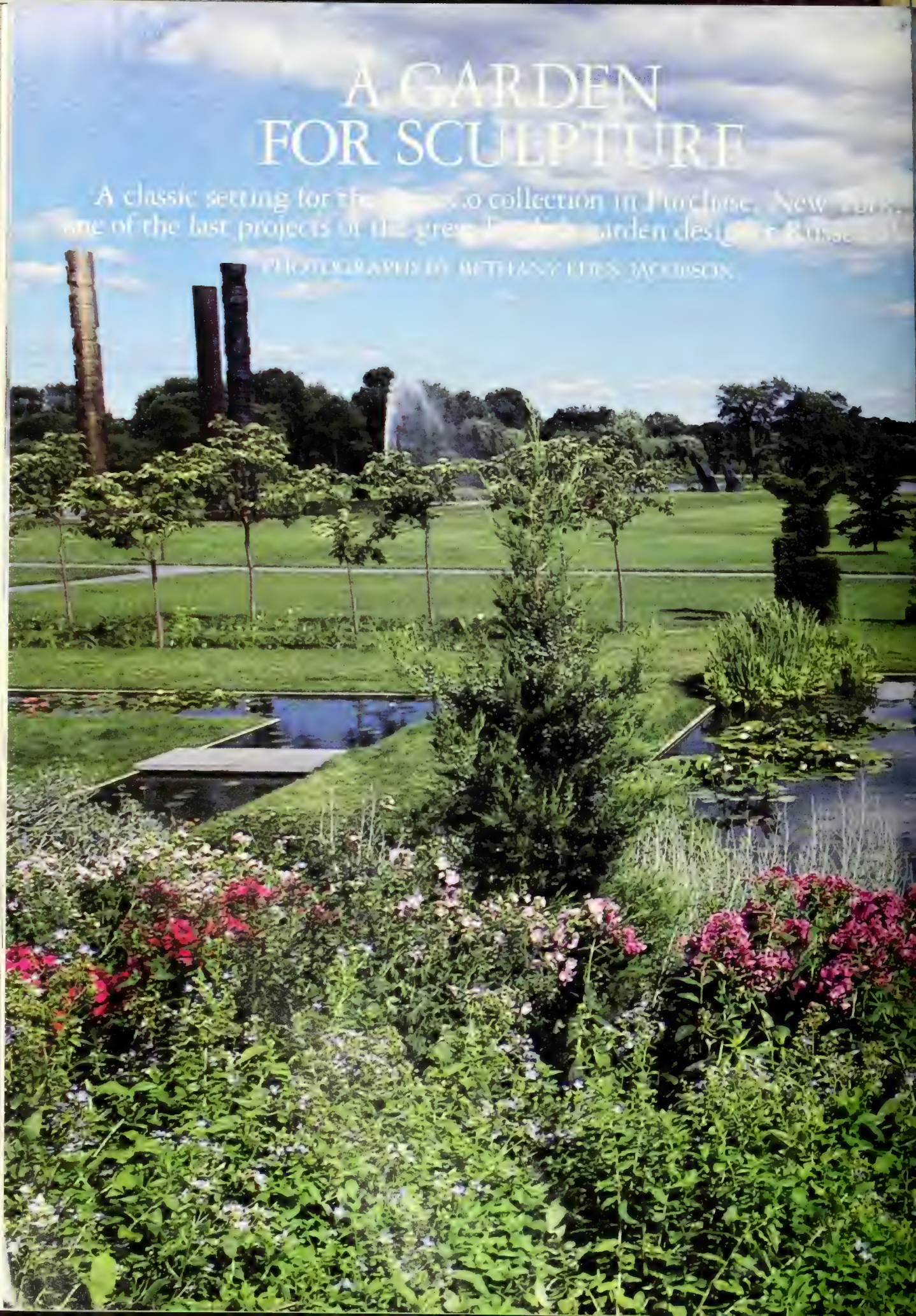
At the front door, *above*, a 19th-century statue guards the porch stairs. *Right:* Doors open opposite ways to two bedrooms off the second-floor hall. Amusing chair is 19th-century English, one from a set of four. Initials *AH* are inscribed into medallion on chair's backrest.



A GARDEN FOR SCULPTURE

A classic setting for the ...o collection in Purchase, New ...
one of the last projects of the ... garden des... Rose

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETHANY ELLEN JACOBSON





With the herbaceous border in the foreground and double rows of Mount Fuji flowering cherry trees flanking the young topiaries of yew, Russell Page started to enclose the lily ponds and create a separate garden looking out to the sculpture park. A gazebo is to be built beside the border will complete the illusion of an enclosed garden.

Russell Page: An appreciation

BY ELEANOR PERÉNYI

No other art form is as vulnerable to changing fashions and the ravages of time as that of the garden maker. Some gardens, and especially those whose beauty depends on plants rather than on the classic triad of stone, trees, and water, go under in less than a generation. But the legacy of Russell Page, who died last January, will surely be more enduring than most.



Mallards and Pekins idle under the gaze of PepsiCo headquarters and Arnaldo Pomidoro's *Triad. Below:* Russell Page. *Opposite:* An airy haze of soft gray Russian sage nestles in the herbaceous border among crimson-flowered phlox, rose of Sharon, and buddleia.

Though born in England, where he also got most of his early training, he may have designed more gardens in more places than anyone in history. There are Page gardens in virtually every European country, in North and South America, in the West Indies, even in the Middle East. In his own words, he "planted window boxes and cottage gardens, housing schemes for industrial workers, layouts for factories," worked for "landowners and great industrialists, for corporations and companies, for the very rich and for the poor, for professionals and for amateurs." And on everything he did he put a stamp of timeless elegance and integrity that alone should guarantee his survival as one of the greatest designers to have flourished in this century.

All the more curious, then, that he should have been so little known to the general public. In an age that worships the remotest kinship with celebrity you would expect a man (whose clients, in addition to those he enumerated, were members of the English royal family—including the exiled Duke of Windsor—the Aly Khan, the Agnellis, and countless others who come under the rubric of the "international set") to have achieved a notoriety at least equal to that of the architects, decorators, and purveyors of haute couture who have worked for the same clientele. But Page was never a household word, even to gardeners—at least in this country—and the fault (if fault it was) was entirely his. As his book, *The Education of a Gardener,* makes clear, he had a horror of publicity that is generated by name-dropping and claims to familiarity with the famous (who are identified as seldom as possible), and preferred to think of himself simply as an artisan to be judged by the same standards as others, ancient and modern, who have labored on the same terrain.



But there was, in fact, another reason for the failure of ordinary, run-of-the-mill gardeners to grasp his importance. I myself came late to Page, not because I didn't know who he was but because I did, and in consequence placed him somewhere in the horticultural stratosphere. The photographs of his gardens that appeared for decades in luxury magazines here and abroad might as well, for all they spoke to me personally, have been ads for Van Cleef & Arpels. Those romantic watercourses and exquisitely planted bosquets, those perfectly constructed terraces and staircases, were as far out of my reach as so many first-water diamonds, and since I was never going to own a French château, a historic villa in Italy, or even a medium-sized estate on Long Island, I looked at them with the detachment that goes beyond envy. And it was probably for the same reason that I missed the original publication of his book in 1962—coming across it only by chance when I was writing a book of my own about gardens in the late seventies and a friend, expressing astonishment that I hadn't read it, pressed it on me with the injuction that I not let it out of my sight. (Reprinted in 1983, it is no longer the collector's item the first edition has become.)

The revelation was complete. *The Education of a Gardener* is, to my mind, the finest essay on the theory and practice of garden design to have appeared since Gertrude Jekyll's classics—and in many ways their superior. Jekyll was *(Text continued on page 246)*





Henry Moore was Russell Page' favorite sculptor in The PepsiCo Collection and so not surprisingly has three pieces in the garden. *Left:* Through the aperture of the eight-ton bronze *Double Oval*—one of Moore's less well-known works—Alexander Calder's *Hats Off;* to the left, David Wynne's rock climbing *Grizzly Bear. Below* Dogwood native to the site is underplanted with daffodils. *Bottom:* Fall's north wind rustles the spiraled leaves of the Babylonian weeping willow.











Against a groundcover of creeping juniper, *top,* Aristide Maillol's *Marie* stands under a garland of redbuds. *Above:* Suffused in spray, Henry Moore's *Double Oval* overlooks dogwoods and a family of Canadian geese. *Right:* Framing the lake, a solitary bald cypress guards a ribbon of double-flowered 'Kwanzan' cherry trees. In the woods behind, Russell Page thickened the native forest with clusters of oaks, maples, beech, and hemlock.



Miró's *Personnage* looms over the herbaceous border. Page had no need of a formal plan for the border. He was so familiar with every plant's flowering season he knew exactly where to place it. Great water plantain, yellow flag iris, and cattails are grouped in the corners of the water-lily pond.



Russell Page: An interview

BY TOM DEWE MATHEWS

RUSSELL PAGE: Here at Purchase I'm using the landscape that I inherited from the guy who first sorted it out after it ceased to be a polo field. It was very well laid out. I'm developing certain things and I'm enriching certain things but there's nothing I've had to destroy, which is nice. That's my data and I work from it; but I've changed the landscape considerably which will only become apparent in another twenty years as the trees take their full size and volume.



Auguste Rodin's self-conscious *Eve* and Arnaldo Pomidoro's *El Grande Disco, above,* straddle a pathway beside a bank of English ivy. *Opposite:* Canadian geese graze and pose in front of low-lying weeping hemlock and Isamu Noguchi's *Energy Void. Below:* The soft texture and fleecy panicles of the white fringe tree.

TOM DEWE MATHEWS: *How do you decide on what to include in a design?*

RP: I can't describe what you call the artistic process. How can I? If you ask any painter he can't do it; nor can I. When you get down to technique that's a different matter. What makes you realize that a tree in one place is related to a stone in another and a flower in a third place and that they are all connected together invisibly makes it possible for you to catch this in nature. There is a relation of one object to another and if the objects are pieces of stone or a growing plant or a mountain as against the clouds, against a lake in the foreground there are space relationships which are as important in gardening as they are in painting. Even more because they are in three dimensions and they imply a fourth dimension. Plus the element of what is happening in time. The lake reflects light. Another factor in the landscape. Like a cloud, a patch of light that's always there and the light changes with the sky so it works in a sense like the sky; nothing more significant than that and it is different every day, 365 days a year. You look at the landscape we've been looking at over lunch. Something is changing, the color of the leaves is changing, the shape of a tree is changing; there's movement. A garden is always getting better or worse. There is no alternative. It is either improving or declining. It never stands still. The sculptures don't change but they're played on by light at different times of the day. Their color and texture is related to the colors and textures outside. They will look one way one day then slightly different another depending on what light's falling on them. This collection is extremely amusing because it starts with early-twentieth-century naturalistic sculpture and we really see the development toward David Smith and now Rickey, Segal, and of course the giant Henry Moore. I could place four new sculptures tomorrow. I know which ones I would like to get and where I would like to put them.



TDM: *How do you relate the sculptures to each other?*

RP: It's the relation between volumes, the space between volumes because every object, as I've said so often, is emanating something, something is coming off it, whether it's what's happening in between you and me or what's happening between two leaves on a plant, there is something happening. Space is never empty because everything is vibrating at a certain speed whatever it be, animate or inanimate.

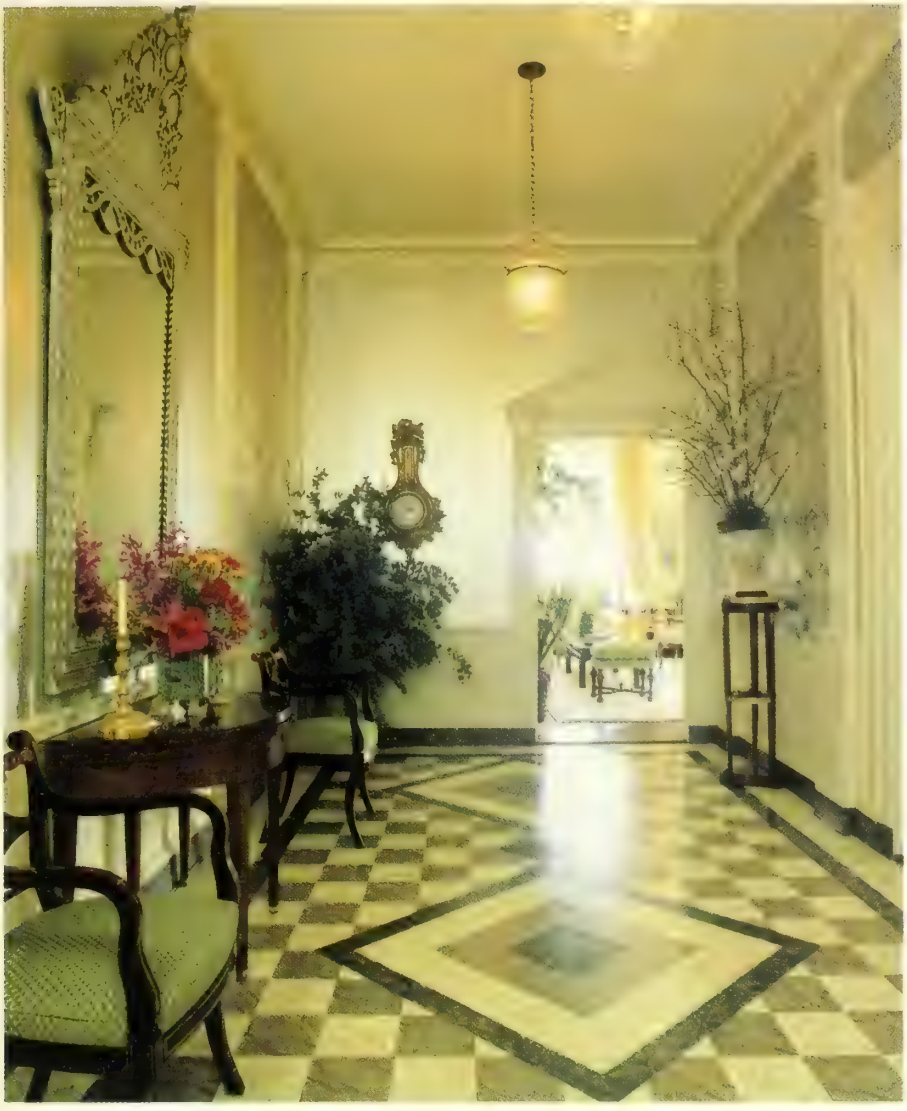
TDM: *You have created different settings for each sculpture; enclaves around some while others remain in the open.*

RP: Yes, at the same time I don't have to lose the whole general feel. I have got to keep two things right. There are two things totaling: the immediate setting of the sculpture and the rest of the planting in the landscape. The woods that you see all around; the woods native to this area are very beautiful in themselves. You go up the Hudson around this time; it's unbelievable. Blazes of yellow and orange, scarlet and crimsons and still some green leaves on other trees. It's really a spectacle. Last year I was here at the same time. I was staying with friends and so I said, "Let's just drop everything and motor around the lanes for

(Text continued on page 253)







TRADITION WITH A TWIST

McMillen Inc. decorates a new apartment for clients of thirty years' standing

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

Faux-marbre floor, silver-ground tea-paper walls, and 19th-century mother-of-pearl, silver, and ivory mirror give the entrance hall its shimmer, *above*. *Opposite:* Louis XIV ebony commode, William and Mary eglomise mirror, Louis XV armchairs in the living room.



Japanese calligraphic paper screens over custom-made sofa covered in Stroheim & Roman damask, *above*. *Opposite:* Louis XVI gilt canapé covered in silk. Above white marble Louis XVI mantelpiece: 18th-century clock and gilded trumeau.

If you can put a beautiful bust or other piece of sculpture into a finished room without losing it in a sea of something, you've done all right," Van Day Truex said to his students at the Parsons School of Design many years ago. Betty Sherrill, one of those students, heeds his advice even today as president of McMillen Inc., a decorating firm with almost as many alumni in the decorating world as Parsons.

Over the years McMillen, founded in 1924 by Eleanor McMillen Brown, has developed a strong, usually traditional style and a loyal clientele. This recently decorated apartment is typical on both counts. The owners—she's American, he's South American, and they have lived on three continents—have been clients of Mrs. Sherrill's for over thirty years, and the rooms, at first glance, certainly are traditional. But on closer inspection, one sees details that give the apartment a lighter touch. Walls and floors are not always what they appear to be; not all the fireplaces or doors actually work.

Betty Sherrill and her associate John Drews joined forces on the apartment. Drews designed and supervised some of the rebuilding, enlarging doors, adding pilasters and cornices, lowering windowsills, and removing mullions. Then Mrs. Sherrill and Ethel Smith took over the decorating, deciding which pieces of furniture would come from the clients' houses in France, which pieces would be bought in New York.

Drews transformed the standard hallway into a glittering entrance. Floors painted by Charles Fischer were designed to look like marble. Why not the real thing? "It was for the fun of it," Drews remembers. "There was a *folie* feeling in having a painted floor, and maybe we liked the reverse snobbery of not making it true marble." On the walls, silver-ground tea paper is embellished with bunches of cattails carefully placed to conceal the door to the bedrooms and to establish the key element of balance and symmetry found throughout the apartment.

Turn right and you are in the dining room, with walls


SARGENT



Wallpaper from Brunschwig & Fils creates a draped dining room. Royal coats of arms rest on boulle brackets above the marble mantelpiece. Table is set with Royal Crown Derby china; 19th-century Austrian chandelier is crystal and bronze.





A Syrie Maugham bed, *above,* is covered with antique lace from Cherchez. Crystal on dressing table from James II Galleries; curtains, upholstery from Carlton V. *Opposite:* In the Gothic-style bedroom, George IV mahogany chest of drawers is Scottish. Bed and curtains in a Clarence House chintz.

that appear to be heavily draped in fabric. Actually the "drapery" is printed on wallpaper. A pair of identical doors flank the Louis XVI marble mantelpiece; one opens to the living room, but the other door is false, placed there for symmetry. The nonworking fireplace is explained by Drews: "No one will know it doesn't work; no one burns a fire in a dining room anyway. People are simply in a beautiful room with a well-proportioned fireplace and doors."

The first piece of furniture chosen for the spacious living room was an impressive Louis XIV ebony commode that was quickly followed by a variety of excellent antiques—Louis XV armchairs, William and Mary mirror, and Louis XVI gilt canapé—with contemporary works such as the Karl Springer table doubling as a bar.

Typical McMillen touches in the living room: the firm's favorite yellow seen in the floor-length taffeta curtains and the use of simple lighting fixtures. "We don't like to call too much attention to the source of light in a noncontemporary room," says Mrs. Sherrill. "The view is ruined when you look through a forest of lampshades."

A Syrie Maugham bed is the focal point of the main bedroom, where a newly acquired collection of nineteenth-century tiles is displayed. The guest bedroom pays tribute to the Gothic style with bookcases made from old window frames and small chairs with pointed arches.

Mrs. Sherrill feels this apartment has no single, definable "look," but that it reflects the broad interests and sophisticated style of the owners. "They don't do the ordinary thing, or go to the ordinary places to shop," says Mrs. Sherrill, but neither decorator nor clients wanted to indulge in too many patterns or objects. She adds, "If there *is* a look, it is the look of restraint." Restraint is another element in the McMillen style and recalls—even in the placing of busts in the dining room—what Truex was saying to his students years ago at Parsons. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



AT LAST, THE PICASSO MUSEUM



The artist's own collections move into the seventeenth-century Hôtel Salé in Paris

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEPP HORVATH

This painted bronze head, 1943, was m by Picasso d a period whe lived in Paris worked a sculpture wit renewed inte

Opposite: A sphinx guard 17th-century Salé in the M





One of the more intimidating posts in the E
ropean museum world of the late seven
was the directorship of the promised Pica
Museum in Paris. Picasso had died in 1973. Char
teristically, he left no will. How much of his en
mous output remained in the estate, no one kn
Rumors flew, in all sizes. Some people ran out of
ros, others had the darkest of prognostics. First tw
and later seven heirs were involved. They were
terrible terms, most of them with one another and
most all of them with the French state. Lawsuits p
liferated. As to who would get what, in the end,
one knew. It was not even known on what princi
the estate would be divided. Picasso had always be
famous as a congenital hoarder. He was also kno
to have been a very shrewd judge of his own work

There were hopes, therefore, for the national m
seum, but there was no way of telling how soon—
if ever—it would come about. All that was clear w
that it had been decided in 1975 that there would
a Picasso museum in France, and that as of 1968
had been possible for inheritance tax to be settled
the transfer of important works of art to the Fren
state. Figures flew as fast as rumors, in that conte
but there was now a reasonable presumption that,
the values then prevailing, the Picasso Museu
would have at any rate a nucleus of a distinguish
collection.

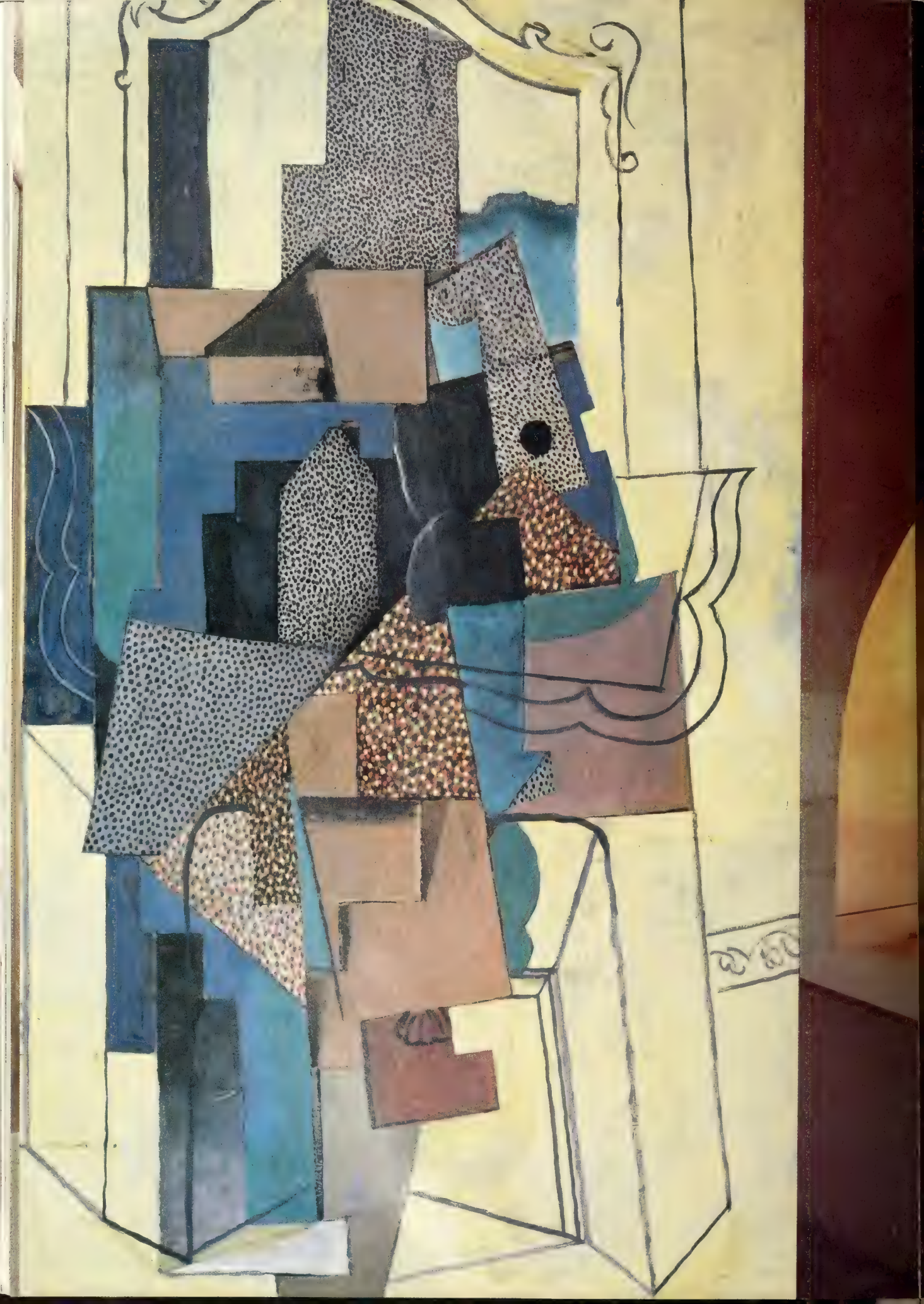
As to who was to run it, that too had still to be se
tled. Emmanuel de Margerie, now French Ambass
dor in Washington, D.C., was in charge of all th
museums of France at the time, and it fell to him
pick the best man. "Find me someone," he said
Dominique Bozo, who then was curator at th
French National Museum of Modern Art in th
Pompidou Center (he is the director today). "I m
self am a candidate," said Bozo, who has an air of di
fidence and abstraction but is in reality a man wh
can think things through to the right conclusion an
knows how to get his way.

"People told me I was crazy to take the job," h
said to me a month or two ago. "There would b
nothing to work with but the leavings of the studio.
was digging my own grave. And it is true that it wa
not easy to get the estate to tell me what Picasso ha
left behind him. But after two or three months I go
hold of the dossier in which all the works that ha
been photographed were listed. And then eventuall
I was entrusted with the boxes in which the photo
graphs in question were kept. I opened them, and
found masterpieces known and unknown tha
would have been the making of many a great muse
um. I cannot imagine a more thrilling experience
But it was also a time of great anxiety. What should
choose? How should I go about it?

"I worked like a dog *(Text continued on page 239*

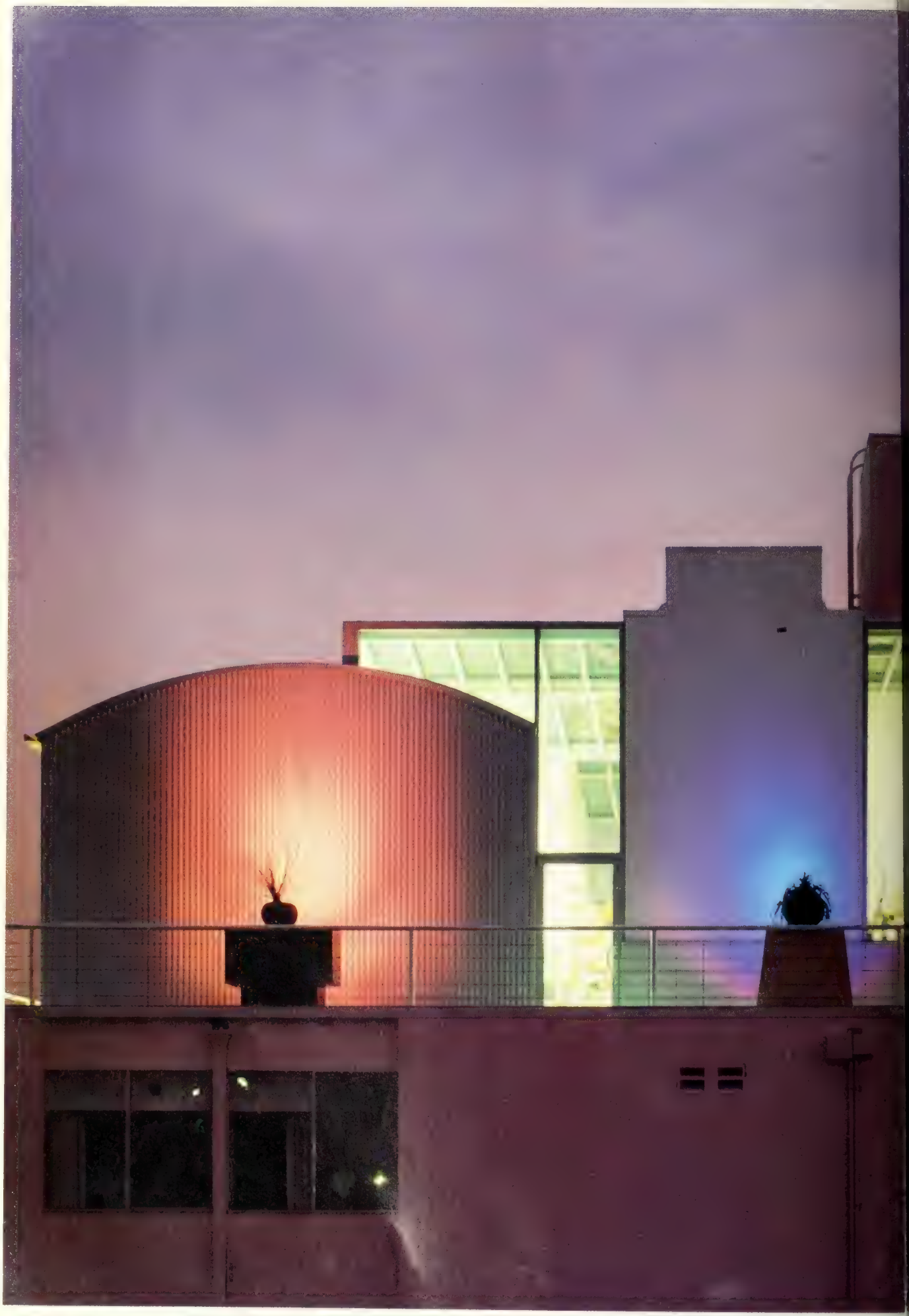
Exuberant baroque sculpture enlivens the enfilade on the second-floor landing, *left*. *Opposite:* Picasso's painting *Nude in a Garden*, 1934, was inspired by the voluptuous form of Marie-Thérèse Walter, the artist's young mistress during the thirties.







Picasso retained many of his early works, and as a result the museum is rich in Cubist paintings like *Man Before a Fireplace*, 1916 (opposite, above). The monastic grandeur of the vaulted rooms in the museum's basement is a perfect foil for Picasso.





HOUSE ON A HOT PINK ROOF

It took two talents to create this witty L.A. penthouse: architect Frank Gehry and artist owner Miriam Wosk

BY CHARLES JENCKS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANT MUDFORD

The north elevation of the Wosk penthouse shows the variety of colors, textures, and shapes—a little village—perched on top of the pink plaster apartment building. Wosk studio is to the left, curved stair is under the black granite cube.

It's a truth, first formulated in the Renaissance by Filarete, that unless the architect and client work equally hard in giving birth to a building it will be stillborn. This idea was revived by the Arts and Crafts movement in the 1890s, but today it has sadly disappeared. There are exceptions, and Miriam Wosk's penthouse, added to a preexisting stuccoed apartment in Beverly Hills, is one that again proves the point.

The overall design of this rooftop addition is Frank Gehry's latest essay in the Acropolis aesthetic, that sensible idea of breaking up large-scale commissions into human-scaled parts; the exuberant interiors (and you won't find more vibrating polychromy even in Mexico) are the patient work of the artist-owner Miriam Wosk. Together they have created what will no doubt be remembered as L.A.'s kaleidoscopic house of the eighties. Confidently loud and sprawl-





The street façade, *above*. *Right:* Above the master bedroom are the living and dining rooms, from which there are extraordinary views of Los Angeles, especially the twin towers of Century City. These views become, like a "borrowed landscape," part of the composition that includes Wosk's paintings and the Art Deco furniture and piano.



The sun pours through the greenhouse dining room, *near right,* onto the table designed by Wosk, the Memphis chairs, and multicolored antique pitchers. Art Deco cowhide furniture in the foreground. *Far right:* Light also comes in from all sides of the entry hall and kitchen and breaks the space and objects into discrete overlapping parts. Here the color of the piano is picked up by the Cadillac-gold ziggurat and contrasted with the corrugated metal "Doric" column and "Nero's blue dome" above the kitchen. *Near right:* The whirlpool bath is just off the dining room, and it has the same vibrant zigzags as the kitchen. *Far right:* The TV and stereo are hidden in the cabinet with the strange hanging balls. Miriam Wosk's explosive paintings relate to what is variously termed "new image painting," "New Wave," "punk," "bad painting," and "Post-Pop Abstraction."









ing it may be in parts, in the vernacular of Los Angeles, but it is equally evocative and as fresh as a new idea.

Both architect and artist use collage as a technique, but it is a more compacted form of juxtaposition than the Cubists employed. Where Picasso and Braque used a limited palette of muted tones, Gehry and Wosk pull out the whole color chart and compress it into something like a boiling Stuart Davis. Typical is Miriam Wosk's studio itself, where her actual palette, painted furniture, and paintbrushes are all spread out on Gehry's white canvas to set up a walk-in painting. This approach used to be called a *Gesamtkunstwerk,* a total work of art, the ideal of Richard Wagner, Antonio Gaudí, and Art Nouveau designers in general. But where they would try to integrate everything into one style, these two practice a disintegrative aesthetic.

The normal rules of composition reiterate harmony, internal linkage, and completeness, begetting Alberti's admonition that in a good building "nothing can be added or subtracted except for the worse." Here,
(Text continued on page 236)





The kitchen, *right,* and curved stair, *above*—magnificent explosions of architecture and the art of tiling—manage to transform a 1950s mirror and neon store clock into powerful icons.





The master bedroom, *right,* a Hollywood set piece, expands the space with painted clouds and a neon ring. The headboard, designed by Wosk and based on a fan painting, was made by Custom Glass and Mirror in Los Angeles. *Below right:* The main bathroom's glistening surfaces of mirrors, sinks, and tubs are pulled together with tile. *Opposite:* In the studio the paintings, brushes, palette, furniture, and rugs all become part of a colorful composition on Gehry's white canvas. A three-dimensional screen is in the corner, a large fan made by Wosk from acrylic and sequins on canvas in the center, and a mask and doll collection to the right.




max ernst



TRAIN FARE

Decorator François Catroux and three-star chef Joël Robuchon collaborate on a high-style dining car for the SNCF

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



View, *left,* of one of two color schemes in the first-class car designed by François Catroux. Matte-black woodwork with crisscrossing references—Hoffmann, Mackintosh, and Japanese—lets one travel in wide open spaces. *Above:* Detail of black leather corner banquette in the dining car.



The dining car is divided into two different sections. One, *above,* is done in the style of a Parisian brasserie with leather banquettes; the other, *opposite,* is more like a traditional restaurant with individual chairs. Overhead cube lighting was designed by Catroux and the table lamps by Jean-Michel Wilmotte, one of France's most successful young designers.

"In the restaurant car all was in readiness." Who could put it better than Agatha Christie? Yet on this occasion Hercule Poirot was not presiding as he did on the Orient Express, although the crime was a heinous one, and often repeated at that on all the Grandes Lignes. It had been public knowledge for some time now: French railway food was murder.

But today a brand-new restaurant car is in readiness at the Gare de l'Est in Paris thanks to the arbiters of French taste, present for the unveiling. One after another *wagon restaurants* have disappeared, even the Train Bleu—which had been roaring ever since the twenties—down to the Riviera from the Gare de Lyon. By 1980, the Continent's timetables all signaled the end of an era as deluxe trains ran off the rails after a century in service. No more *rendez-vous dans la voiture salon-bar* for the Blue Train's smart set, already in mourning over the loss of another passport to luxury—the Orient Express. On its last run in 1977, there was restaurant car and passengers had bring their own food!

Although the French Socialists ca into power in 1981 promising to ab ish the first-class cars in the Paris M ro, it is under this regime that t government-owned Société Nation des Chemins de Fer is trumpeting b first-class travel with *la nouvelle p mière.* Destination: Strasbourg. Le ing nothing to guesswork, the SN enlisted *(Text continued on page 2*



ISLAND VERNACULAR

BY JAN MORRIS PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLES DE CHABANEIX





A vivid architecture of balconies, verandas, fanciful fretwork, and graphic color examined in an essay and photographs from the new book *Caribbean Style*

















At first thought the very phrase "Caribbean style" seems a contradiction in terms. How can a single style emerge out of a scattered heterogeneous archipelago, spread over hundreds of miles of sea, without a common language, culture, history, or even geology?

Some of the Caribbean islands are spiky and volcanic, some are coral, low-lying in the ocean. Some are open to the wild Atlantic, some bask sheltered in the lee. They have been variously ruled by the French, the Spaniards, the English, the Dutch, the Danes, and the Americans, and some indeed have been passed so repeatedly from sovereignty to sovereignty that they are a positive mishmash of influences and memories; while the great black majority of the populace, descended from African slaves, have acquired over the generations myriad ethnic strains and symptoms, from the high cheekbones of the original Carib Indians to the commanding postures of European aristocrats.

A Caribbean style! It seems at first thought about as definable as the human condition itself.

Yet when I consider the matter deeper, I perceive several *sub*styles, so to speak, which can be ascribed to the Caribbean region as a whole: and the first is the Style of Climate.

Most of us, I suppose, when we think of those tropic seas, think first of climate:

Caribbean houses, *clockwise from top left:* Uninhibited graphic Haitian cottage; La Frégate on Martinique; hou with enclosed garde on Barbados; Maiso Ronde in Port-au-Prince; two-tone Barbadian house; office building on th Good Hope estate i Jamaica.

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sunshine to warm the waters and illuminate the beaches, trade winds to rustle the statutory palms, humid warmth to encourage the coconuts, the sugarcane, and the paw-paw. But actually the Caribbean climate is more than just a divine convenience, or even a builder of character. It is, more than any other climate I know, an aesthetic in its own right, an abstraction of immense sensual power, as full of emotional suggestion and allusion as a work of art.

Its magnificent storms, whipping the tall palms and drenching the rough grass lawns, are exactly like the sudden volatile passions of a hot human temper, and the warm calm that invariably follows them, making the wet foliage steam, almost *purr* with luxurious relief, is like a figure of forgiveness and reconciliation. As for the high blue skies, sometimes smudged so aerily with cumuli, sometimes banked brooding with storm clouds, they are extraordinarily and sometimes all too disturbingly suggestive of eternity.

And this meteorological art form, as it were, has inescapably governed the man-

(Text continued on page 273)

Caribbean houses, *clockwise from top left:* Checkered walls on typical island house; more squares on shutters in Montserrat; turn-of-the-century town house in Port-au-Prince; corrugated "hat" on two-story Haitian porch; typical Haitian tower; round shuttered window lets hot air out of the attic.

THE ARCHITECT & MISS X

A New York loft by Alan Buchsbaum reflects the flamboyant, funny, design-wise entertainer who owns it

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



The old warehouse elevator, *above,* hand-operated by the tenants, as are elevators throughout the once-industrial neighborhood, opens into a vestibule created by the architect in what had been totally open space. Glass-block wall borrows daylight from west-facing living room. Nancy Kintish's wall painting was inspired by Gustav Klimt, one of the owner's favorite artists. *Opposite:* Alan Buchsbaum tacked a long ruffle made from Gretchen Bellinger fabric on a thirties chair: "It's a *folie* I devised to pay tribute to my client's particular kind of humor."

The well-known entertainer who bought this loft, a woman with a desire for anonymity that impels us to think of her as Miss X, was a friend of architect Alan Buchsbaum's long before she became his client. She knows her Art Nouveau and her Art Deco and she told the architect that she wanted a flavor of Charles Rennie Mackintosh and the Wiener Werkstätte in the decorating. Although she was living three thousand miles away while the work was going on, she managed to be on hand at Second Coming Ltd. in SoHo, where Buchsbaum found the 1930s upholstered pieces that he rebuilt for the living room. Moreover, she managed to meet him in Vienna, where they bought two chairs, two mirrors, and a small table by Josef Hoffmann plus circa-1900 lighting fixtures for the guest bathroom. She was consistently concerned with the style and impact of the furnishings and decoration and left the details of the plan to her architect.

Alan Buchsbaum, who has designed houses, shops, offices, and even a diner and a movie theater, is best known for his imaginative residential remodeling and interior design, often for owners who are star performers or star entrepreneurs in show business.

Buchsbaum lives and keeps his office in New York City's SoHo, which, with its adjoining neighborhood Tribeca, was built as a light manufacturing center about a hundred years ago. Here stand rows of stately large factories and warehouses with Italianate cast-iron or Richardsonian Romanesque brick façades. Twenty years ago



Sunset on the Hudson is a daily performance caught in the big interflowing space shared by kitchen, dining, and living areas. The chairs at head and foot of Buchsbaum-designed dining table are Josef Hoffmann originals; others are reproductions from ICF. All upholstered furniture was made in the 1930s, rebuilt according to the architect's specifications, and covered with Clarence House fabrics.



From the large public space divided only by original cast-iron columns, *above,* is seen the articulated bedroom hallway, widest where niche was built, narrowing along echelon walls. *Below:* North wall of main room. Small Viennese oval table circa 1906 from Modernism Gallery.

these sturdy buildings were underused, plagued by fire, and in danger of demolition; now, with the vast interiors turned into visually exciting apartments, restaurants, art galleries, and shops, this has become the city's most expensive and fashionable avant-garde place to live.

The possibilities and disciplines of loft design and loft living appeal to Alan Buchsbaum, who has already transformed half a dozen of these industrial spaces into homes. One of his favorites is this 4,500-square-foot full floor in an 1891 landmarked brick warehouse overlooking the Hudson River, which he designed with his associate German Martinez.



The loft to begin with contained rough subfloor, a ceiling thick with posed pipes and valves, uninsula brick walls, and handsome four-li double-hung windows that the la marks law said could not be chan and that Buchsbaum would not h dreamed of changing anyway. huge, typical "raw space," as i known in loft lingo, was divided c by an allée of cast-iron columns, a jor asset to architects who can pl their partitions as they like, anywh or nowhere.

About a third of the space—the ing/dining/kitchen area with the ri view—remains open with its cast-i columns a strong decorative eleme

Buchsbaum made bedroom hallway, *above*, "eventful," not only with changes in walls' form and color but also by variations in doorsteps: different shapes, different woods. *Below:* Kitchen's tiled platform sets the area apart, contains plumbing pipes. Columns were stripped, varnished.

ıe pattern of the new hardwood floor peats the grid imposed by the colnns, the grid emphasized by two conısting stain colors.

The library, two bedrooms and ıths, and the "floating" (totally undproof) rehearsal studio flank the nter hall in the partitioned segment the loft. To create an interesting passgeway was a major concern to the arıitect, and he succeeded by giving the ıll an irregular funnel shape narrowg toward the rear and varied with a che, two stepped "echelon" walls, ıd paint color changes going from een-blues to lavender to pink.

Some of the ceiling's pipes and ılves remain attractively visible,



cleaned up and painted; in other areas a dropped ceiling contains lighting, air conditioning, and heating. Original windows and their wood frames are preserved but the architect heavily insulated perimeter walls and covered them with gypsum board.

Such structural matters are common to loft renovation; what was unique here was the client. Buchsbaum remembers, "Whereas the average person might have one or two ideas about an aspect of design, my friend would have 250 and all interesting. I would have to choose one and turn it into reality. Her active imagination was my biggest challenge on this job." □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac







Miss X told Buchsbaum of her great admiration for Charles Rennie Mackintosh and this inspiration is clearly seen in the tall, narrow, white forms of bed and dressing table, *right,* which the architect designed for the room. Gossamer quilt covers were made from antique kimonos chosen by the owner. Brass washbasin is framed by ginkgo leaf–shaped onyx counter, also by Buchsbaum. *Top:* Finely crafted storage in master bath. *Above:* In guest bath, a gathering of loft motifs: steps, checkerboard, arc, Viennese fixture.





UNDER A SINGLE ROOF

How The Treasure Houses of Britain came to Washington

BY J. CARTER BROWN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES PIPKIN

Country-house entertaining on a grand scale: *A Fete at Petworth,* painted by W.F. Witherington in 1836, from Petworth House, lent by The National Trust, Egremont Collection.



I think it was born in a taxi, the idea for an exhibition that has become "The Treasure Houses of Britain: Five Hundred Years of Private Patronage and Art Collecting," which opens at the National Gallery of Art in Washington on November 3.

I was in a London cab, talking about what kind of exhibition could be mounted in the then-new East Building of the National Gallery that could best represent British culture here. My interlocutor was Lyon Roussel, who had just finished three years at the British Embassy in Washington and had witnessed exhibitions here such as "Tutankhamun" and the opening of the East Building with "The Splendor of Dresden." His hope had been that we might put a similar spotlight on modern British art, but my idea was somewhat different.

In a letter dated February 22, 1980, on my return from that trip, we made the following proposal:

"Following up on our discussions, I would like to pursue the idea of a great exhibition at the National Gallery of Art, no earlier than 1985, built around the theme of the English country house and its contents.

"I have long believed this to be an art form which represents one of the proudest contributions of Great Britain to world civilization; and I envision an exhibition that could trace this evolution through original works of art, as well as audio-visual and other evocation of the architectural and landscape heritage. For this reason, the exhibition might best be mounted in collaboration with the British National Trust.

"I see the exhibition as taking place in the new, highly flexible temporary exhibition galleries of the East Building of the National Gallery of Art. It should not be in the summer, when the houses involved would most naturally wish to have their contents intact for their visitors. If one did it in the winter



Some of the greatest of the Treasure Houses were built to receive Queen Elizabeth I, *above,* in the "Rainbow Portrait" from Hatfield House attributed to Marcus Gheeraerts and lent by The Marquess of Salisbury. *Opposite:* Gilt bronze tripod perfume burner by Matthew Boulton from Kedleston Hall, lent by The Viscount Scarsdale and The Trustees of The Kedleston Estates.

of 1985–86, one would open, say, in mid-November, to have it in place for the large number of visitors who come to Washington over the Thanksgiving holidays, and again for the very heavy visitation we normally get between Christmas and New Year's. As the installation would be quite elaborate and costly, it would make sense to envision a duration of sixteen to twenty weeks.

"The works of art and objects would present, in many instances, the work of British artists and craftsmen. However, as the achievement of the country-house idea is based also on the erudition and international outlook of the families that made it possible, we would also expect to have some key representations of works of art from elsewhere to help dramatize the theme."

The letter went on to propose "a whole television series, or at least a one-hour special," and various practical aspects of funding and publishing a catalogue.

Except for the official enlargement of the concept from English to British, nothing much has changed in the ensuing five years. But the path of realization was not always smooth.

The first hurdle was conceptual. How are you going to do it? The London *Daily Telegraph* somehow wind of the scheme, and announc under a headline "Living in St Washington Style," as follows: "A icans rightly tend to 'think big when Carter Brown, Director o National Gallery of Art in Was ton, conceived the idea of an ex tion about Britain's stately ho there was only one answer. Next t Gallery was an empty site, he Build a stately home on it! This w done for the opening of the six-m exhibition from October, 1985. Untrue as the reporter's facts we would have been a lovely thing t but our British friends' confiden American can-do, though hearte was greatly exaggerated.

The one idea that was valid fro beginning was the concept of fie an all-star team, so that, with l from a wide variety of British co houses, a kind of composite sum of their collecting achievement c be presented.

At first I was rather taken with idea of this composite being a fict country house, and having each o play a role in the invented story of gle house's evolution. After all, C Howard had played the title role i television dramatization of *Brides Revisited,* and the family portrait borrowed could have had doubl bels, indicating their personae in made-up story, as well as their a provenance.

We soon realized that the true ries were all so fascinating, and so ticular to the houses, which were delightfully different, that the c plexity of another layer was not a v option.

Meanwhile, rather than have a choate grouping of objects, we there was a story to tell about the ev tion of collecting in the country h in Britain, which has itself evol from a fortified castle to a great ce





The parcel-gilt mahogany armchair by William Kent, *above,* from the saloon at Houghton Hall, circa 1730, displays, in the deeply carved shell on its apron, one of its designer's favorite motifs. Lent by The Marquess of Cholmondeley. *Opposite:* Detail from a gilt-wood sconce by William Kent from Knole lent by The National Trust, Sackville Collection.

of civilized life. The early years have more to do with patronage, and the later ones with collecting. Either way, extraordinary objects entered the houses at every period, filling them with tapestries or paintings of the quality of the famous "Rainbow Portrait" of Elizabeth I from Hatfield House, or the extraordinary silver furniture from Knole. Then at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the British house owners increasingly began to travel on the Grand Tour, bringing back treasures that reinforced their idea of the continuity of European culture. These extraordinary people were steeped in the classics, and saw themselves as re-creating an Augustan age. Their vision of the arcadian life described by Vergil and Horace was crystallized by the landscape paintings of Claude they discovered in Rome; and when they got back they began to reshape their private landscapes to embody these ideals.

Patronage continued, with fabulous furniture by Kent and Chippendale, and wonderfully grand portraits by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Lawrence, as well as the extraordinary romantic landscapes of Constable and Turner. With the climactic triumph of Waterloo behind them, and the discoveries of the riches of the Iberian peninsula, country houses began to collect more in the way of modern museums, and masterpieces poured in.

The nineteenth century brought a new phase in country-house life, much of it deeply colored by the romantic feeling for the Highlands and the medieval past. With the arrival of the twentieth century, the elegance of the Edwardian age brought with it an extraordinary life-style, surrounded by extraordinary objects.

In selecting the objects, we imposed on ourselves as a ground rule that we



Detail of a serpentine marquetry commode with matching candlestands, 1772, attributed to John Cobb, *above,* from Corsham Court, The Methuen Collection. *Opposite:* Lent by The Lord St. Oswald, a doll's house by James Payne and Thomas Chippendale circa 1740–45 comes from Nostell Priory in Yorkshire.

not draw on the convenient museums in America and Europe, who now own works that may have at some point been in a British country house. Our aim was to assemble objects that are in the country houses of Britain today, grand and not so grand, but all illustrating the history of collecting. To impose an even tighter discipline on the selection, an object should have been collected at the period in the history of country-house collecting at which it appears in the exhibition.

Subject and design, to fit the opportunities of the East Building, were deeply interrelated. For this reason, the head of the Design Department, Gaillard Ravenel, came with me to the very first meetings we had about this show in London. He, his talented assistant, Mark Leithauser, and the Gallery's design and installation staff have been closely involved in the project ever since.

It was plain to us that one could never afford to attempt to re-create the settings in which these objects reside. Ceiling heights alone made that an impossibility, and when one was through, the result would have only been a reproduction. We determined early on to exhibit the objects as objects, with some evocation of their habitat, but r lying on an audiovisual introduction evoke the actual settings from whi our objects came.

Just getting the works of art togeth was problematic enough. At one poi we got a letter from a very knowledg able observer who reported that deep reflection, it simply could not b done. And it was a daunting prospe Unlike exhibitions that come from o museum or one city, or even from group of museums that are in the hab of lending, these objects had to be s lected, vetted, packed, and transpor ed from houses which by definitio were spread out all across the lan scape of the British Isles. On any give day this past summer, five or six truc might be fanned out across Britai gathering the pieces for this show.

To get permission to lend turned ou sometimes to be far more complicate than one might have expected. Objec from a single house might have to b lent technically by as many as three di ferent owners, as each house seems di ferent in the way that it has managed t survive. Some objects might be owne by The National Trust, or by a loc museum and lent back, while others ar still the personal property of the descen dant of the house, who might live in small apartment somewhere within it.

In all this, the British Council ha been indispensable, as well as our con servation panel. Many of the object turned out to need attention befor their first long journey, and funding fo that had to be raised independently o the main exhibition budget.

That budget, unprecedented in siz for us, seemed increasingly unobtain able as we plunged ahead willy-nill into the organization of the show. B the fall of 1983, not a good moment i the American business cycle to be seek ing major grants, I was paying a grea number of calls on individual British companies with the thought that on









JOYCE RAVID

might have to try to piece this support together in small increments like a patchwork quilt.

Then on May 8, 1984, we got a letter from the Ford Motor Company confirming their interest in being our angel. Ironically, one week later, we heard the decision of another corporation that we had approached over a year before. It, too, was positive, but seven days too late.

With this private-sector support in hand, we went to the Congress for a special augmentation of our exhibition budget, and, after a certain amount of deliberation, we received the joyous news that our basic budget was fundamentally in place.

This counted, however, on the hope that the insurance for the show, whose premiums on the private market would be over a million dollars, could be handled instead through governmental guarantee in the form of an indemnity. For the first time in exhibition history, both the U.S. Government, through the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities, and the British government, through Her Majesty's Treasury and Parliamentary approval, agreed to indemnify the exhibition between them. However, definitive word of this decision came only in June of this year.

Waiting to hear has become a way of life in an undertaking of this scope. An

Johann Zoffany's 1769 painting, *Sir Lawrence Dundas and His Grandson in the Pillar Room at 19 Arlington Street, left,* comes from Aske Hall. *Above:* J. Carter Brown, Director of the National Gallery of Art.

inquiry was put in motion back in May of 1982 to see if Their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales might wish to be the Patrons of the exhibition. On December 23, 1983, as a nice Christmas present, we received news that the answer was yes. At that point, however, there was no assurance that they might be able to see the exhibition itself. The Princess of Wales had never been to America; our point was that we could not conceive of a more appropriate reason to make that first trip. A year later, in late 1984, we were delighted to learn that the royal couple would be coming to Washington early this November.

Our dream to include in the show a country house in miniature in the form of a period doll's house looked unlikely when Lord St. Oswald turned down our request for the extraordinary eighteenth-century doll's house from Nostell Priory, completely furnished in the period and probably made by Thomas Chippendale. Subsequently, the owner died; a new Lord St. Oswald inherited; we appealed the decision, and the answer was yes.

For a year and a half we searched for a state bed with original hangings in good enough condition to travel. This finally seemed to be a contradiction in terms, and we had all but given up hope of being able to include an authentic bed in the show. Because of space limitations, we had hoped to find a Chinese Chippendale bed so as to illustrate that current of British taste at the same time. But to no avail. Then, just this year, The National Trust received Calke Abbey, in whose attic was discovered a Chinese Chippendale bed that had never been assembled, with its original hangings neatly folded in boxes, and as fresh as if they had been embroidered yesterday, instead of two-and-a-half or three centuries ago.

From the beginning, we had hoped for a television series that could supplement the objects with a sense of where they came from. In March 1985 we received word of funding for the television series from a New York foundation. This was the last possible moment by which the shooting of the houses with their spring gardens could be done and edited in time for fall broadcast on American public television. The three-part series is being produced by Michael Gill, whose other television credits include the Kenneth Clark series, *Civilization*.

The fundamental reason all this has come together is not really, as one of our British friends put it, that "the word 'impossible' doesn't exist in America." The primary reason is the extraordinary help that we have received from our sponsor and from all our other partners, and especially our lenders. The British National Trust has been in on the idea from the outset. Although not encouraging at first, once the dates were set so as not to conflict with opening times in the British ca dar, they have been wholehearte their support of this undertaking have released their extraordinary vase Jackson-Stops to become cur of the show and take on the fundam tal reponsibility for selection of obj and preparation of the catalogue. knowledge of the field, persuasiven and dedication to this project h been prodigious. The private ho owners, many of them grouped tog er in the Historic Houses Associat have also been wonderfully suppor and generous, as have been all the er British entities involved. Coordi tion of all their interests has b greatly facilitated by the Chairme our Committee of Honour. This was Lord Howard, who while Ch man of the BBC organized the ini meetings that got all of this going. A his death last autumn, Lord Charte who runs the British National Herit Memorial Fund, succeeded him, has been extremely helpful since. nally, after a year's wait, British A ways agreed to be the official carrier the show, which is greatly facilitat the logistics.

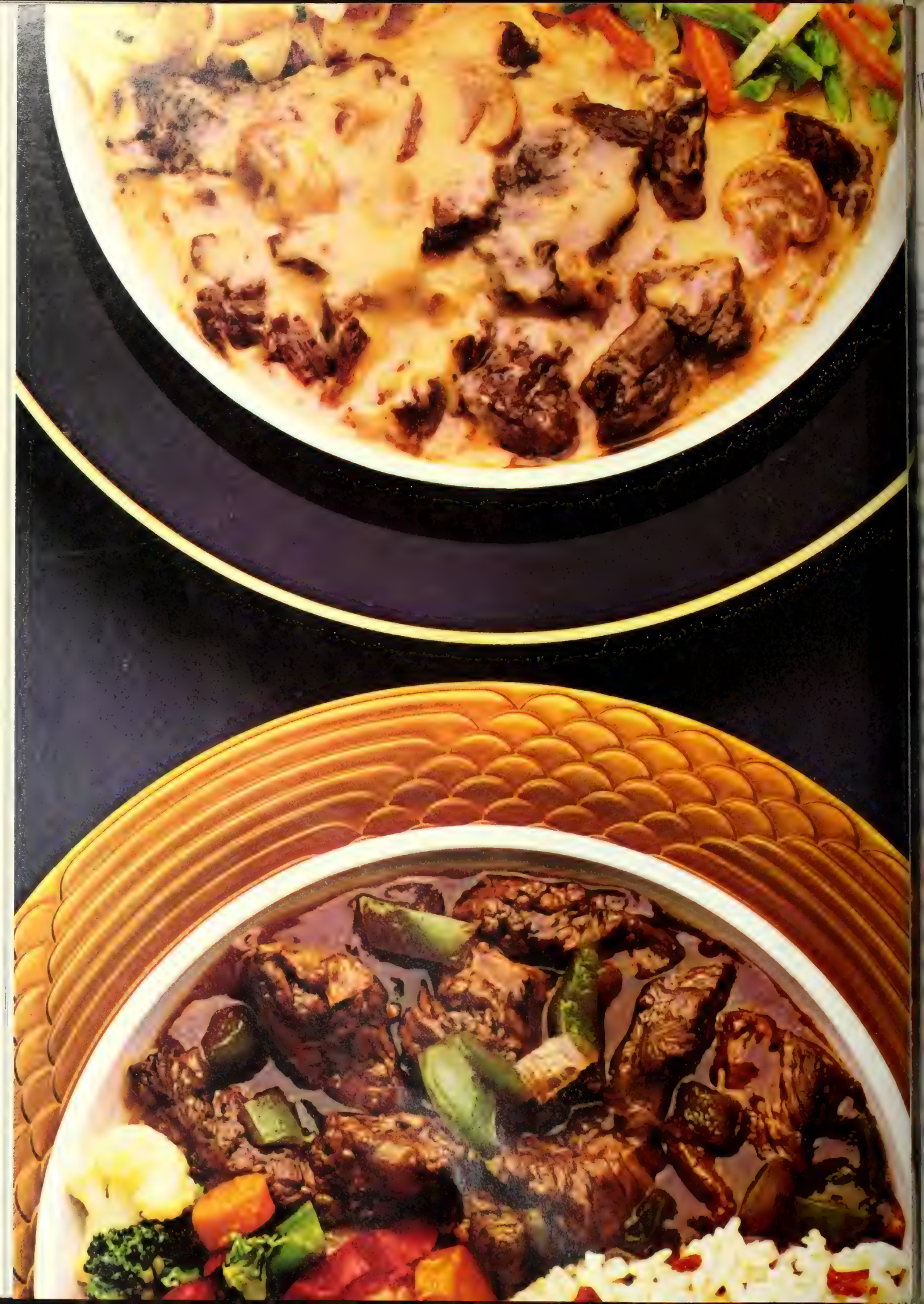
All this is not to say that the und taking is not fundamentally impos ble. My own experiences in staying these great houses like Chatswor Woburn Abbey, Wilton, or Drumla rig, or visiting them as a tourist, or ev living in a British country house winter when I went to Stowe School an exchange year, can never be rep duced artificially by a museum exhib On the other hand, perhaps never our lifetime will there be the oppor nity to see such a cross section of wh has been collected, representing so 220 British houses, and assembled one moment in time, under a sin roof. It will at least serve, we can o hope, as a prelude to, and motivati for, the joys of visiting the actu houses themselves. □



MARK HENNES

Sybil, now The Dowager Marchioness of Cholmondeley, *above,* has lent her portrait by John Singer Sargent from Houghton Hall. *Opposite:* A voluptuous gilt-wood mermaid sits in for an arm on a settee with merfolk supports made by John Linnell for Kedleston Hall, 1765, lent by The Viscount Scarsdale and The Trustees of The Kedleston Estates.





WHY SOME LE MENU DINNERS IMPROVE WITH AGE.

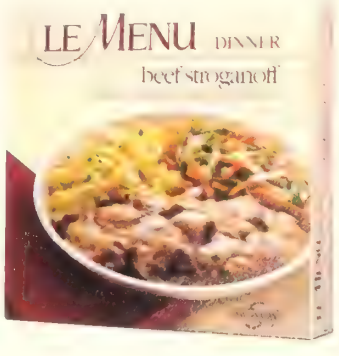
our society, younger almost always
ins better. With the notable exception
vines, people and beef. Beef that has
n aged is unquestionably superior.
inoisseurs lust for its mellow flavor
l tender texture.
And while aged beef is a given in
better steakhouses of the world, it
omething else again to find it in a
zen dinner.
For Le Menu, proper aging is an exact
ence, a balance of timing, humidity
l temperature. Naturally, we cannot
close the particulars which take our
f to perfection. Twelve locks—and
eral burly guards—stand between
se culinary secrets and all of
competitors.

ffice it to say that the aged beef
ntained in these Le Menu™ Dinners
not be compared to the typical fare
nd elsewhere. We start with only
in-fed U.S. Choice sirloin, for it
uld be foolish to take this time and
ense with inferior cuts.
Please judge our standards in one of
Menu's newest beef dinners, Beef
oganoff. We trust you will find it a
ble tribute to Count Paul Stroganoff
nself, the Russian diplomat for whom
dish was named.
Here, the beef is braised and steeped in stock, sherry and tomato paste; it is peppered, seasoned, then gently folded with sliced imported mushrooms and a generous dollop of sour cream.

This decadently rich main course is accompanied by egg noodles blended with two cheeses, butter and diced onion. You will also find a selection of julienne cut carrots, turnips and green beans, just barely touched with a light seasoned sauce.

You can also sample our aged beef in Le Menu Pepper Steak, tossed with strips of green pepper and onion, in a sauce of soy, sherry, teriyaki and beef stock, perked with a bit of ginger and garlic. It is served with long grain rice dotted with pimiento, and a medley of crisp oriental vegetables.

Outside better steakhouses, it is rare to find beef so carefully aged and artfully prepared. May we suggest *you* age not a day longer before you try it.



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'the Shape of Sleep'
NECK SUPPORT PILLOW

(Continued from page 131) in silver made for Queen Henrietta Maria that is still in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court.

No less overscale is the heroic marble head that dominates the far end of the living room. When Bill and I first came up on this sculpture, it was covered in grime in the cellar of a London dealer. Faith in its possibilities has been rewarded. The head, which turned out to be by Marc Chabry (who worked with Pierre Puget, finest of French seventeenth-century sculptors), has cleaned up miraculously well. From the same dealer came another recent acquisition: the eighteenth-century terra-cotta torso by Innocenzo Spinazzi, which stands on one of the Italian Empire commodes either side of the fireplace. "Yes, I have developed a passion for sculpture," Bill admits, and he proposes to branch out further in this rewarding but still relatively unfashionable field.

The degree of Bill's reaction against pattern in decorating can be measured by comparing the way the dining room looks today with its former incarnation, when the walls and the furniture were covered in an extravagant Oriental chintz on a scarlet ground. The initial effect was smart and eye-catching, but it was not a room that grew on one. Now it has been transformed into a bright airy space that is as much a library—one wall is devoted to mahogany bookcases—as it is a dining room. Décor has once again been kept to a minimum: a set of Empire chairs that are probably Swedish, covered in off-white sailcloth; striking brass library lights like the ones that illuminated de Beistegui's gigantic bookcases at Groussay; a pair of fluted mahogany columns (late-eighteenth-century Italian)) crowned by antique marble heads from Lord Pembroke's celebrated collection at Wilton; and a rhapsodic oil sketch, attributed to Largillière, of parrot tulips scattered at random across a sepia ground.

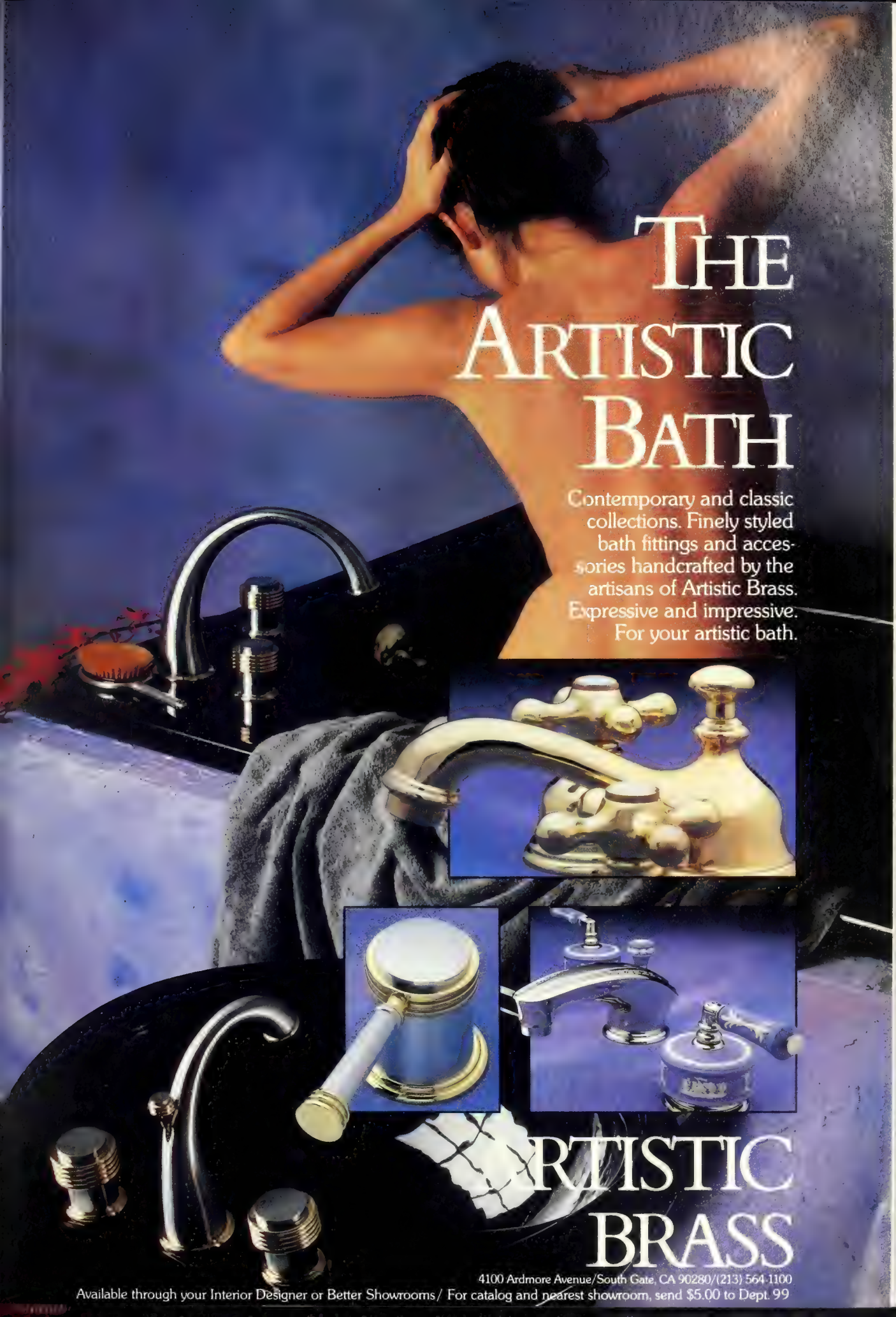
The noble simplicity of eighteenth-century Irish furniture has a special appeal for Bill, as witness numerous pieces in the apartment. An especially fine example is the unusually long and narrow drop-leaf table—all there is by way of furniture in the marble hall. Nor should the things that are displayed on this table be overlooked: a splendid pair of carved wood bozzetti, Rom emperors on horseback that turn out be portraits of Joseph II of Austria a Count Loudoun. The small painti that stands between them of a corrid in Copenhagen's Frederiksborg Pala is by Karl Jensen, a minor Danish a ist, but Bill sets great store by the w its oystery grays and ochres reflect t tonality of his rooms; and the way subtle architecture harmonizes wi the collection of eighteenth- and nin teenth-century architectural drawin that line the hall, floor to ceiling.



A drawing of a La Fontaine fable by Oudry to left of labor of Hercules bronze.

With its paper-bag-colored wa and curtains, Bill's bedroom is o piece with the living room. The o difference is that it is even more o sanctum. There are stacks of books the master of the house is a ferve reader—and there are photographs his great passion, Brutus and Kate, t golden retrievers that share his life the country. Further signs of cani passion take the form of paintings a drawings of doggy subjects by arti such as Landseer and Albert Moo However, the most important work art in the bedroom is equine rath than canine: a magnificent painting a bay horse in a landscape by the illu trious George Stubbs. True, Bill, w has a penchant for a gamut of brow enjoys the way the chestnut sheen Stubbs's horse, fresh from the cur comb, picks up the mahogany sheen Riesener's architectural desk standi next to it. But the affinity goes deep than that. Stubbs's style and Blas style have more in common than o might think. Although his gift as a c signer has won him international fan Bill remains an intensely private, cou try-lover at heart. This bay horse co not have found a more sympathetic suitable owner. □

Editor: Babs Simps

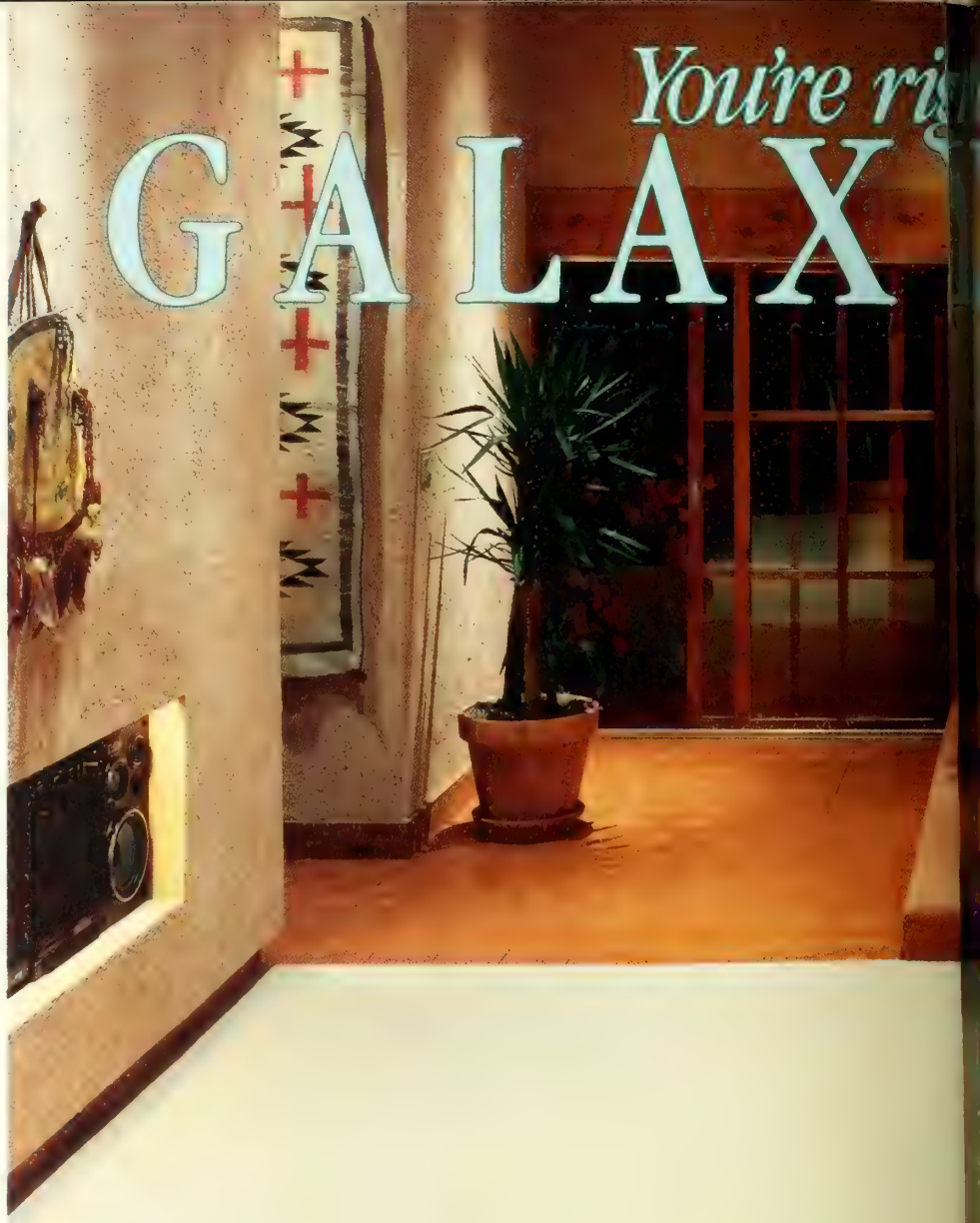

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DECORATOR IDEA #2

SPACE

How to divide and conquer.

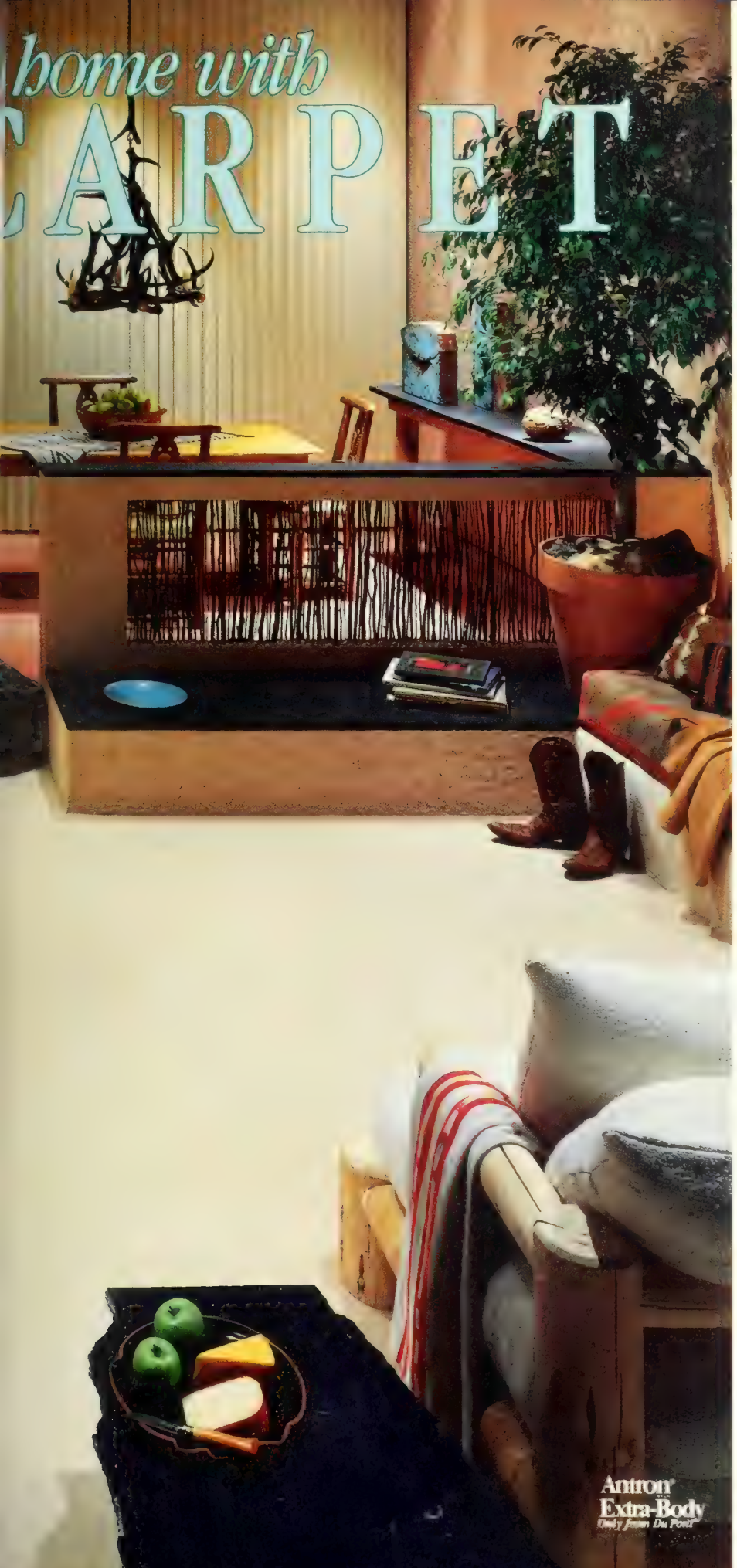
Before you can make good decorating decisions, you have to look beyond the contents of a room to the size and shape of the space it occupies. In this Southwestern great-room, the problem was too much space. But adding walls to separate the rooms would have destroyed natural airiness and fluidity. Instead, a series of platforms, textures and colors combine to define the space and create architectural drama. Contrasting hues of carpet form the boundary between the dining area and the media room, reinforced by the room divider. Stuccoed walls add textural interest as well as continuity. The result: a celebration of earthtones, Santa Fe accents, and space.



Galaxy's "Grand Manor," featured here in "Deep Sea" is perfect for a large, formal room providing soft, neatly tailored elegance.



The nubby texture of "Sophist... from the Mark-Less Beauty™ ... shown here in "Light Wheat... footprints and vacuum ma...



Giving a dining room a lift.

A large, open room is often more inviting and functional if sections of the floor are elevated or lowered. Here, a simple plywood platform, neatly carpeted with Galaxy's "Sophistication," in rich "Sierra Sun," sets this dining room apart from the media room, carpeted in "Sophistication" in "Light Wheat."

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(Continued from page 198) by contrast, one finds an ordinary stuccoed apartment building with its head chopped off and something like eleven new volumes dropped on top, as if from the sky. A light blue dome (reminiscent for Gehry of Nero's Golden House) is set off against the pink volume of the elevator shaft, and on the other side a corrugated aluminum curve smacks into the studio window wall, which glides through a stepped blue slab to hit a black granite box, only to die in a Cadillac-golden ziggurat (Cadillac paint) and be reborn in the green-tiled living room. What would Alberti say? Indeed, what would the staid citizens and planners of Beverly Hills say?

Whatever their comments, the approach has justification and provenance. Gehry has compared his method to the piling up of temples in a Greek temenos, that area above the city (like this roofscape) where the juxtaposition of objects in free space can be enjoyed. There are also the precedents of compacted volumes in Siena, Venice, and Dubrovnik, all cities that would be, incidentally, against today's zoning and aesthetic laws. The idea of breaking up city functions into roomlike volumes is now a current idea of Post Modernists such as Michael Graves and Leon Krier, and in that respect, at least, Gehry is being somewhat orthodox. We may hope that some of these lessons will be picked up by planners and the larger corporations. An important one is that such fragmentation and juxtaposition works only if the elements are placed in a frame or, as here, on a placid, orderly base. The street façade is a fairly regular composition of ribbon windows and square doors onto which is collaged the arch of Miriam Wosk's bedroom window and, above, the scaly green tiles and greenhouse glazing.

Perhaps the freshest part of this penthouse is the quality of light that dissolves its varying spaces. Everywhere one looks sunlight and views are brought straight into the rooms, as if these were the "borrowed landscape" of the Chinese garden. Personally, I'm moved close to a yawn by the twin towers of Century City, but when seen from the Wosk living room with the sun setting between them, even these two gleaming clichés look interesting, especially beside the glowing paintings and Art Deco furniture.



Wosk's blue-mirrored dressing room/bath

The quality of Gehry's architecture comes from putting small spaces and volumes together in a very personal way. He makes a virtue of modest, industrial materials and informal planning. But these simple means never become an end in themselves, and this is what gives his position today such distinction. Instead of producing the dull, utilitarian work that has given Modern architecture a bad name, Gehry uses these simple expedients (he used to call it "cheapskate architecture") to create variation and surprise. Some might label it the picturesque aesthetic, but this doesn't do justice to Gehry's particular approach, which is equally Constructivist. It might be summarized as Sly Assemblage, the juxtaposition and skewing of ordinary parts in unlikely ways. This takes advantage of prefabrication *and* traditional construction and has the added advantage of giving us sudden transformation of the prosaic into the poetic—for instance, corrugated aluminum channels into the flutes of a "Doric" column. Gehry and Wosk have achieved these transformations in most of the penthouse.

Miriam Wosk, like Gaudí, who has inspired some of the tile work, believes in a saturation of images and polychromy, and this is most effective when, like Gehry's architecture, it has a strong background to play against. The kitchen (under "Nero's Dome") is a good example. Focusing on an old neon store clock set within a staggered Deco shape are a series of rhythmical themes, a kind of polychromatic jazz played on ten instruments at full p
The movement and visual syncopa
are pleasing because of the sir
shapes and symmetries and also
cause the industrial cabinets and c
mercial glass refrigerator provi
cool counterpoint.

"If you can't stand the kitsch, ge
of the kitchen": happily, this is no
other one of those antiseptic mach
for "food preparation," as that en
able art of cooking has become kn
It's one of the nicest rooms to linge
rather like an Aztec shrine made f
high-gloss transfers. The kitchen pi
ably should be a ritual space in Los
geles, since it plays a primary social
as guests meander back and forth
the bar and food. Along with the wh
pool and curving stairway, it is gi
the jazz-tile treatment.

The tile motifs most repeated are
stepped pyramid, chevron, and ch
rhythms natural to the square form;
casionally these are mixed with
cracked-ice and quilt pattern or
free-form mixtures associated w
Gaudí and Simon Rodia. But it's
overall effect that works. By us
these polychromatic surfaces as w
and rugs and then combining th
with variegated ceramics or the hig
saturated paintings, Wosk and Ge
have managed to create an interest
composition at every turn. I have
ways loathed fifties furniture and
think of nothing more doleful tha
triangular mirror with embarrass
tentacles popping out of it: it hangs
the bottom of the curved stairway.
with the surrounding rugs made of
and the vibrating stair treads, not
mention the violet handrail and flam
go wading in close conjunction, it su
denly becomes like the beautif
soaring amoeba it was intended to b

This probably is the ultimate less
of art and architecture in such close
liance. Together they can transform e
eryday objects and functions into
composition that, if not quite sacred,
at least of continual interest and stim
lation. Most designed interiors a
comfortable and pleasing to the bo
tom, but a few such as this give you t
sense of being a character inside an i
habitable painting with a new perspe
tive wherever you look. □

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AT LAST, THE NEW PICASSO MUSEUM

ntinued from page 188) on the dos- until I knew exactly what was in it. n the next phase began. I got per- sion to go to the vaults of the bank, e in Paris, where the pictures were t. Three floors below street level, e were the big strongboxes, full of ures, and gradually, one by one, were brought out and put in front ne. Except for the representatives he estate, I was alone. It took forev- (Many of them had to be unrolled.) ade notes. When I got to the end, I ted all over again. It was a continual azement. There were great paint- s there that no one had ever seen. bist paintings like *The Man with the itar* and the *Man with the Mando-*, for instance. I had to confront and npare, over and over again. By the l there were paintings all along the ridors of that sinister place, with its ks and bars and metal furniture and en metal grilles. Prison light is a ng of horror, absolute horror, and I ed in it every day, like a turnkey, m early morning 'til four in the af- noon.

'In the end, with some help from my league Jean Leymarie, I made a list the indispensable pictures, the ones it I simply *couldn't* not have. But you n't make a museum only with what is lispensable. There have to be transi- ns, explanations, living relation- ips between one work and another. then there began yet another phase. vas dealing not with isolated key hievements, but with a man's whole e, in detail. Why did one picture, one riod, one obsession follow another? at was the question that the museum d to answer. It involved a long pro- ss of putting in and taking out, add- g and subtracting."

Hallucinatory as the scene in the ink may have been, it was not only ere that the work had to be done. Pi- sso had emerged since World War II a sculptor of the very first impor- nce, but almost nobody knew how uch he had done, or where it was. 'hen Dominique Bozo got permis- on to see everything in the way of ulpture that Picasso had put into ore—in Mougins, where he lived, in e Chateau de Vauvenargues (not far om Aix-en-Provence) where he is buried, and in other places too—it be- came clear that sculpture was even more important to the achievement of Picasso than anyone had realized. (In all, the estate had 1,228 sculptures.)

"It was incredible. There were sculptures in bronze, in wood, in met- al, in cardboard, in paper, in mixed media. There were trial runs, variants, pieces by the score and by the hun- dred. It was completely insane. I real- ized that it would be ridiculous to choose the paintings separately and then turn to the sculpture. It was a dia- logue between the two that had to be brought out. In the end I chose 149 sculptures, as against 228 paintings, and I am glad to say that among all the sculptures that I should have liked to have, only four are missing, and they are already in museums."

As the estate is believed to have also comprised 7,089 drawings, 17,411 en- gravings, and 6,121 lithographs, to- gether with much else, the final choice was a mammoth task, but one that could not be too long delayed. Such was the volatility of a situation in which seven heirs have to make seven individ- ual choices. Initially there were only two heirs—Picasso's widow, Jacque- line, and his son Paulo. But before long, illegitimate children and grand- children brought suit against the es- tate, and a whole new set of circum- stances arose.



About to be hung in the Picasso Museum, Giacometti chandeliers.

"There were problems right from the beginning," Bozo said. "Quite apart from the family's internal dis- putes, and although the principle of the museum was assured, the proce- dure by which the state and the indi- vidual heirs were to choose their share had not been decided. Luckily, the heirs agreed in the end that the state should make its choice first and that they should choose afterward."

In this way the long searches turned out happily. So far from having only "the leavings of the studio," or being stuck with a museum that would dig the artist's grave, as well as his own, Dominique Bozo found himself with the raw material for a museum that would cause every existing book about Picasso to become obsolete. This was true in the context of the masterpiece, but it was also true in the context of scholarly research. The series of etch- ings known as the Vollard Suite (fun- damental to the relations between painting and sculpture) can, for in- stance, be studied in the Picasso Muse- um as it can be studied nowhere else— with the original plates, the complete edition, and a large body of material that Picasso had, as it were, picked up off the studio floor and kept by him.

The museum will also give us a new and authentic idea of Picasso the col- lector, both of European art and of so- called primitive art. Picasso was not "a collector" in the accepted sense of that much-abused word. He was a man who bought what he couldn't bear to be without at the time. And anyone who is interested in Picasso will be in- terested in everything he bought, whether it was great, in art historical terms, or not so great.

He had, for example, an enormous collection of "primitive" art. When Dominique Bozo realized the scale of these holdings, he asked Michel Leiris to advise him as to what was worth keeping and what wasn't. Mr. Leiris, apart from being the author of an on- going autobiography that many good judges consider to be one of the mas- terpieces of twentieth-century French literature, was the brother-in-law of Pi- casso's longtime dealer in Paris, Dan- iel-Henry Kahnweiler, and for many years had been a prominent figure in

the ethnographical Musée de l'Homme in Paris. Naturally enough, he made his choices on the basis of aesthetic quality, discarding whatever was self-evidently "minor." Bozo went along with this, but afterward he had a twinge or two of regret for one or two pieces which, though not "important," may have had some bearing on Picasso's own work.

Much of the collection of European art had been on view in the Louvre since 1978. Along with work that by any criterion was of the first order—the Cézanne, the two portraits by the Douanier Rousseau, the Matisse still life, the Balthus—there were paintings that related rather to this or that quirk in Picasso's nature. Other holdings—notably of Degas monotypes and Seurat drawings—turned up in the estate. It is Bozo's intention that they should all find their natural place in the museum, as witnesses both to Picasso's far-ranging and unprejudiced curiosity and to his creative process.

Posterity will judge Picasso, to a considerable extent, by what is in the Picasso Museum. The director had, therefore, a very heavy responsibility. By his Yes and his No, history was being decided. It was a terrible burden, and one which he needed to share from time to time with others. Sometimes they were lifelong students of Picasso, and for that reason could have insights of great value. (One was Roland Penrose, Picasso's friend and biographer. Sadly, he died before the new museum was completed.) But, just because those people had been so close to Picasso, it seemed a good idea to get someone whose commitment was rather to contemporary art (Maurice Besset). Many a marginal case was settled in this way, but fundamentally it was Bozo himself who had to decide.

When he had to say yes or no, whether deep in the vaults of the bank or elsewhere, Dominique Bozo had from time to time a peculiar sensation. "It was as if Picasso was right there, as a magical presence," he said, "and as if he had set up a dialogue between himself and me. Maybe it was my peasant heritage, with its feeling for supernatural possession, but I felt quite ce... that he had a hand in my choice... that time I was looking at a great ... photographs of him. I knew his ... and I felt it upon me.

"There was one painting in par... lar—a difficult painting, but ar... traordinary one—that I allowed m... to forego, because so many pe... were against it. No, no, they said ... need more painting from another ... od. We couldn't possibly have this ... No one wanted late paintings—... ones that had been seen in Avigno... at that time. Since 1971, they had ... appeared completely. And then ... one reappeared, four years later, ... when young painters everywhere ... trying to do something like it. It wa... unbelievably violent painting, a ni... mare, a woman turning into a mo... tain, a diabolical picture. But I mis... it, and now I don't know where it is.

Disappointments of this kind w... rare, however, and when the distri... tion was completed it turned out ... the new museum could take first r... among repositories of Picasso ...

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d not so much contradict the ac-
:d version of that career as com-
ıent and supplement it. The
nale behind Bozo's choices was
that the visitor would have a more
ıate view of Picasso than can be
d anywhere else. In the case of cer-
great paintings—the *Demoiselles*
ignon, for instance— there will be
ss of related material (this corner-
e of twentieth-century art is in The
eum of Modern Art of New York,
vill be lent to the Paris museum for
:st temporary exhibition). In other
s the Picasso archive is likely to
inue to spring surprises until well
the 21st century, such is its super-
ıdance of letters, photographs,
memorabilia of every kind.

wo problems remained to be
ed. Where was the museum to be?
how was the material to be in-
ed? The choice of the Hôtel Salé,
ıe heart of the Marais, had been
ied through at an early stage and
:omed by the municipality of Paris,
:h owned it. (It may, indeed, have
n delighted to be rid of a great house that it had owned since 1961 and never known what to do with.) But then for quite some time the project was becalmed. The government of the day was by no means heart and soul behind it. The problems of the estate had not been resolved. The notional opening date—1981, the centenary of Picasso's birth—came and went.

Meanwhile the huge house—one of the grandest things of its kind in Paris—fell further and further into dereliction. Its interior had long been subdivided into hovel after hovel. Squatters moved in. People began to say, louder and louder, that it made no sense to have Picasso there at all. ("Picasso vs. Louis XIV" was how it was summed up in one Paris newspaper.) Others said, quite rightly, that Picasso had always responded to the august in architecture. The Picasso Museum in Barcelona is in a fifteenth-century Gothic palace. The great exhibition of his late paintings in 1971 had been held in the Palais des Papes in Avignon. He himself had lived for a long time at 7 rue des Grands-Augustins in Paris, which is a seventeenth-century house of noble proportions. The Hôtel Salé would have delighted him, beyond a doubt. In any case, and none too soon, the present French cultural minister, Jack Lang, was sufficiently piqued by an attack in the Senate to get up and say that there would be no further delays and that the work would go forward forthwith.

It did go forward, and to sensational effect. The "parasital constructions," as they are called in France, were cleared away. The zinc roof, likewise. The courtyard was restored to its original amplitude. The interior was cleaned, emptied, rehabilitated. The beautiful colors of the original stone were coaxed back into place. From a distance, and if we edited out the construction workers and their apparatus, the Hôtel Salé looked almost as it had looked in 1656, when it was absolutely new and its proud owner, Aubert de Fontenay, enjoyed showing it off, all the way down to the very last of its many statues. (In respect to these statues, one of Fontenay's guests said to

smoke
please try Carlton.

him, on leaving, "Don't forget to get a statue of Lot, while you're at it"—the point of this being that Fontenay had made much of his very large fortune while collecting the tax on salt.) The Hôtel Salé went through many ups and downs in the next three hundred years. It served as an embassy, a bishop's palace, a depository of books looted during the revolution from nearby convents, a schoolhouse (Balzac was one of the boys who were taught there), and a college of "arts and manufactures." We can be sure that Picasso would enjoy the association with Balzac, whose *Chef d'Oeuvre Inconnu* he had illustrated in 1924. Balzac, too, quite liked the house, which he evoked in a novel called *Les Petits Bourgeois.* (Also, he came back to live a few doors away, later in his life.)

In planning the museum, Bozo worked with Roland Simounet, who had been appointed as architect of the project. The problems were not simply aesthetic—a matter of how to show art to advantage. They also involved heating, air conditioning, security, crowd flow, and the provision of up-to-date offices in a building that predated all such concerns. But the preeminent consideration, for anyone in Bozo's position, was to make art rhyme with a great house that was both rural and metropolitan. In the original decoration, gundogs ranked equal with Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. The great courtyard was in Paris, but it would have served equally well for a big house in the country. And then there was the wish—not uncommon where new money is concerned—to go one further than anybody could expect. The sober distinction of the façade gives no hint, for instance, that just inside the front door is a stupendous baroque staircase, with sculpture to match, that is almost too big for the house.

Bozo and Simounet decided at once that there was no way to fight that staircase. Besides, it lets us know at the outset that something exceptional is going to happen to us. The essential was, in fact, to make the most of the great house, while at the same time mak clear that Picasso was the new m of that house. "To affirm his ence," Dominique Bozo said, " will be a sculpture in the cour through which the visitor will mak way to the museum. It will be the *with the Lamb.* As an emblem of come, nothing could be better. I not be on a high pedestal, either right on the ground. The visitor w aware of it as an object on the scale as himself."

Once inside the house, they cou argue as to how the museum shoul gin. "That staircase has a power traction with which nothing compete. It draws you in, and it d you up. There was never any que of starting at the bottom, as you most other museums. Once upst you face the piano nobile. There, begin your tour of the permanent lection. And unlike other muse where you finish at the top and c stumbling down again, in this mus you go round, and you go up, and go round again, and then you w your way down, until you finish y tour with the late paintings at st level.

"Quite apart from that, there two basic routes that you can t There is the main circuit, which is the general public, and there is the ond one, higher up, which includes prints and drawings room, the sp for temporary exhibitions, the libr a cinema, and a little room devote the history of the Hôtel Salé. That l room will come as a surprise an change of pace, and I just love it."

Meanwhile there were still ot problems to be resolved. Domini Bozo did not want to have conventi al museum furniture in the big gal ies—showcases, movable scree chairs in no particular style, lights t show either too much or too lit floors more suited to a departm store or house of correction. Nor he want walls that would be too wh In a house where the color of the st can make all other surfaces look triv care had to be taken. Period furnit would tilt the balance too far tow the "period room." Convention modern furniture would look absu "We couldn't have a 'designer,' Bozo said. "We needed an artist. Fin ly I persuaded Diego Giacometti to it. He had made enough furniture w



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AT LAST, THE NEW PICASSO MUSEUM

his brother Alberto to know wha difficulties were. He knew what h so was all about, and he had a fe for grand classical spaces, and I he could do it."

And Diego Giacometti did, in spend the last years of his life in ma every single piece of internal furn that will be seen in the main galler the Picasso Museum. That include big luminaires that will preside the entrances, two big torchères, in bronze, the chandeliers of the g ies, the benches, and even the low ings that will keep the visitor getting too close to the works o Diego Giacometti was not given t pansiveness in conversation, but w I saw him at dinner just a week or s fore his recent death he told me evident deep feeling that this had one of the great adventures of his and that he couldn't wait to see work installed in the Hôtel Salé.

As to the look of the Picasso M um, expectation has been keyed high. Generous loans were made f the museum's collection to the g Picasso retrospective at The Muse of Modern Art in 1980. Much of it shown at the Grand Palais in Pari 1979, but it was installed in an aln improvisatory way and with none the reasoned and thought-through quence that would be applied to the Hôtel Salé. Dominique Bozo the New York show as in some wa rehearsal for the Picasso Museum that it included so many great m stones of Picasso's career, and wor with the problem of Picasso's scu ture in its relation to the rest of work, and digressed from time to ti in the area of Picasso's experimen the appearances, the renunciatio (most often temporary), the abid signs and themes. "Only in the fut installation at the Hôtel Salé," Bo concluded, "will one be able to see clearly how Picasso's work—ordina ly judged by his single masterpieces in relation to his contemporaries—w developed, nourished, and continua restored from its own fundamental sources, from its own gestures."

As someone who used to grope the dark, leg-breaking stairs to visit casso in the seventeenth-century hou on the rue des Grands-Augustins, I fe sure Don Pablo would smile to see museum in the seventeenth-centu Hôtel Salé. □

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(Continued from page 170) a plantswoman of genius, whose role in the freeing of the English flower garden from the straitjacket of Victorian artificiality can't be overestimated. But the architectural underpinning of her gardens was the work of Edwin Lutyens, which means that a significant half of the credit for them must go to someone else. Nor was this an exceptional case. Another example would be V. Sackville-West, whose unsung "architect" at Sissinghurst was her husband, Harold Nicolson. But in fact the division between plantsperson and architect is as old as garden history, and is in force today. Few landscapists have more than a limited acquaintance with or love for plant materials, which more often than not are reduced to mere "elements" in the design or (where Japanese influence prevails) may even be eliminated altogether; whereas with the plantsperson, who more often than not is a collector, the opposite is apt to be true—with results equally lopsided, since the display of cultivars for their own sake has little or nothing to do with the creation of what Page called "a garden picture." The plant lover with a strong sense of design is therefore as rare as the designer who knows and uses plants in all their infinite variety. The greatness of Page was to be both.

"I like gardens with good bones and an affirmed underlying structure," he wrote. "I like well-made and well-marked paths, well-built walls, well-defined changes in level. I like pools and canals, paved sitting places and a good garden house in which to picnic or take a nap. I like brickwork and ashlar and coursed dry-walling, a well-timbered bridge, well-designed wooden gates, simple wrought-iron balustrading or a wooden grille through which to peer. . ." All of which would seem to define him as a classicist of a rather severe kind, and indeed he would have been but for those romantic effects that were central to his art: his pools, for example, unadorned and set flush with the grass so that they look like mirrors dropped from space, his magical woodland perspectives. Always there was the way he used plants, not as an adjunct but as the indispensable ele-



Pink peonies in the herbaceous border

ments in his composition. "A garden," he also wrote, "is a place for growing things," and even the most formal of his are that. (New Yorkers wanting to see what I mean should examine the courtyard of The Frick Collection, added in 1977. Here, what might have been, as he put it, "a sunbaked room furnished solely with a carpet" of box and gravel, fools the eye by means of trees planted behind the top of a wall to suggest a neighboring garden at a higher level, a narrow pool, and a few asymmetrically placed trees, into believing that a restricted urban rectangle is an airy glade of singular elegance and twice the size it really is.)

It may, I realize, still be asked what gardens of this type, not to speak of those splendid layouts for private clients who needn't count the cost, have to do with those of us struggling to make something of a city backyard or a few disheveled country acres. And the answer is that good gardens, like happy families, have in common an internal harmony that money cannot buy. Lavish expenditure does not a garden make if the basic idea is muddled or haphazard. (Establish your theme, says Page in *The Education of a Gardener,* and stick to it however elementary it may be: "grass" alone will do if it must.) Nor will earth-moving schemes necessarily ensure the right result. (Page, who not infrequently remodeled the landscape, and a few years ago praised to an interviewer the wonders of the modern bulldozer, also reminds us that attention to the site is vital if you have a view, don't spoil it wi elaborately conceived foregrou And so on. These and many other ciples (flowers and fountains mix—too fussy, "like a wedding waltzing"; don't use alien mate brickwork where stone is the nativ faience outside a Mediterranean text) are as sound when applie small gardens as to big ones, and ey has nothing to do with it. amount of it can replace an imagin understanding of what a good ga should be.

Such was the message of Pa book and it had a profound effe me, causing me to rethink almost e aspect of what I had been doing i own garden for the past thirty y and when I was asked to review 1983 edition I was happy to prai without reservation. To my surp the review brought a charming lett thanks from the author—written rather startlingly old-man's cra hand, which reminded me that he in his late seventies, though still a abroad, and in the United States at work on the PepsiCo sculpture den at Purchase, New York. But I no desire to meet him. Not only shy about encountering distingui idols in person, I had begun to hea rifying tales about this one. "T than God and twice as frighteni said one mutual acquaintance; a friend who had sought Page's ad on improvements to an estate th my opinion needed none repo himself "a basket case" when their of inspection was over. "Of course know it's all wrong" had been P final comment. All agreed he was served," a man who kept his pers life to himself, and his book bore out. Long on theory and his pr sional practice, it conspicuously f to answer even such simple quest as what had been his mission in I and the Middle East in World Wa or whether he had a wife. It di mention that he had received the der of the British Empire in 1951. a man to approach without a good son for doing so.

But in the end I did meet him— only wish I could say I had char



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him into telling me the story of his life. I didn't. My business, reluctantly undertaken, was to interview him for a horticultural magazine, with emphasis on the PepsiCo project, then in its fourth year; and he was too much the old hand to exceed that. Moreover, he had his answers down pat and said little or nothing I hadn't already read in his book or quoted elsewhere. I couldn't fault him for this, a form of self-defense that anyone who must submit to interviews necessarily adopts. Nevertheless, he made a strong impression, and one altogether different from what I had expected.

We met by appointment in the PepsiCo lobby and on my side no introduction was needed. Taller indeed than God, with a balding head not unlike that of the latter-day Laurence Oliv clad in mouse-colored corduroy worn, expensive work shoes, his h on the pipe in his pocket, he was completely the model English gen man that one would have expec people to bow—if there had been people. In fact, though it was a we day, the building seemed eerily em and silent, which produced the disc eting feeling that we were displa persons who had somehow wande onto the wrong set in some giant f studio. And this feeling wasn't c pelled when he led me to a golf c provided by the management for peregrinations about the groun They, too, had an unreal air.

A hundred acres of mostly flat W chester County land with an irregul shaped lake for the only "feature" a a background of starkly horizontal fice buildings (Edward Durell Ston a vaguely Aztec mood), the garc contains more than two dozen pie of sculpture, many of heroic size and of them predictable: a Rodin *Eve* ghostly group of plaster Segals sea on benches; three monster metal lars by Pomodoro whose slashed nards look like typewriter parts, inevitable Calder stabile painted ba red, a Henry Moore, a Nevelson. A so on. All are good examples of th kind and would do very well in so urban plaza. But I must declare a pr udice: I hate the look of industrial m al (as of plaster or any material oth than stone) in a pastoral setting. N ther seems to me to exist to the adva tage of the other, and I questi whether they can ever be made to so—whether, that is, the landsca Page designed for them with its swee of grassland, beautifully dispos copses, and other references to an A gustan park will eventually come terms with these gigantic monume to modernism. Perhaps it will. H trees, *Liriodendron Tulipifera* and l uidambar, *Oxydendrum arboreum* a *Nyssa sylvatica* (respectively the tu tree and the sweet gum, the sourwo and the black tupelo—all North Am ican natives, and "I can't think why y don't use them more") and many o ers, are too young to have achiev their intended effect. As he said whe complained in particular about t stridency of the Calder: "What you seeing is only a sketch. Some of t





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Paisleys, paisleys, paisleys— and other decorating ideas from India— conquer the West.



PULENTLY designed shawls from Kashmir—some with richly embroidered borders, others with all-over patterns—took the fashionable world by storm in the mid-1800's. Soon, mills in the obscure Scottish town of Paisley were turning out their own versions. (These, in their turn, proceeded to take the world by storm to the tune of one million pounds sterling per year; they have become sought-after antiques, and are collected world-wide, today.)

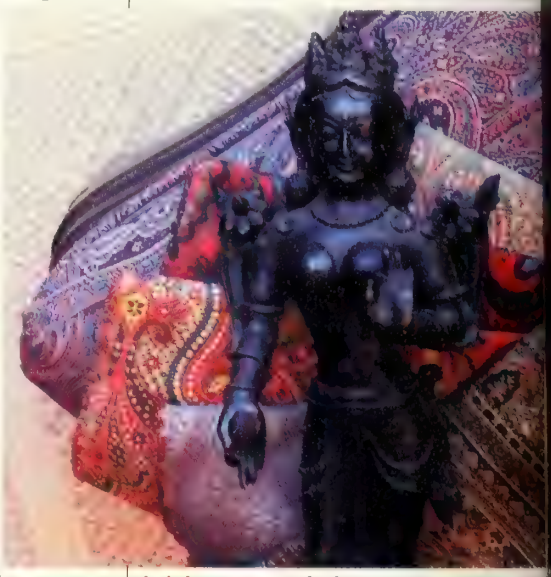
Despite its Scottishness, the name Paisley continues to be often mistakenly identified as a region in India. But there's no mistake about the design motif: warmly exotic, distinctive and appealing, every swirl of every paisley says "India." Surprisingly, this passage from India—a native design coming to belong to the rest of the world—has been going on for some three thousand years.

For a start, the whole technique of printing on fabrics was invented in India; sophisticated methods for printing and dyeing in a range of colors that seemed to know no inhibition were well developed when Europe and even Japan were mostly monochromatic and purely primitive. The list of other decorative ideas from India extends all the way from such homey things as seersucker (from *shir-o-shakar,* literally milk and sugar) and calico (from *Calicut,* India) to such surprisingly "English" things as chintz and such "American" discoveries as the bungalow. And then there's also sturdy khaki, luxurious cashmere, today's ubiquitous dhurries, kindly crewel, and the ever-popular madras cottons. Probably no other culture can show as pervasive an influence on the fabric inventory of the world as does India—and the influence continues as dynamically as ever, even in today's volatile times.



In the San Francisco bed-sitting-room shown here, interior designer Scott Lamb has brought the warmth and design exuberance of India to a typical San Francisco Victorian room. He transforms it with a romantic mixture of raj, courtly and native India and achieves a 1980's version of stylish comfort and lush informality. The day-bed is upholstered in *Faner,* a herringbone-woven cotton stripe, that recalls the sturdy peasant work-fabrics of India, though it's actually woven in Schumacher's own New Jersey mill. The curtains are *Srinigar,* a pure silk with an embroidered-looking windowpane check that's an exclusive Schumacher import from India. The wing chair and the onion-dome-shaped screen are covered in Schumacher's companion fabric and wallpaper *Khyber,* based on an authentic embroidery motif. The Victorian-looking rug is another import from India, also exclusive with Schumacher. But the key to the room's special ambience is the paisley-bordered fabric *Rajah,* in Indienne red, made into a table cover and also dressing up the bolsters. The same fabric, in indigo, can be seen in the lower left picture on the upholstered seat of a carved antique chair from Goa.

A sampling of the wide range of colors, the lavish variety of motifs and the subtle design that paisleys are heir to, can be seen in the center picture on this page. The jewel-like colors, the seemingly endless catalogue of sensuous swirls—are all controlled by a very sophisticated design intelligence. (The wool rug in the background of this picture, incidentally, is a happy translation of the c texture of straw matting into a more las medium.) Whether it's to cover a chair



brighten up a dark corner or to creat sensational sofa in an elegant living ro whether it's bedroom, kitchen or bath; the no place that a paisley can't help. W drama, with color, with enthusiasm. No w der Scotland and then the world were c quered. No wonder the conquest continue this very day.

From just about the time that paisleys fr Paisley had become well established a fashionable household word, F. Schumac and Co. has been supplying America's in rior designers and architects with the wor best for the comfortable, fashionable hou hold. Importing, producing, commissioni and inspiring—fabrics, wall-coverings, ru and carpets. Wherever today's ideas are co ing from, knowing professionals looking infallible choices seem invariably to ag that the one place not to be missed is "sur Schumacher."

Schumacher's Illustra Notes on 20th Century Taste. One of a ser

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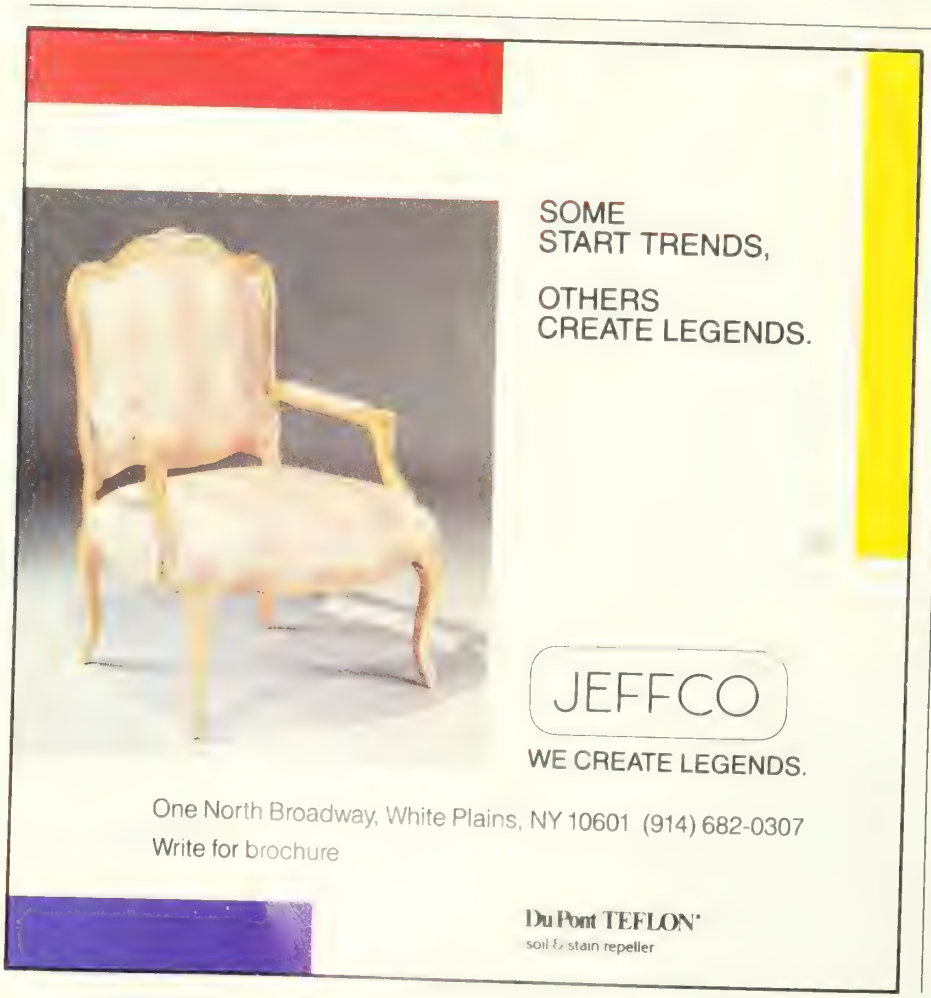
pieces may be rather hideous, but that's not the point. I treat them simply as objects and try to find the right relationship between them. Gardens change, you know, grow into themselves. You'll see what happens when those blue spruces are large enough to make a background for the Calder."

Perhaps I will—and I should add that at least one section of the garden already "works" perfectly. This is a water garden consisting of three rectangular pools, of which the two at either end are actually channels acting as frames for grass plots where water might have been. Surrounded on three sides by lavishly planted banks of perennials, and on the fourth by an allée of flowering cherries underplanted with a strip of day lilies, this meditation on a geometric theme is pure Page and *vaut le voyage*. Yet a question remains in my mind. There are worse ways, God knows, for a company to spend its money than on patronage of the arts, and Page himself has worked on countless not dissimilar projects. Corporations like PepsiCo are the modern equivalent of departed royalty and as necessary to the grand-scale designer like Page as Louis XIV was to Le Nôtre—though in fairness I should say that Page rather resented the suggestion. "I don't only work for the rich," he said with some asperity. "I'd design you a window box if you wanted it"—proving that the subject was a touchy one. Still, one wonders: who is this garden *for*? Though it is open to the public, it has (unlike Versailles in its heyday) the vacant air of a place not frequented by the inhabitants. The lunch hour brought no rush of employees to walk the paths and enjoy the prospect. That lovely water garden, laid out to be visible from a range of office windows—does anyone take time off from the cola wars to give it the attention it deserves? Somehow I thought not. I'm not even sure that the occasional tourist is aware of Page's identity. PepsiCo's publicity, which includes colored photographs of the sculptures and maps of the area, hardly mentions his name.

But if Page had any doubts he didn't show. Gardeners, it is well known, tend to live long lives of single-minded devotion to their work and seemed a happy example of the b In his book he says of the years after war, when he was building a Euro reputation, that "It was quite usual me to spend four successive nights sleeping car, rushing from one jo hand to another in a different cou and a quite different climate. I m leave Geneva and an old-fashio rose garden in the evening, to wak at Nice and have to be ready to with the problems of planting in sea-swept limestone of the d'Antibes . . . rush to Grasse to p terraces of tuberoses and jasmine der the trunks of an old olive orch and in the evening perhaps cat plane to Rome to design a hotel gar near the Villa Borghese." Time ha slowed him up. At the age of 78, he still on the road most of the time. spoke of a garden in Chile, anothe Fort Worth, yet another on Long land. The PepsiCo project was o one of many. Yet he seemed also to without help. I had expected assista of some kind, an apprentice or two riving, hat in hand, for instructions. laughed at the idea of a "shop," a had no regular office.

No fixed home either, I found "not since my wife died." There wa flat in London but no English coun house with a garden by Russell Pa Like the proverbial chef who prepa the perfect meal and dines himself o poached egg, he never had a garden his own. "I have an idea it would b me to make one," he said, "perhaps b cause I know myself too well. The wouldn't be any surprises." Or p haps he just wasn't a nest maker. N many men and fewer artists are, esp cially those whose materials come fro the physical world, where there is a ways something around the next co ner to be explored. Page, the tirele traveler, was also the tireless collect of visual experience—in architectu and painting as well as landscap plants, and other men's gardens as co structed down the ages.

Yet in spite of his evident pleasure i his work, his interest in places and (h assured me) people, my final impres sion wasn't so much of a worldly ma



ng from one glamorous engage-
to another, or even of the intimi-
g grandee originally described to
-though it was obvious he was or
l be both—as of an elderly, expa-
·d artist-gentleman who was very
ı alone in the world. Lunch in the
ɔany commissary was one revela-
of how "human" he could be. The
·esses hovered over him, called
dearie, and lamented that his fa-
e ice cream had run out in a way
made me cringe at American fa-
ırity—until I noticed that he was
·om resenting these attentions. In
he seemed thoroughly to enjoy
ı, and when I learned that instead
ɔmmuting from New York (where,
ly, he had a hundred friends eager
ıtertain him) during the months he
t at PepsiCo he put up at a nearby
el, I, too, had the impulse, resisted,
ıquire whether he was "all right."
vas a widower. That much I knew.
ıow told me he had been married
e, both times to Russians, and had
n living in Paris whom he seldom
"One hates to go back," he said,
ning back to Paris where he had
l for so long. Happily? Unhappily?
t, of course, I wasn't to know. "I've
ı talking too much," he said, rising
is feet. "Come along. I want to
v you the water garden again. I'm
sure you quite got it."

Outdoors, a fine morning had
ıed to a nasty afternoon and rain
falling. I didn't expect this to deter
nd it didn't. He produced a large
lish umbrella from the cart and we
ıbed to a higher level where we
ld look down on the pools, now
·led by rain. "Just look how it's
nged," he exclaimed, delighted.
ıat's what you must never forget—
v a garden alters not just according
he season but every hour, every
ıute." Then we stood in silence un-
satisfied, I hope, that I had got it, he
ɔarked that later that summer he
ıld like to visit my part of Connecti-
and see my garden. "And I would
ıer die than show it to you," I said. I
ant it as a joke, though it was more
n half the truth, and today I regret
I would have liked to become his
nd and believe I might have. But six
nths later I read his obituary in *The*
w York Times. I had missed my
ınce, if I ever had one, and it was too
·. □

(Continued from page 176) the next three days," which we did. So I really saw Eastern seaboard forests at their best. What happens here in October is the most beautiful sight in nature, I would think in the world. I don't know anything to compare to it. It's as breathtaking as the English countryside after the third week in May, another breathtaker.

TDM: *You went to Charterhouse, a public school known for its hardiness. Was it difficult to follow gardening in such a spartan atmosphere?*

RP: The great art critic of *The Times,* Arthur Clutton-Brock had children at the school who were friends of mine. I saw him a lot which meant that Roger Fry, Clive Bell, and various art buffs of the era would turn up so there was a civilizing aspect to the three years of boredom at school.

I was probably the only schoolboy who ever had flowers sent to him because I always wanted to know what was out in the garden.

TDM: *So there was an artistic tradition around Charterhouse.*

RP: Yes, largely due to the circumstance of Lutyens. By fourteen I was already interested in him as architect. He was a parson's son from Thursley near Godalming where Charterhouse is; so he was the son of a neighbor of Gertrude Jekyll. She gave him his first job which was to fix her house. I had read everything of hers ten times over before I was fifteen. I knew those books by heart. They were my Bible. I also drew and painted a great deal. If you're a designer you had better design, hadn't you? You had better be able to put it on paper at some point. You can't dream up a complex garden, well, any formal garden plan you'd better know how to draw. I got into the architectural world at a later point and then I really taught myself how to draw.

TDM: *Did you go to art school?*

RP: I went to Slade. At Slade in those days you just drew from a plaster cast for a year before you were allowed into

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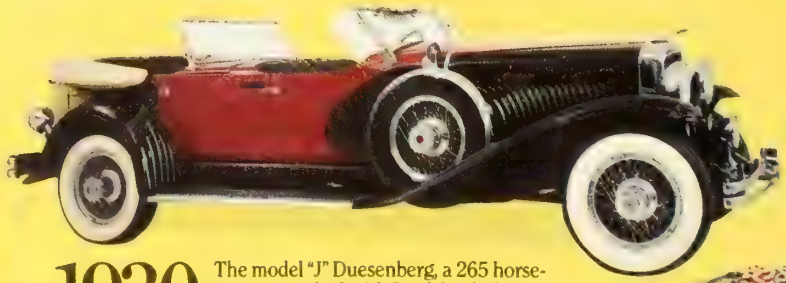
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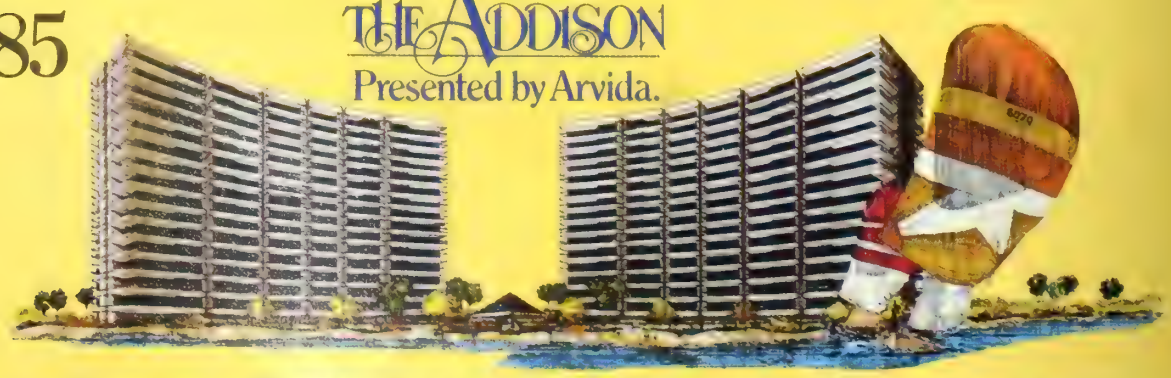
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the life class. At the end of three years I realized that I was not going to be a painter. If you are going to do something it's because you can't do anything else; you're just hell-bent. When I saw I hadn't got the right kind of "hell-bentness" which would take me really far as a painter, I slid back to my childhood passion, which was plants and flowers.

TDM: *Vita Sackville-West said that it was a group of women who used their gardens as paintings or tapestries who pulled the garden out of its nineteenth-century slump. Do you feel that's true?*
RP: Well, that's a rather picaresque and dotty way of putting it. What changed the scene was William Robinson, whose first book was on the public parks in Paris, which in those days were all subtropical or tropical stuff bedded out with things like cannas and palm trees. He started in on wild gardening, and native plants and growing flowers in masses like bluebells and daffodils. Naturalizing plants into the landscape, that was his really great work. He was the editor and founder of what was a very good garden weekly called *Gardening Illustrated.* Then there's that great book of his, *The English Flower Garden*—a classic which anybody who is interested in gardening or the history of gardening ought to read.

TDM: *Do you miss the historical link between gardens and architecture when you design in America?*
RP: I don't miss anything. Every building has something to say and since I'm working in relation to buildings I accept that as a point of departure. The PepsiCo headquarters is an excellent example. Its rectangular design makes the placing of these loose clumps of trees a challenge in relation to the building's mathematical severity. So there's a marvelous contrast between the two, as well as the role I have to make the trees play in relation to the sculpture.

TDM: *It looks as though, more and more, landscaping projects are developed on corporate property rather than public land.*
RP: Patronage has changed. In western Europe the arbiters of taste and the



Alexander Calder's *Hats Off* through a spring haze of pink blossoms.

protectors of artists were kings and barons, culminating in Louis XIV, who was a major garden figure because he had a passion for it and he and Le Nôtre were intimate friends. The courts with their accompanying architects, painters, dressmakers, and jewelers set styles until the French Revolution, which upset the whole system in Europe. Then with the onset of the industrial revolution money changed hands and with that change came a different kind of clientele. The patrons of the arts became people like the vicars, the great steel magnates, and boatbuilders of the nineteenth century. Patronage still came in abundance from the, I hate the word *aristocracy,* and from Prince Albert, God save him. However I don't think the century's artists compare to the revolution of the architects in France or England during the eighteenth century; that lasted until Sir John Soane, one of the five great architects of England, and Decimus Burton, who built the great greenhouse at Kew in the 1830s. The public parks then began to have an impact apart from the royal parks, which were all royal properties from previous centuries.

TDM: *How did the decline of patronage carry on into modern times?*
RP: First of all came the great war, which demolished numerous fortunes and a style of living which no longer ists in Europe. After the war, I can c speak for England, the country broke and people who lived in la houses had to close them down struggle on as best they could. I wen Castle Ashby, which is the main co try seat of Northamptonshire, an was walking around with Lady No ampton in this huge Victorian ho with an Inigo Jones courtyard. T family became enormously rich in nineteenth century because like m landowners they made a killing off railways running through their prop ty. They also had a lot of land in L don that began to be developed in nineteenth century. They had a fortu to spend. In this grand house with body in it, I said to my hostess, "H many gardeners were here before war?" and she said, "Eighty. They slept in the attic story of the house. roared with laughter but then I happen to go into the pantry where the bellboards were so you knew wh bell had rung. There were thirty b underneath and the one for the a was marked "bedlam." It was that ki of change. Now the gardeners have appeared and there are two of th doing the work of eighty. They go as as two gardeners can go on a gard that was designed to have eighty p ple looking after it.

TDM: *The private patron gave way to .*
RP: Yes, let's finish the story. The gr industrialists were the patrons up 1914 and then everybody, in Euro anyway, was poor until the Seco World War and the last of the gr houses practically ceased to be lived A lot of people still live in two rooms a corner somewhere but that's it. T new patrons of gardening or landsca are the corporations because they ha the money. It is an interesting succ sion of development.

TDM: *What's the difference between signing a corporate garden and a pub garden?*
RP: You design differently for a corp ration depending on what use is ma of the land. This happens to be a g den where everyone is allowed i which is quite different from a pla which keeps its doors firmly locked.


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RUSSELL PAGE: A RECENT INTERVIEW

TDM: *Have you ever been involved in the landscaping of a new town, world's fair, or an airport?*
RP: Airports are huge functioning machines. How many rosebuds do I want to put in the loo or do I want a bunch of artificial flowers in a steel foundry? To do little bits here and there would be ludicrous. It seems to me to be completely out of place. I remember Benjy Guinness saying to me before the war, "Why don't you get into airports?" and I said, "No, because it's not connected with what I do." It would be illogical and absurd. I don't put lace frills on a pair of blue jeans.

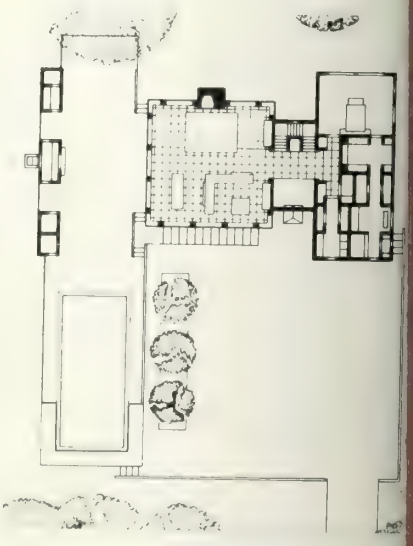
TDM: *The English like to bring the countryside into the city and the French tend to refine natural wildness. How do Americans humanize their landscape?*
RP: You can't make comparisons. The English have a passion for gardening and I was brought up in one of the two countries in the world where gardening is a mania. Japan, I suppose, is the other. So it's the air that I breathe and I don't think that's true of other countries. Here I think people do what's expected within their particular community. On the way out to races at Belmont Park in April cross three or four blocks of Japan azaleas screaming with color for ab three weeks. It's unbelievable, the got them clipped, they've got th shaped, they've done everything you could possibly do with a Japan azalea except leave it to grow free. cause one person in the area thou this was a terrific idea they now ha whole little neighborhood of clip evergreen Japanese azaleas. There similar situation in a section of Wa ington, D.C., called Kenilwor Somebody covered a building de opment over four or five blocks, streets, cross streets, and everythin Yoshino cherries. In April it's brea taking. It is one of the most superb ral spectacles, if I have to use t vulgarism, that I've ever seen beca the designer had the sense to do it al one kind of tree. Since Washingto famous for its cherry trees which Japanese gave them, he picked up echo of this and did a superb jo have never noticed that here in Am ca anybody had any problems w landscape design. □

ADVENTURE IN STYLE

(Continued from page 140) link hierarchically to the basic geometric unit of the house, the square: gridded slate flooring, square coffered walls and ceiling in the main living space, large square windows alternating with small apertures punctuating walls throughout. Williams and McAnulty have employed ornament much the way traditional ornament was used—to articulate the organization of spaces—only with modern crisp, linear materials.

There are minor problems: the elevations of the bedroom wing are rather perfunctory, drawing attention to the plain cedar siding; the three cabanas by the pool serve well as buffers between the decks and the neighbor's house, but their proximity to the house gives the impression of a few too many trios on one stage. But if some parts and pieces don't quite measure up to others, the balance is still weighted in the favor of the architects. The clients conclude, "They really hit the mar Square on the head. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byr



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(Continued from page 150) fruit market in Mexico City, where he worked after moving from the southern Mexico town of Oaxaca at the age of eleven. By seventeen, a gifted draftsman and student at the Academy of Fine Arts, he was already making a name for himself by challenging the incipient muralist movement of Diego Rivera, who had just arrived home after years among the Cubists in Paris.

"Still a student, I considered what they were doing was not really Mexican, since it did not go back to our own sources," Tamayo says about the muralists, who sought to create a nationalistic, didactic art of social consciousness based on the precepts of the Mexican Revolution of 1910–14. "It was too limited. They called themselves 'revolutionary' artists because they were painting scenes of the revolution, but they were painting it in the old way, with the techniques of the sixteenth century. I contended that art, by definition, cannot be nationalistic. Art is universal. It's a 'universal' language. It has to speak to people no matter where they're from, not just to Mexicans."

In the midst of that dissatisfaction, Tamayo discovered what would become another predominant influence: the art of indigenous pre-Hispanic Mexico—of the Toltecs, Zapotecs, Mixtecs, Aztecs, and Mayas, of the people of Colima and Veracruz. At battle with both the muralists of Rivera and the classicists of the Academy, Tamayo took a job as head of the ethnographic section of the Archeological Museum, which led him to far-flung villages to help preserve the nation's popular arts, which were being threatened by modernization. "So while the muralists were working on the surface, I went down deep into the roots of our culture, where I discovered the richness of our ancient sculpture."

His quest for a more universal art and the need he felt to be exposed to great painting took him repeatedly, in his twenties, to New York. After a few initial lean years, he had his first successes—personal exhibitions, good reviews, and an instructorship at the Dalton School—which prompted his definitive move there in 1936, accompanied by his recent bride. After four-



The Tamayos' private sitting room upstairs has a hyacinth blue ceiling.

teen years in New York, Tamayo and Olga moved to Paris, where they lived continuously until 1963. Despite the long years abroad, Tamayo dismisses their influence as "very abstract." "I learned what painting was. I saw the essence of it," he says. "But my way of thinking was not changed at all. My tradition is pre-Columbian. I am a mestizo: half-Indian, half-Spanish. But 'inside' I am more Indian than Spanish. For us, it's more important to touch our senses than our minds. The Indians were great artists, you see, but mainly in sculpture and architecture, not painting. The Spanish brought painting, so through that I feel my Spanish heritage. But the richness of our culture is Indian. It is what is most profound."

The mixture of Indian creativity, exuberance, and craftsmanship with the European tradition and technique in the arts, says Tamayo, created something entirely new, which is Mexican. "Even the Spanish recognize that our baroque architecture is superior to that of their own country. And why is that? Because the Indians participated freely in the construction and decoration of what the Spanish were building. And they did wonderful things. So even in little towns a very personal and uniquely Mexican way of building was created. The Spanish influence is there, but it has become Mexican. For me, our people should live in such houses. I wouldn't live in any other kind." Tamayo, who praises Luis Barragán for having most profoundly evolved a modern Mexican architecture, is entirely satisfied with his own de "I could have done better," he "but it was my first attempt."

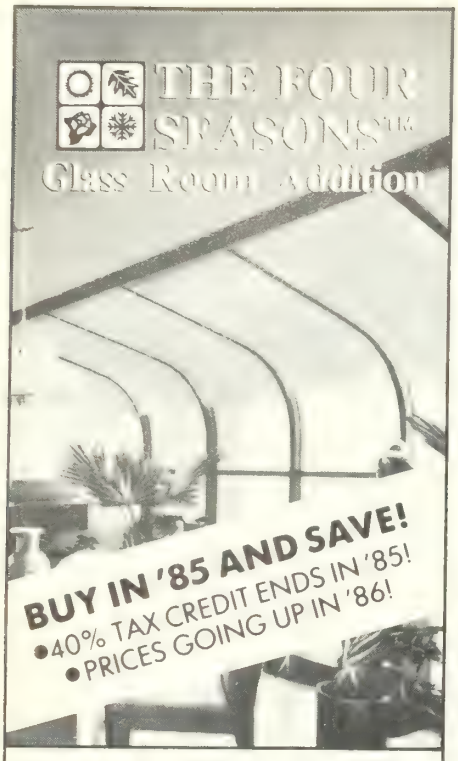
At 86, the artist still paints abou en hours a day, except when the ple's social obligations force him from his second-floor studio or h meetings in connection with one o other of their gifts—gifts, as they "to our people." These include th fino Tamayo Museum of Pre-Co bian Art in Oaxaca, the city of his b which contains a collection of ant Mexican sculptures chosen espec by Tamayo for their artistic merit initial endowment—twelve of his paintings and 250 choice select from his personal collection of E pean and American modern maste for the Rufino Tamayo Museu Contemporary Art in Mexico C Chapultepec Park; and a nursing h for the elderly in Cuernavaca, the where Tamayo and his wife have s weekends since returning to Me more than twenty years ago. Gre ous Olga also has a steady strea friends for lunch, and they are am the most frequently invited coupl dinner parties in Mexico City. The other intrusion on the artist's v guarded time is canasta, for whic has a passion. "He plays for half a tavo a point, so the most he can w fifty pesos—about fifteen cents! the only thing for which he'll giv painting," Olga explains. "It make forget my problems," Tamayo add

In the more than fifty years of t marriage, Olga has been the dyna outer expression of Tamayo's inhe inwardness and quiet. She has han almost single-handedly the busi side of his work, which has freed artist from what he considers an pleasant preoccupation. She has been his muse—to which a numbe his finest portraits testify—and gi publicist. After a leisurely lunch, sometimes takes fortunate guest Tamayo's studio—he has retreated mediately after dessert—to see his est works in progress. "No, I n make preliminary sketches," he plains. "The painting just evolves the canvas, though I have an ide what I want to do." He usually w



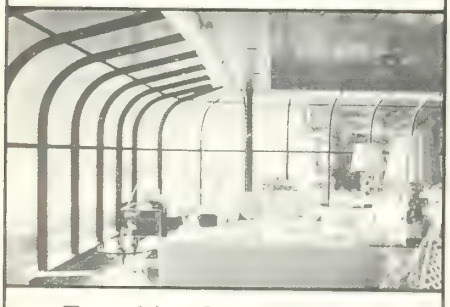
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AN ARTIST'S MEXICO

on two or three paintings at a time, and each one takes about two or three weeks to complete.

For Tamayo, subject scarcely matters. Through his long career as a leading Mexican artist, whose work is found in such collections as The Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Tate Gallery in London, the National Museum of Modern Art in Paris, and many more, Tamayo has sought to universalize Mexican aesthetics by treating a diversity of subjects, both local and foreign—even, he confesses, extraterrestrial—but all emerging out of that same inner culture of ancient Mexico that holds him so firmly in its grip.

"What I have tried to do is bring our fantastically rich Mexican past to actuality," Tamayo says. "I am not copying idols. Rather, I am bringing all the past that is in my blood to what is happening at this moment, which is why I even paint figures that look like men flying in space. In the end, that is the difference between me and the muralists. They wanted to keep Mexico inside a wall, whereas I want to paint for all people." And people have reciprocated. Among the many honors he has received came two important ones this year: he was elected as the first hon ary member of Britain's Royal Aca my of Art from South America, and was awarded Spain's Gold Medal Merit in the Fine Arts by King Ju Carlos. He is also being honored c rently with an exhibition (through N vember 2) at the Marlborough Gall in New York.

Between the lava rock wall t fronts the street and the house itself a small, verdant garden that barely ceives the sun's rays. It has the feel jungle, thick with elephant ears a moisture, in striking contrast to more traditional garden behind house, with its lawn, shrubs, and flo er beds. In a corner, half-hidden hind the profusion of green, stand bold bronze sculpture of a Tamayo ure, like his extraterrestrial astronau produced by an admiring art lover i Mexican workshop. "You know, u mately all the arts have to do with ea other. Architecture has to do w painting, painting has to do with m sic, and music has to do with sculptu It's all harmony: that's what is imp tant. It's all the same thing, in all t arts, but spoken in different la guages—harmony, balance, equilib um."□ *Editor: Marie-Pierre Toll*

HIGH ART IN THE VALLEY

(Continued from page 158) sunlight, would be composed of a series of broad terraces and pools descending to the level of the vineyard. Since the vineyard daily teems with laborers, a wall encircling the garden was to be built for privacy and a guesthouse constructed on the very lowest level as part of the wall. An immense waterfall would tie the levels together (in its final incarnation, the waterfall begins at the entrance to the house and seems to flow through and under it to where the garden begins on the other side).

Craig Johnson, entranced by the area's rigorous terrain, decided from the beginning to incorporate elements of it into the garden. He brought in the firm of Raymond Hansen and Associates to help with the general planting plan. One theme he developed was the use of native California vegetation: all shrubbery, trees, vines, and most of the se sonal color was to be indigenous to t state. A second theme was that of in vidual gardens within a garden, pockets of amassed poppies, fo gloves, day lilies, zinnias, pansies, g denias, and wisteria. These would loosely contained by baffle walls California sycamore, native arbutu flowering pear, pineapple guava, lil crepe myrtle—both pink and white and the occasional oak. He wanted t end result to be rugged but tropic Furthermore, the plan called for all t plants to be installed in one swift mo Overnight. William Randolph Hea could not have done better. There a several nurseries in the state that sp cialize in the kinds of plants Johns was looking for, so he bought the out. As for the trees, he required m ture specimens, so for the next tw

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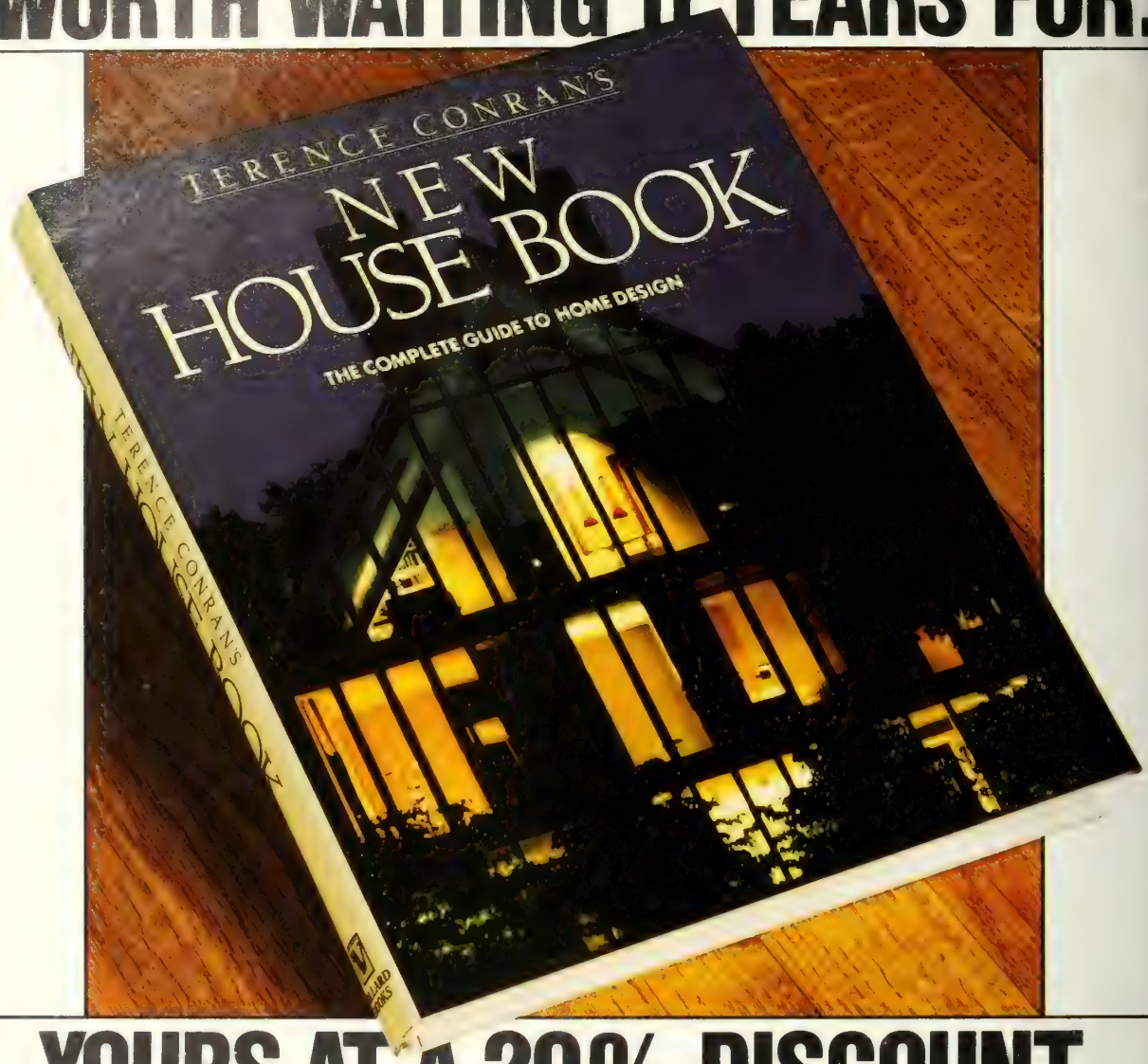


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years he caromed between San Diego and San Francisco, visiting every nursery and stockpiling giant trees in twelve- and fourteen-foot boxes.

At the same time, he began stockpiling sandstone boulders, for the third theme of the garden was inspired by the Santa Ynez Mountains themselves. Johnson had hired a stonemason from Santa Barbara, a fellow named Pat Scott whose forte was building rock pools, and after firing him up about the sheer *scale* of the project, sent him off to find some mammoth rocks and boulders. These were to be placed around the four descending pools all linked by that huge waterfall that would come thundering down over the biggest boulders of all.

Pat Scott was described to me as "a man who is in tune with stone. It's his whole life." No wonder he went up into the mountains where, after due inspection, he discovered just the gigantic and beautiful sandstone boulders he was looking for. As it happened, they were perched on the hills right next to the Reagans' ranch. Having bought permission from the owner to haul them out, he then had to bulldoze a network of roads in to remove each specimen. One, in particular, almost proved to be his undoing. Although it was fourteen feet across, Scott was determined to have it. He went in there with his state-of-the-art crane and spent hours chaining it, lifting it up, and finally lowering it onto his flatbed truck. The flatbed, a fairly impressive piece of equipment, was instantly squashed into the ground like a bug. Not in the least discouraged, Scott sent his men off to find a bigger rig. This time they collected their prize. However, on the pilgrimage back through Refugio Canyon as they rounded one of the many hairpin turns, the back of the truck tipped and the boulder was deposited right in the entrance of the President's driveway. Unfortunately, the President was in residence. Within seconds, the Secret Service was on the scene, ordering Scott to remove the boulder and pronto. Since it was blocking both the driveway and the road which was too narrow for experimental maneuvers, the only solution was to cut it in half with an air hammer and remove it in two sections. This all took the better part of a long day and no doubt would have taken longer if the Secret Service hadn't been on th tail.

The stockpiling of the boulders to a year and a half. Some were picked their shape; others for the mosses a lichens growing on them; so it was portant they be removed from same altitude as the garden. The larg was twelve feet in diameter, the sm est three or four feet. Scott set his n sons to jackhammering the ex boulders into slices. These were ev tually to become hand-tooled slabs sandstone for all the paths and pati And when at last the grading of the g den and the digging of the pools co get under way, all of the earth had to recompacted. Then a monstrou



Rosemary and jasmine scent the air from crevices of boulders around the po

complex system of pipes had to be i stalled, some of which were two feet diameter so they could handle the to of water that would be pumped ov the waterfall. Actually, there would *two* waterfalls providing the illusion *one:* the first would supply the k pond, with its two-foot-long yello and red fish, on the highest terrac and the second would supply both th holding—or cooling off—pool and th swimming pool on the second an third levels below. Moreover, ther would be three circulation systems f these bodies of water as well as thre separate sprinkling systems for th three different levels of the garde This irrigation system would, course, be totally regulated by a mo sophisticated computer. And all of th water—the thousands upon thousand of gallons that daily would be either re circulated or used to irrigate the ga den (as well as the vineyard)—woul be supplied by artesian wells. Last b not least, both the swimming pool an waterfall would be heated by sixty so lar panels positioned behind the wall of a solar collection yard down by th

ail in it, go to tea in it, shop in it, ski in it—wind or rain won't faze our classic Squall Jacket.



he new Lands' End Squall Jacket takes its name, of course, from its lity to weather the squalls that our ling friends encounter off shore. But so well-tailored and correct it makes ı look good—man or woman alike—he mall or at the market or at the ›vies or after. That's versatile plus, ht?

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And note this: the full-length inside storm flap of our jacket is tucked *beneath* the smooth-running zipper . . . to keep the wind from whistling between the teeth of the zipper as it can on ordinary jackets. The Squall has fully-lined sleeves, zippered hand-warmer cargo pockets, a high collar that protects neck and chin, even a zippered inside pocket for your keys and I.D. All this, and it's machine washable.

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HIGH ART IN THE VALLEY

is court.
he outcome is like nothing you
ever seen. Despite the Oriental in-
nces, such as the sandstone bench-
nd tables that Johnson had copied
n originals he saw in the Ming
bs outside of Peking, and despite
extensive use of rocks, stone paths,
running water, this is not in the
t an Oriental garden because John-
banned all pines and bamboo to
p it from becoming one. What he
was exactly what he wanted—and
dreamed about for years—a native
lifornia garden with no holds
red, no expenses spared, a once-in-
fetime proposition.
Not the least successful aspect of his
on is the swimming pool. Incredi-
seductive, it shimmers like a black
irl beneath torrents that cascade
wn into its seemingly fathomless
oths. It is so deep that the lure of a
ulder strategically placed fourteen
t above the surface becomes irresist-
e. From here you can plummet
aight down and pierce the water
thout ever coming anywhere near
bottom, then swim through the wa-
fall into a stone grotto, or perhaps
cline on the striated shelf of one of
e surrounding boulders, half in the
ter and half out, intoxicated by the
ingled perfumes of jasmine, honey-
ckle, gardenia, and rosemary—the
ter cultivated both in thick bushes
at border the paths and in a prostrate
riety that trails into the water from
evices everywhere in the rocks.
But late in the afternoon as the sun
egins to descend toward the live-oak
ntinels on the far mesa, the best thing
all to do is to stand still and contem-
late the boulders. Lone survivors of a
eat fire that once swept through the
ea, they were baked and hardened
nd permanently scarred. The colors
f the fire were forever glazed into
eir surfaces in a patina that reflects
ie shifting hues of sunset as exactly as
ie Ellsworth Kelly totem rising over
ll. It is at this point that nature and the
an-made seem to be in perfect uni-
on. And what more can you ask of any
arden? □ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*

CORRECTION

n the October issue, the name of the
ainter of the mural at the Palladium,
age 217, was inadvertently omitted.
The artist is Francesco Clemente.





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TRAIN FARE

'inued from page 204) François ux, designer darling to *le tout Par-* ome up with an interior that would *trains de luxe* as the only way to ves Saint Laurent, not one for half ares, was first in line to hire the train for the opening of his new etics factory.

ong with Catroux, France's three- chef Joël Robuchon was asked rd to concoct elaborate menus would rival the *grande cuisine* at n, his restaurant on the rue de champs in Paris. And to make the service would be up to the dest hotels, the Director of the rice joined forces with a maître d' l from the Ritz to train a team how andle with care—even when re- ling you kindly that jacket and tie *le rigueur*. They'll serve you whisky water both imported from Scot- . In fact, they'll do just about any- g but give you a shave, which you *d* get in the old days on the 20th tury Limited—and a very close one iat. Under the Socialist banner *la velle première* holds every promise oining the aristocrats of the rails of last hundred years, from the Trans- erian to The Chief.

ust back from decorating yet anoth- palace in Jeddah, Catroux, who rts a year-round tan, defines this sion as reinstating "*un glamour s le train.*" If the trial run from Paris trasbourg is successful, *la nouvelle mière* will soon be a feature on more nch trains. Somehow comfort and gance were sacrificed for speed en France's high-speed TGVs, *ins á Grande Vitesse,* careened into history books in 1981 at a cruising ed of 260 kilometers per hour; the nch broke their own previous rld record for speed but so stream- ed first and second class that you ld barely tell them apart.

Catroux's first-class carriage and *gon restaurant* have been hitched up a Corail train that goes "a modest" 0 kilometers per hour: after all you ed time to digest what is undoubted- one of the finest meals on wheels. his is by no means a replica of one of e *Grands Express Européens* with ahogany, plush, ormolu, and mar- ietry, or of the private Pullman aches that were, in Lucius Beebe's ords, "mansions on rails." Catroux ay follow in the great tradition of



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TRAIN FARE

French designers like René Prou (The Blue Train) or René Lalique, but he is emphatic his effort "has nothing to do with nostalgia." The look is thoroughly *sobre,* as he puts it, with old-fashioned compartments redelineated by wooden latticework into a series of private yet open spaces.

The latticelike dividers are a cross-continental inspiration: "Mackintosh, Hoffmann, and the Japanese." No walls but only these occasional matte black screens divide the seating groups, which can be formed any number of ways (for conferences) because of seats that pivot right and left. "I hate to travel eye to eye with the same person the whole way and I don't like having to stare at the back of someone's head either." There is just one touch of nostalgia, however, and how very French. *Les toilettes*! "I was not allowed to redesign those."

Half of the *wagon restaurant* is made to look like a brasserie with black leather banquettes, the other half like a traditional restaurant. Catroux's scheme of things leaves chef Robuchon with one bone to pick: "the light should shine *on* the food, not next to it. I insist on this at Jamin; every dish is lit from above. You can't design a dining room without consulting the chef!" Too many cooks, says Catroux. "Would I go into the kitchen and say I don't like *chou-fleur?*"

Robuchon, of course, has every reason to want his dishes highlighted, for this *grande cuisine* is based on a revolutionary new procedure: *cuisson sous vide*—viewed with some excitement in the world of catered food. "The food is cooked in Paris and then vacuum sealed, before being chilled at two or three degrees centigrade. Since it's hermetically sealed immediately all the savor is locked in and reabsorbed by the food. It can be preserved this way for six days without any bacterial growth. On board the sealed meals are reheated by steam. This has nothing to do with canned or frozen food. In fact, the only possible problem can be one of too much flavor. You've got to know how to make certain things lose their flavor." Not a problem most cooks ever had to face.



Catroux designed plush leather seats for *la nouvelle première.*

All of Robuchon's colleagues warned him against putting his reputation on the line. It was food critic Henri Gault, overall consultant to the project, who finally convinced him. "I wouldn't have accepted if I weren't sure I could offer almost the same quality as Jamin, but keep in mind that there I have eighteen *sous chefs* working with me for forty-five customers."

Nevertheless, with only one chef aboard the Paris-Strasbourg such delicate preparations as *étuvée de langoustines en civet* is a far cry from what used to be the Golden Arrow's alternating specials: Roast Surrey Chicken or Roast Sussex Chicken. One and the same bird, of course, cooked one and the same way. Oh the tricks of memory. Did we really think that was fine cooking? A more realistic regular has noted otherwise: "You paid a Pullman supplement just to travel in the aroma of boiling cabbage water." But as novelist Paul Theroux, one of the great train addicts of our times, has so aptly pointed out: "A train is a vehicle that allows residence: dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer. . . ."

Depending on your appetite a Robuchon meal could cost up to four hundred francs. Almost a bargain when you read that in the 1880s for the price of a round trip to Istanbul for two could rent a home in the smart part of London for a year! Now there is the added attraction of sampling Robuchon at last—almost impossible at Jamin, even if you try to book six weeks in advance.

Like all train dining the convention is also guaranteed to take some strange turns with the mutual understanding you will never meet again. History has also proved there is no better place for surrender as Hitler remembered in 1940 when he turned the tables in the very same restaurant car where the WW I Armistice had been signed by the triumphant French.

Catroux wanted the push-button efficiency of an airplane without the surrounding emptiness that makes every porthole glimpse of air and sea look unmemorably alike. Even with the window shades pulled down, another image of *la belle France* makes the heart go clickety-clack in perfect railroad tempo. "The shades are made of the same material Parisian taxi drivers have on their back windows. You can see out, but no one can look in." Privacy, after all, was a French invention.

The train windows no longer open. Fortunately. "Remember Deschanel," Catroux adds, in that French way of telescoping half a century into something like the day before yesterday. It was the time he was President of France. Paul Deschanel managed on the evening of May 23, 1920, to fall out of the window of his Presidential train. Suffering from fatigue, the President had retired to his compartment at ten, asking not to be disturbed until morning. It was hot, he opened the window wide. . .

Found during the night on the tracks, his face swollen beyond recognition, Deschanel was brought to the level-crossing keepers house where a local doctor treated the patient who kept raving, to no avail. . . "I am the President of France."

It was only the next day, once the swelling went down, that Deschanel was finally recognized and whisked back to Paris—in an automobile. □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pe

AND VERNACULAR

tinued from page 209) ner of Ca- ean living—not just physically in ndas and wide eaves, or houses left to breeze and sunshine, but in more subtle: in a kind of genial *far niente,* almost fatalistic, which ins in most Caribbean arrange- ts, grand or simple, and which es one feel always among the dings and artifacts of these islands life is essentially transience, that ms will pass, furies fade, leaving al- s, whatever happens, that towering lacable sky above.

here is a Style of the Caribbean stance, too. By and large things in e islands, when they are not made eel or concrete, are made of lovely erials—warm, tropic, easygoing, low matters. There is pink coral out ne sea, and plank bleached by wind sun, and glorious teak from the sts of the mainland, and old silver n the cultures of vanished Empires, palm frond, and bird feather, and cotton out of the African past, and e of harbor front, and rattan of dland, and pumice of hot volcano. hough you may find all these sub- ces elsewhere, though they have n assembled in these seas, not or- ically, but as the flotsam of history, it is only here that you may experi- e them in quite such piquant con- ction. It is a mélange not always monious, not always beautiful as a tter of fact, but it does constitute, better or for worse, a discernible listic alliance.

Then of course there is the Style of rpose. There is no pretending that functions of the Caribbean have nerally been very inspiring. Except the Caribs, whose now insubstan- l presence still drifts figuratively ough the archipelago, the people of islands went there in the first place search of power and wealth, or be- use they were obliged to. No Pilgrim thers reached these landfalls, no ide- stic refugees from tyrannies of State Church. Slaves, slave masters, mon- -makers and hedonists—such have en the shapers of Caribbean society, of Caribbean forms.

This makes for something at once owy and down-to-earth in the feel of



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the region. On the one hand we have the grand display of the planters, the burghers, and the idle expatriates, generally suggesting, however splendid of artifact or lovely of texture, some tinge of nouveau rich; on the other, the blunt, simple, often makeshift idioms of the poor people.

Yet the two elements are interchangeable, too: for the rich of the Caribbean, however rich, have been obliged by climate and circumstance to create solidly rather than delicately, in shapes more bold than tender: while conversely the works of the poor have been elevated always by the gaiety, the fantasy, and the exuberance of the African tradition.

And actually, the more I think about it, the more I recognize a kind of unity in the very variety of the Caribbean. This is the very opposite of a continental landmass, the antithesis even of a consolidated state or nation. There is nothing remotely monolithic to it; it is all shift, stipple, contrast, dapple, and disparity.

Does it really add up to one, de able Caribbean Style? Perhaps no the exact fact, or the particular obj but as I summon into my mind all dazzling images of those seas, all hints and secret scents of the sp and-sugar places, I perceive it most tinctly as a style in the imaginatio and out of many imaginations, liv and dead, it has reached now a m formal unity in the pages of *Caribb Style*. □

HADLEY BY HADLEY

(Continued from page 166) adjective. On the other hand, he's been fascinated by things pertaining to the home all his life.

Albert Hadley grew up near Nashville on farmland that had belonged to his grandfather, in a house that was built by his parents. They had very few neighbors in the beginning and he resented, he says, every new house that went up. That may be why, when he's describing the joy he takes in his farmhouse, several words keep repeating themselves: "the privacy. . . the isolation." His parents were interested in furniture—his mother was a collector—and he himself was "always interested in fashion, how tables were set, what people wore." He might have trained as an architect, "but at the time I thought it was too much engineering, too much mathematics and all the things I'm not exactly. . . ." Instead, after the army, he came to New York and Parsons School of Design. He was there for four years and stayed on to teach; eventually, in 1962, he went to work with the famous Sister Parish, whose partner he is still.

Given Mr. Hadley's travels in the realms of gold it is pleasant to hear that he has found several of his own treasures by beating the Sanitation Department to a pickup. "The writing table with the blue cloth top I found on the street, and the tables by the beds in two of the guest rooms. And once [Mr.



In master bedroom of Hadley's house, a 19th-century American spool bed.

Hadley is visibly warming to his subject] I was walking on an uptown street, saw a glimmer of gold in the trash, and out came this *beautiful* Regency gilt bracket." Finding a Chippendale sofa just before it was to be turned into landfill was especially memorable. After being recovered it was "*wonderful*."

Mr. Hadley is not only lucky in his walks, he is lucky in his friends, many of whom seem to spend a lot of time saying, "Ooh, just the thing for Albert." (Sister Parish's finding "Just the thing for Albert" is how he acquired his farmhouse: she steered him to it.) He has a closetful of such things, and what he doesn't use he passes on. "There's a certain life about objects, I think, and the life goes on and on. copper tray and candlestick, thou will stay forever. His mother gave th to him many years ago, saying, bought these just for you." So will t circus drawings from a series by By Browne. The first he bought; Van L Truex, the president of Parsons and mentor, gave him its mate. "I could have had a better present."

Mr. Hadley's best present to friends and clients is, of course, taste. "Tell me," asks a visitor, think to get a few tips, "do you have any c set of rules to design by?"

"Well," he replies, "I respect en mously the time and place of any arc tecture, and how one furnishes depends on what it says.

"Also, there's a continuity to on taste. If you really like things they tend to be of the same spirit and they work together."

"If you have to *brood* about som thing, then," his visitor says, reme bering a mirror framed in wo painted with wildflowers and a bird flight and presently in residence at antiques shop, "maybe you should get it?"

"If you don't know right away th something is something you want can use," Mr. Hadley answers firm "you shouldn't buy it."

Farewell, mirror framed in wo painted with wildflowers and a bird flight. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

December 1985

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COV
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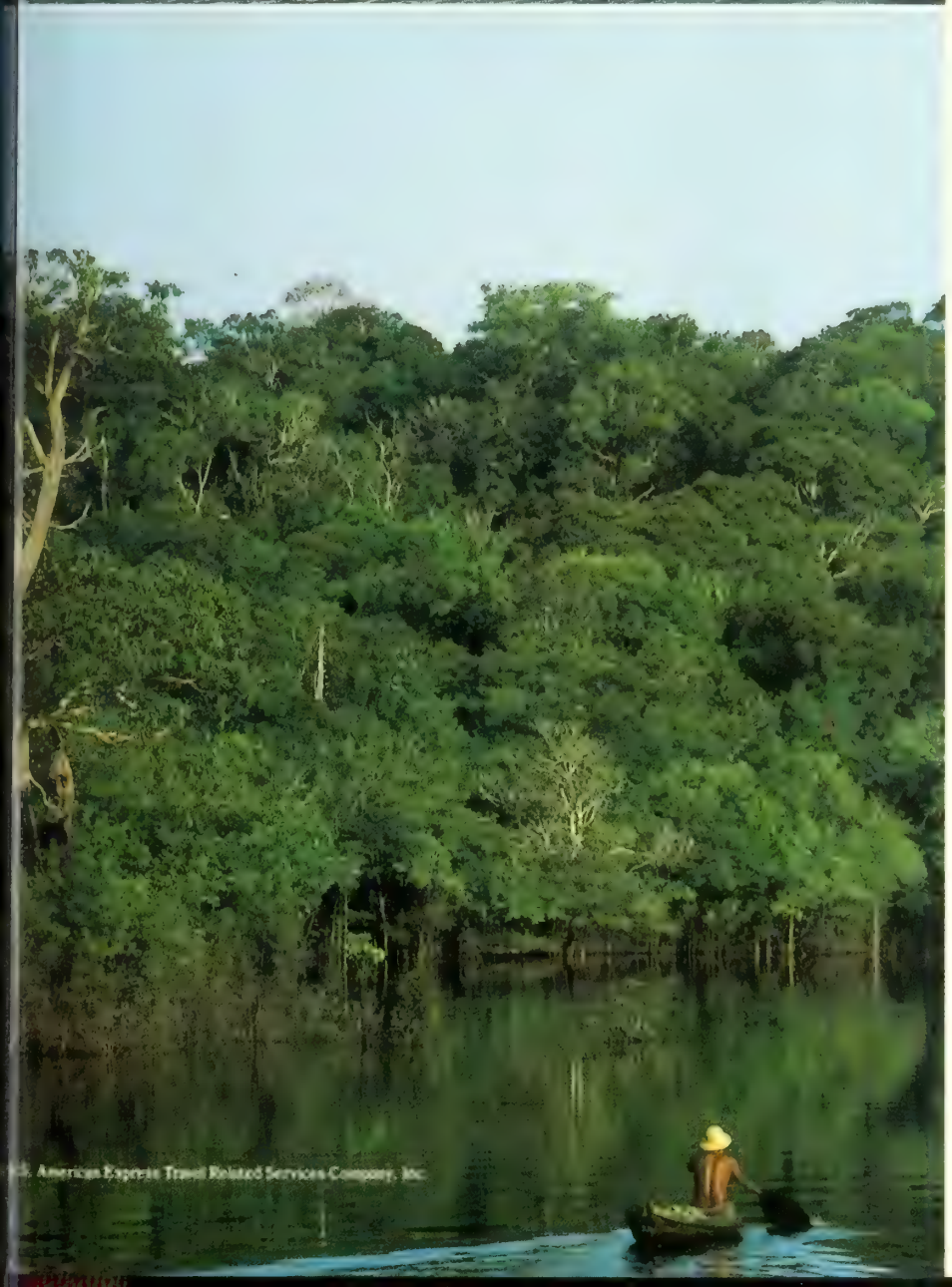
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

In this year's annual report from The New York Public Library I came across an extract from a speech Isaac Bashevis Singer gave "In Celebration of Learning" at the library last year.

"How I envy those who will attend the libraries a thousand years from now," he said. "They might have unlearned a lot of the nonsense which their ancestors have swallowed on face value. They may have learned multitudes of truths of which we have no inkling today and which we would have considered totally impossible.

"We are still at the very beginning of learning both in science and in the arts," he continued. "I foresee a time when many of the ideas we have rejected so lightmindedly may come back into science and art. . . I feel like saying to my friends, the librarians: Let's begin to build the libraries of the future now. It is neither too early nor too late."



John Hejduk's *Angel* is one of many drawings by the architect-artist in his new book, *Mask of Medusa*.

Knowing that House & Garden is read in the reading rooms of scores of libraries across the country I take Mr. Singer's injunction "to build the libraries of the future now" very seriously, and assume he is talking to us at House & Garden as well as his friends the librarians.

New in the stacks next year will be a book by John Hejduk, architect, poet, and dean of the School of Architecture at The Cooper Union in New York. Senior Architecture Editor Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron and I got together with Dean Hejduk to talk about his new book, *Mask of Medusa* (Rizzoli), and were so intrigued by his special architectural vision that Builder of Dreams, which includes an interview by another poet, David Shapiro, page 172, was the final result. For me, John's poetry alone makes this a special issue for us all.

At House & Garden we always look at the December issue as a Christmas present to our readers, and so it gave me great pleasure at a party the other evening when a fellow journalist told me that our 1984 December issue had been for him the most beautiful issue of a magazine he had ever seen. Even as it gave me pleasure, it also made me a little nervous, for we were that very week releasing this December issue to the press. Had we done it again?

We knew we were on our way when Ann and Gordon Getty agreed to trim their Christmas tree early so we could photograph the spectacular collection of newly commissioned opera figures that will decorate it in San Francisco this year. Contributing Editor Marilyn Schafer reports on the enormous task involved in bringing Mrs. Getty's idea for a Christmas present for her opera-enthusiast husband to its spectacular realization, page 102.

Another present came our way when Editor-at-Large Rosamond Bern was talking with Sir John Pope-Hennessy about his major new work Cellini. When she asked about an excerpt for House & Garden he offe instead to do something especially us; see page 128 for Cellini's *Perseu*

Mark Hampton makes the poin this month's On Decorating that hind the often-maligned mod Christmas practices is the "lauda underlying desire to make people h py." Mark goes on to suggest, page that Christmas is the time for indulg in the luxury of nostalgia. We appla a bit of nostalgia in John Richards text accompanying Oberto Gili's p tographs of fashion designer Oscar la Renta's apartment in New Yo John reminisces about evenings at de la Rentas' when Oscar's late w Françoise, our first editor-at-lar gave dinner parties at their magnific table.

It reminded me of my first visit to de la Renta apartment, when Franço and I had a cozy lunch in a small sitt room that has since been opened int much larger living room, a smashi redo by the flat's longtime designe Denning & Fourcade. See page 108

Having just delivered our fi daughter, Amy, to Smith, I doubly a preciated Barbara Bush's remark Charlotte Curtis when the Vice-Pre dent's wife was interviewed for this sue, page 132: "I've always thoug that if I could get five children throu college, I would be a roaring success

Now we're looking forward to ha ing our first college student home f Christmas. Part of our celebration the season this year will be going out Michigan for Amy and Lauren's gran mother's 75th birthday on Christm Day. Happy Birthday, Mother.

And to all of you, Merry Christm and a Happy New Year.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Ch



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THE POINT OF VIEWS

By Diane Johnson

Gaston Bachelard writes about huts, and of a Hut Dream that he says is common to everybody, a dream of ideal coziness and safety. You are snug within a small dwelling set on the edge of a wilderness, warmed by a fire, protected from a scene of wild nature outside. His concern is life indoors, a metaphor for the inner life of the self; it does not really interest the philosopher to wonder why one is continually stealing to the window, drawing back the curtains, gazing out at the landscape with more than mere satisfaction at being protected from the elements. Of the two kinds of people, in the matter of hut-dwelling, I am probably like most novelists, a gazer-out; philosophers and scholars, or, no doubt, great beauties, would keep the curtains drawn, and all that is to happen is to happen within.



It was the habit of my family to collect huts from which to admire scenes of wild nature, and it has remained a habit of mine. Some people clearly prefer a large country house, or a penthouse river panorama, or feel no need to look out at all; but to my mind a small cottage is a better place to look out from, and the ideal thing is to have one or two such places, in order to enjoy the strangely fortifying effect of a change of scene. The question is, what good is a change of scene?

My first hut, my formative hut, was my father's duck blind, a chilly shack by an Illinois river, roofed with leaves, walled with rushes, water lapping under the floor, hideously cold. Here my father and his friends would crouch for hours, smelling of wool and gunpowder (and Four Roses), while I, bundled as stiffly as a papoose on a board, was solemnly obedient to the instruction that here you had to be as still and wary as any wild creature. It was thrilling when the ducks and geese mistook us for some of them and came flapping and calling our way, and I don't remember feeling much concern for their fate (though, later in the year, I felt anguish for rabbits and squirrels). In the duck blind there was nothing to do but gaze at the capricious river, which might bring anything floating along, and at the beauty of the frosted banks, with their hoar-rimmed twigs and rushes, winter birds in the bare trees.

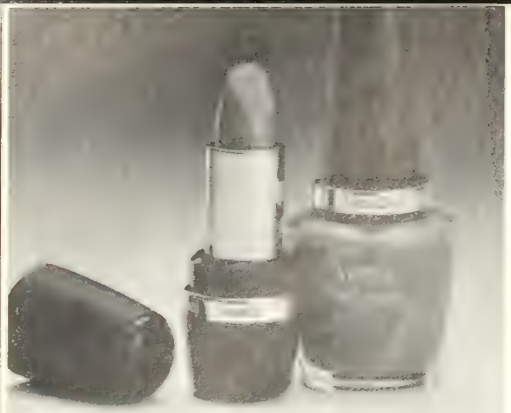
In summer a cabin of logs, which had only to be painted each June with wonderful, smelly creosote, and the chinks between them renewed with putty. All else was rustic—perhaps too rustic—water from a pump by the kitchen sink, and, for years, an outhouse in back. Much rejoicing when modern life was conceded to at last. Memories still of the terrifying dark walk, in the night, and the crunch underfoot of the corpses of June bugs who had earlier flown against the light.

From here, on the Straits of Mackinac, you looked out at a white-capped ocean of water, at boats, at gulls and loons. I knew by their smokestacks which of the great ferries lay in the distance—the *Wawotam,* the *City of Sheboygan.* There were freighters carrying ore, and Chris Crafts going to the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island. Bobbing in the foreground was our rowboat, the *Unc,* which, before I was allowed to row at large, I could sit in, tethered to the dock, to imagine sailing to the Grand Hotel.

"We are to walk about your gardens, and gather the strawberries ourselves, and sit under trees—and whatever else you may like to provide, it is all to be out of doors—a table spread in the shade, you know. Everything as natural and simple as possible. Is not that your idea?" asks Mrs. Elton.

"Not quite. My idea of the simple and natural will be to have the table spread in the dining room," says Mr.


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Knightley. Maybe, to resolve this ancient dispute, we can allow that the natural thing is to be almost outdoors, to be protected from the outdoors only as much as is consistent with survival, nature modified by a minor transition between us and it. New Alpine chalets regard the icy slopes through vast picture windows of thermal pane. In Kenya there is said to be a hotel with no walls, so that a person can almost touch a lion feeding at night. (Someone stands by with a gun.) In Hawaii, too, the public rooms of seaside hotels are often open to wind and storm, which, being warm, are only an exhilarating pretense of danger. Some sense of danger is important. The Romantics thought that to profit from view we ought to feel terror.

Today, in the hospitable mountains of California, we are outdoors in both summer and winter. In summer I sit writing on the porch of my cabin and look out at the vast blue of Lake Tahoe (in truth rather urbanized when I look behind me). The lake is like my childhood memory of the Straits. There is a theory that we are imprinted like goslings with landscapes of earliest memory, and that these define beauty for us; a South African visiting me exclaimed with admiration at the desert around Palmdale, a spot to my view both menacing and ugly, the home of jet bombers, the site of crashes.

Then we have another hut, near the ocean on the coast above San Francisco, a place that reminds people with other memories of Maine or Scotland. We look out on grassy dunes and the glimmering sea behind them, and in another direction on a lagoon where birds gather, and, at certain seasons, members of the Audubon Society doing their census, and at others, enthusiasts of wildflowers up for the day from the city. I find this landscape alluring but forbidding. The salty wind blows violently and eats away the knobs and railings, the fog in summer dampens the sheets, the waves steadily roar. My husband, John, finds it congenial, because he is a Californian, connected to the sea, diving for abalone and knowing the names of the gulls. I like best the look of a redheaded woodpecker or a cardinal, of violets and spring beauties. But they don't have these in California. Some landscapes are comfortable and beloved, some are attractive but menacing. One should have bot

Certainly landscapes are luxur that grow dearer as we ourselves come less able to defend against m ters that "spoil" them, according to romantic traditions which have form our taste. What we don't like to se the hand of man—at least not his au or oil rigs. When it looked like t state-park people were going to buil parking area out among the dur within our view, we grew hysteric Nineteenth-century landowners u rooted their orderly, geometrical, f mal gardens and allowed "nature" take over, or artfully approximated with brand-new ruins and ivy train over them, and moss encouraged, comment on the vanity of human e deavor. Nonetheless, modern peop have learned to admire the cityscape have a third change of scene: from r writing-room in San Francisco I lo out upon the works of men.

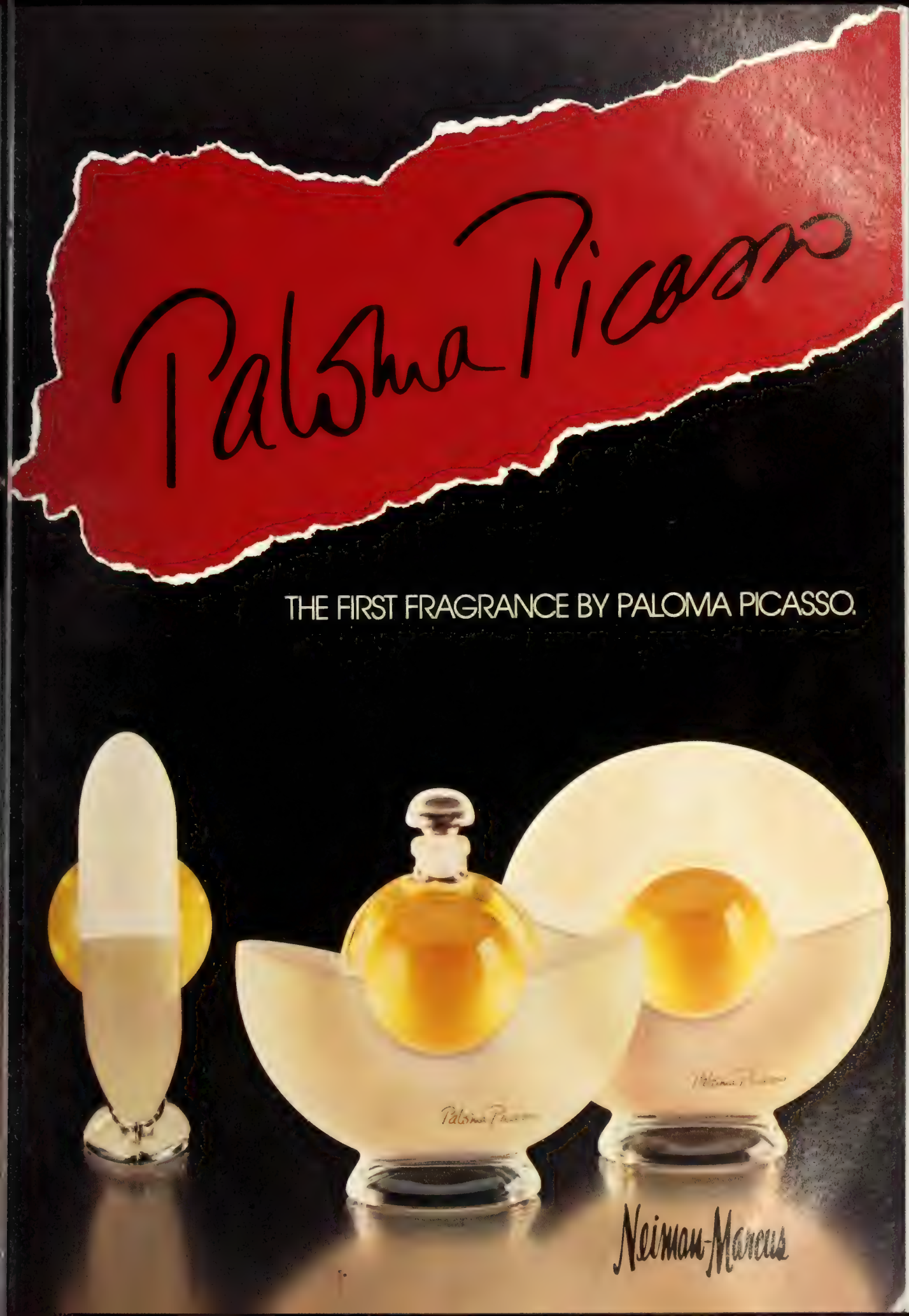
Some connoisseurs of views ins that an ideal one includes some anim tion—ideally water and boats, but ne er people. The tiny figures in a Turn drawing are just for scale, to sugge people overawed. People represent i trusion, maybe danger. But I find fro my third-story window that the sight lots of people scurrying about confers pleasant sense of lofty solitude. Ma of them are wearing Chinese dres which adds, besides, an element of th picturesque, another avenue of e cape—to China. The rest of the view of Victorian houses painted pink an gray to match the light, stacked lik pastel boxes up and down the hills; an in the far distance, I have all the lan marks: the Coit Tower, the tip of th steeplelike TransAmerica Buildin whose odd shape all condemned an now admire, the hotels on Nob Hi disporting flags of improbable hug ness. All this is strangely beautiful, an hardly a tree in sight.

But there is something strange abou not being able to be outdoors withou undergoing some transitional exper ence of stairs or elevator first. No won der people flee cities—even Paris—fo the country or parks. So much for th city as an efficient social arrangemen It makes us all take up twice as muc space, looking for places you can wal straight out the door.

What of life inside huts, of the logis tics of moving from scene to scene? It i


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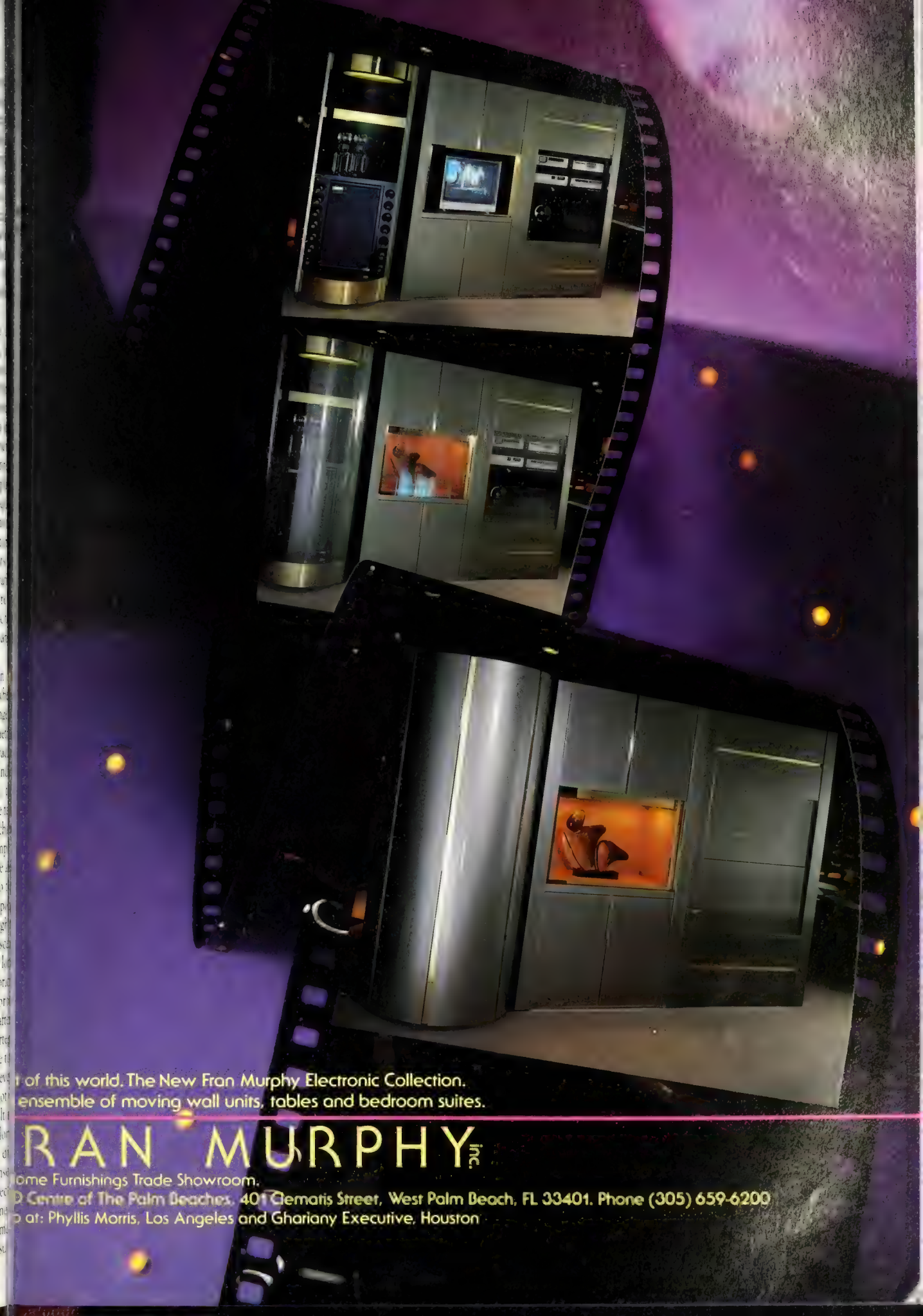
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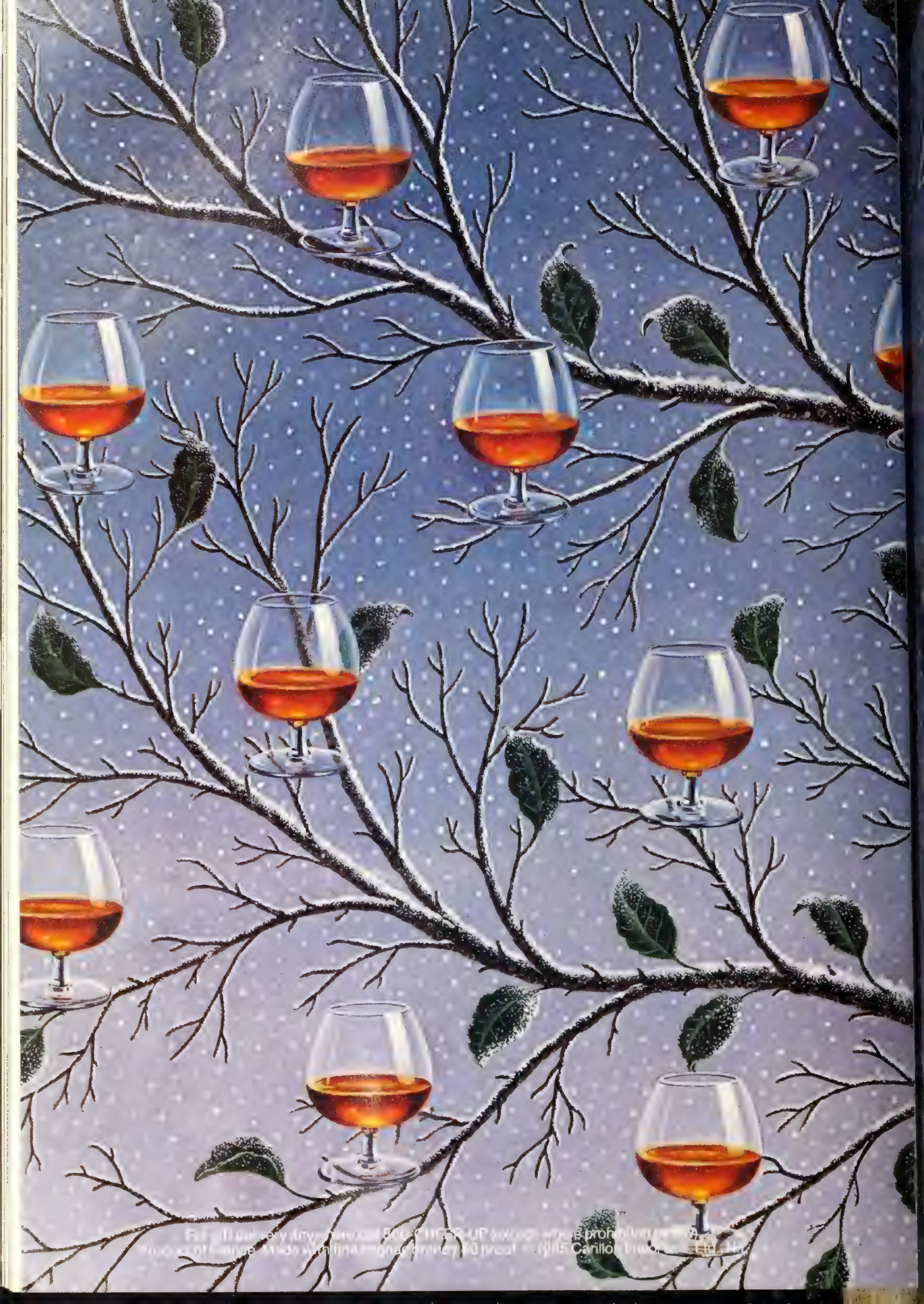
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a history of lost shoes and extra toc
brushes. In a small place you should
tidy and well-organized, but I am n
The place should be comfortable a
pretty, must not animate any impul
to beautify it further, and it should
spartan and swept as a ship, so t
people begin dreaming or thinking
art instead. In the cabin people whi
and do needlepoint and paint. Back
the real house they would have to
something. The real house is both
comfortable and too demanding.

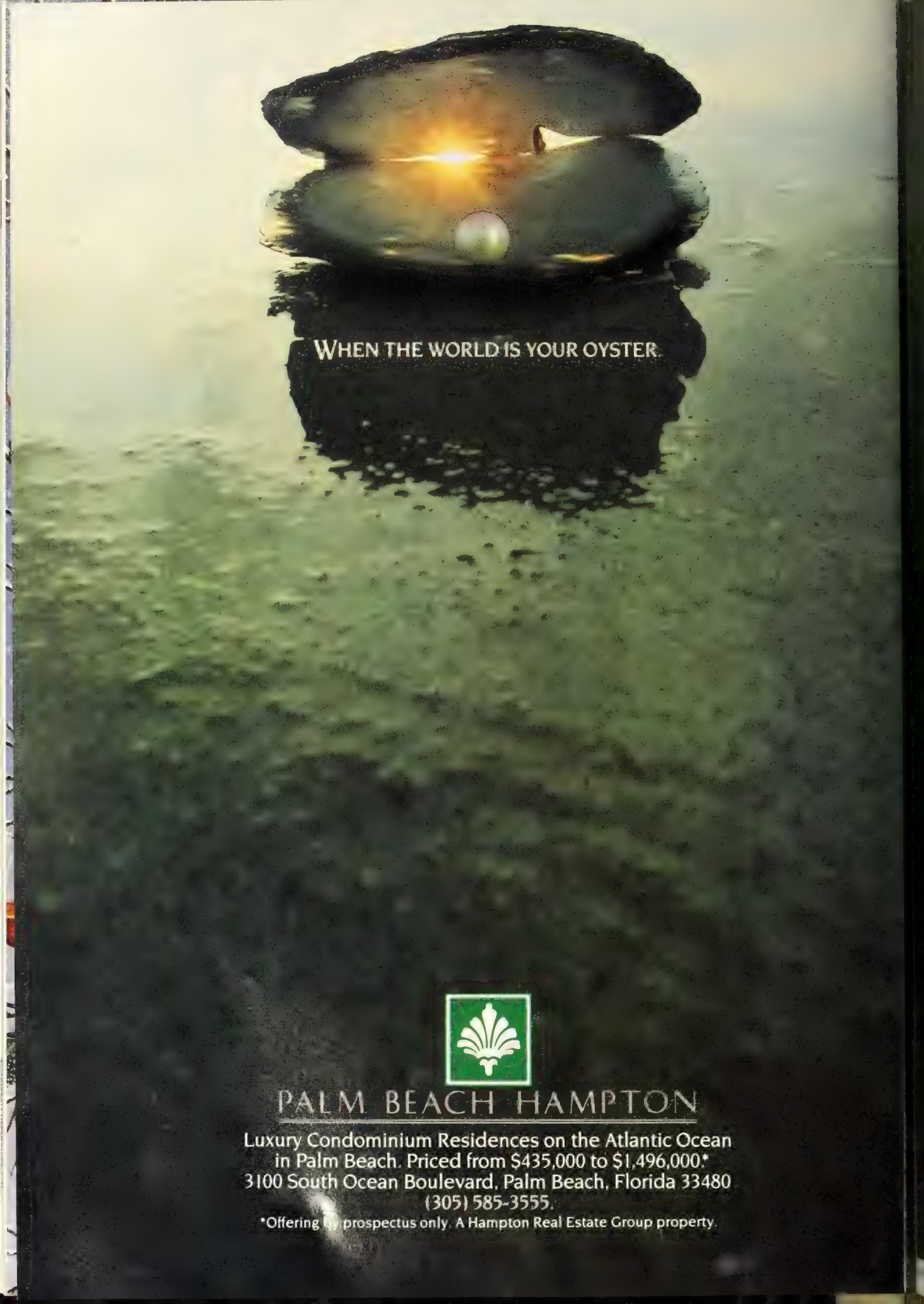
Do we look at a landscape, a
"view" as we look at a painting, o
paintings have trained us to do, for
or, composition, expressive featur
Are we moved by it as Ruskin notic
because we can project our own er
tions onto the weeping willow, the
jestic mountain, the joyful sunri
What is there—these commonpla
of aesthetic speculation—are equa
the "view." All can have it and no
can own it. This democratic featur
probably why environmentalists
denounced as radicals by conservati
who act, some of them, as if it were
triotic to spoil a view. In economic f
of course, views are luxuries, chan
of scene even more so.

We might, I suppose, trade in
huts for a proper big house somewh
but then we would have no change
scene; and a change of scene, whet
beautiful and untroubling, or brac
and scary, seems finally to be a kin
metaphysical self-indulgence,
greatest luxury of all. It is what we t
for granted when we donate to ch
ties who send city children to camp
is understood by Charlotte Brontë
her friend when they accede to
wish of the dying Anne to be transp
ed two days' journey to Scarborough
see, in her last moments, beloved sc
ery there. Looking at scenery we l
ahead, into the future—a metaphor
conflation of "prospect" and "pr
pects," a hope of future life, or af
life. Or a strategy for this life. Ort
might have said that even huts are
comfy: "Life is, in itself and forev
shipwreck. To be shipwrecked is no
drown But ten centuries of cult
al continuity brings with it—alo
with many advantages—the great
advantage that man believes hims
safe, loses the feeling of shipwre
. . . some feeling of discontinuity m
therefore intervene, in order that m
may renew his feeling of peril, the s
stance of his life." □


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CHINA STILL LIFES

Taking in street scenes from Beijing to Shanghai and beyond

By William Gass

you are a visitor in Beijing, a bus ill take you to the Great Wall re the people clambering about on ill likely outnumber the stones. wever, not everyone in China is ding inside the circle of the buses, athing his last, or pushing his way that ancient barrier's many steps steep slopes, although it may seem nor is the Great Wall this incredible ntry's only dragon-shaped defend- ecause a billion people require the fort of at least a million walls: walls cealing houses, safeguarding fac- es, lending themselves to banks and ce buildings, hotels and new con- uction, defining villages, com- nds, parks, and squares, protecting godas, temples, shrines, and pal- s; and along the top of many of se walls a snakelike creature made slate and tile and stucco seems to wl, its odd equine head baring a g's teeth, with thin wire flames, like tennae, breathing from its nose. For their apparent ferocity, the inten- ns of these monsters are pacific, as the quiet courses of fired clay they pentine upon. The city streets them- lves appear to pass between walls d beneath trees as if they were en- sed, and the shops open out into em as open doors pour into halls.

In Beijing, alongside even the imme- ate edge of an avenue, rank after rank potted flowers have been brought to tention—thousands of salvias, for in- ance, clearly a favorite—as if a pot ad to be put out for every cyclist who ight possibly pass. These e protected by low wire ops or sometimes by an iron nce of impeccable design hen it is not displaying pan- da-covered kitsch. Success is hit or miss. For the cyclists, too, collisions are not infrequent. I saw a small truck run over a wheel and a leg as though they were bumps in the road. The wheel bent like soft tin and the cyclist's mouth went "O!" Cyclists *are* the street as water is the river, and you can walk across in safety only if your movements are slow and deliberate and resemble a stone's. The bikes sail down the dark streets at night and show no lights, though the buses like to flare theirs. The Chinese say they do it for safety's sake, but each burst is blinding. In their own much narrower lanes, which in intersections they cannot keep to, trucks and buses honk and growl; you will hear occasionally a hawker's cry; otherwise the city is silent except for the continuous ching-a-ching of the bicycle bells. Serenity is always startling. You take close hold of yourself as if your spirit were about to float away, and you say: "Perhaps it's true, and I have a soul after all, other than the one emitted by the exhaust pipe of the motorcar."

Near the long red line of blooming plants, as if to root them for as many seasons as the trees shall persevere, there is a grand row or two of weeping birch or sycamore, then a handsome wide walk—crowded of







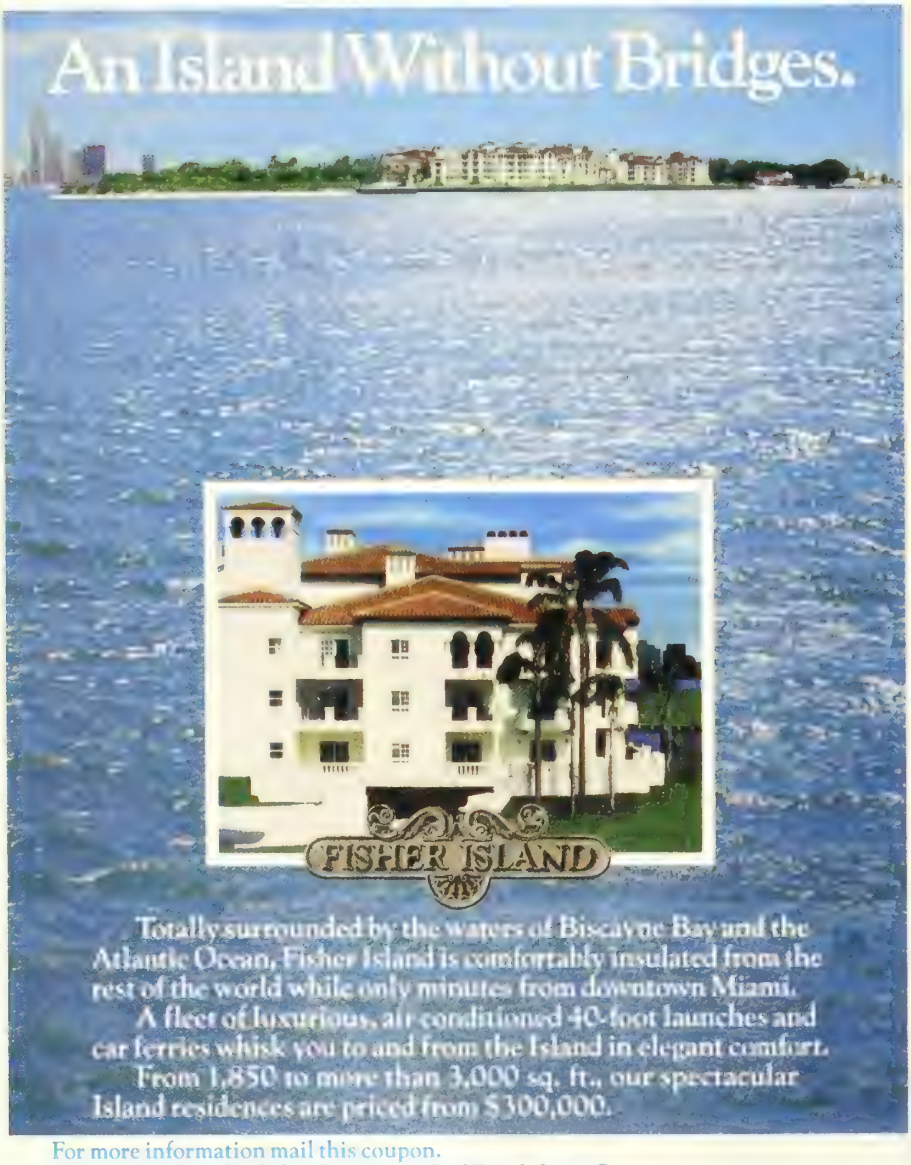
op: Red tools in the Bamboo Gardens Hotel, Beijing. *Far right:* A stand on Fuyu Road n Shanghai. *Right:* Where the storyteller reads, Suzhou.

course—and finally the rich red or yellow plastered wall of a public garden or royal house, the whitewashed wall of a simple shop, or often, in the poorer quarters, one of loosely stacked brick in both alternating and parallel courses, in chevrons, on edge, at length, sometimes like a pattern book they lie so side by side in every posture, frequently free of mortar too, the builder expressing his mastery of economics, gravity, and tradition in the humblest stretch of work. These are walls against which the spangled shadows of the trees fall like a celebration, and through which the light runs like driven rain.

In China, to understand some of its most appealing aspects, Necessity should be the first stop for the mind. The comparative freedom of the streets from cars, the sidewalks from dogs, drunks, and vandals, the gutters from trash: these are a few of the slim benefits of poverty and a socialist state. The brooms of the sweepers pass beneath the feet of shoppers as if shoppers' shoes were simply lea Pets compete for a desperately stretched food supply, and are th fore only surreptitiously kept. An an improving economy fills these be tiful streets with automobiles, it wil a calamity. But Necessity is never t admired; it is, at best, only the s mother of invention; and in China elsewhere, it is the cause (or rather, excuse) for hurried, cheap, high- buildings, which appear to repeat ery greedy callous Western gesture.

One should not sentimentalize least not overly much) about the street-and-alley culture of the slu yet the cities of China are made streets made of people—walking, b ing, working, hanging out. In the pa between buildings there is a world narrow outdoor rooms; along walks of wider streets, goods are set for display and sale; in the open do ways workers enjoy the air and li and sun while they repair shoes, s shave a round of wood for chopstic clean chickens, and wash pans. T edges of the street are lined with b rows, the center is filled with pedes ans, and out over everyone, from b sides, waves the household wash, hu from bamboo poles propped out second-story windows and held firm by a slammed sash. Hong Kong i world away, but the poles still bris from the windows of the high ri there: a bit of wash can flutter away the wind like a kite ten floors from street; the sanitation is superior; wa rises magically in hidden pipes; ther more than the personal forty squ feet of living space which is Shangh average; and you can no longer your neighbor, smell his fires—a uation which many planners and p iticians approve. As a visitor Westerner, a tourist, unburdened the local "necessities," I say, "Let rich rot in their concrete trees like picked fruit, and leave the earth to people."

For the curious passing eye, course, these open doors and dra shades, these tiny passageways and tle courtyards, including every ina vertent jiggle in the course of the stre afford, literally, a sudden "insigh Chinese gardens, with their doorl doors, round as the eye says the wo is, their Gibson girl and keyh



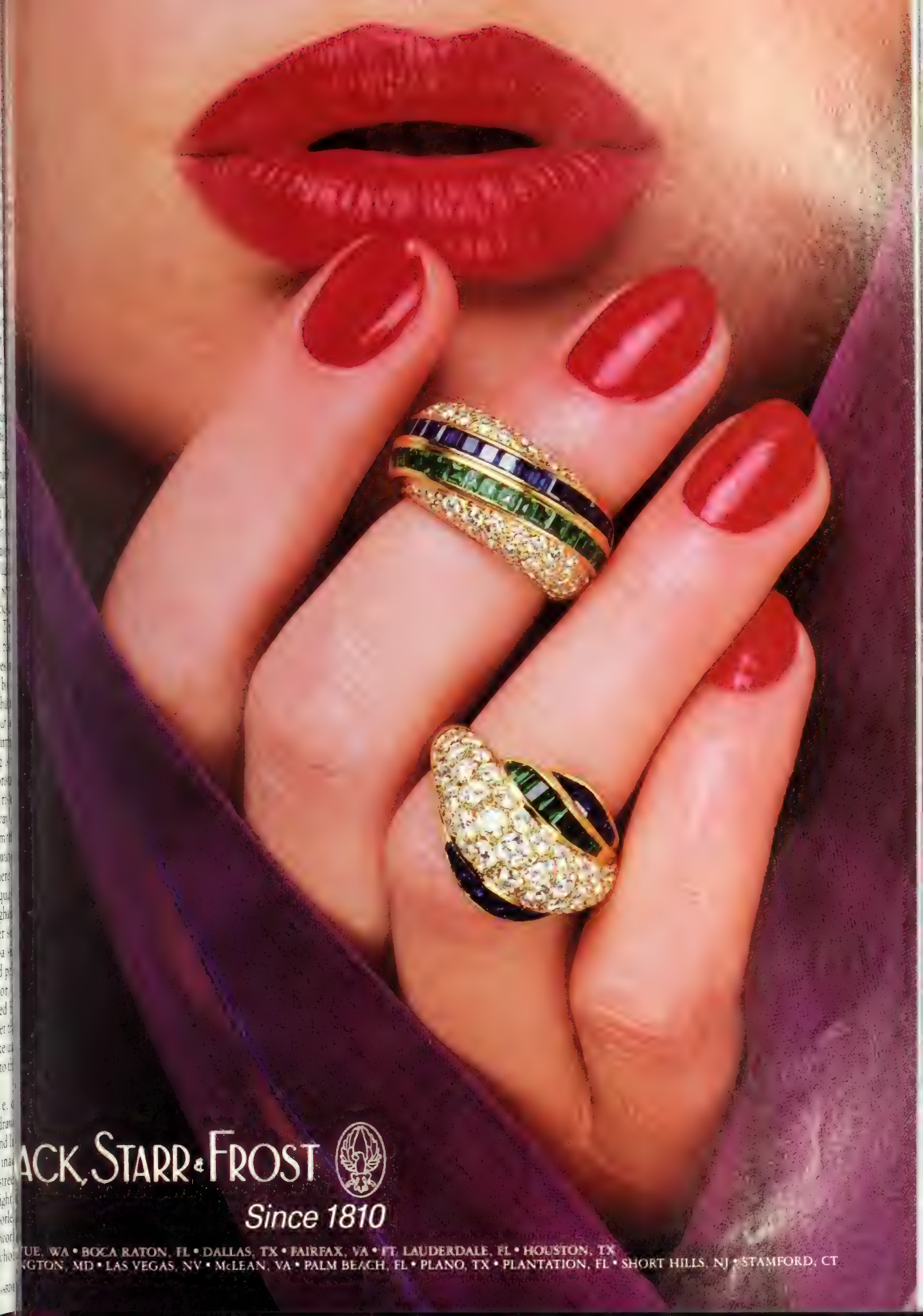
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shaped gates, their doors framed like paintings or sometimes like windows, as well as every other kind of intermission in a wall that they delight in—punched, screened, glazed, shuttered, beaded, barred—have established the motif of the maze, that arena for interacting forms which seems endless in its arbitrary variety yet one which does not entirely conceal its underlying plans, as zigzag bridges, covered paths, and pools of multiplying water make a small space large, and negligently wandering walls and their surprising openings constantly offer charmingly contorted eye lines, while contributing, along with the swooping roofs and undulating levels of the ground, to the ambiguity of every dimension, especially those of out and in, whose mixture is also the experience provided by the city streets.

The big cities now have vast blank squares like Tian Anmen in Beijing—they are people pastures, really—fit mainly for mass meetings, hysteria, and hypnotism, while the new wide and always wounding central avenues are suitable for totalitarian parades and military reviews; although it was no different in the old days, since some of the courtyards in the Imperial Palace can hold a hundred thousand heads together in a state of nodding dunder. This is one reason why it is comforting to find these streets, yards, and squares, filled with running children, strollers, and bicycles, because they are such splendid examples of free movement—of being "under one's own power." Walking, running, swimming, skating, cycling, support the moral realm, as sailing does, in as much as each seeks to understand and enjoy energies already present and often self-made, whereas the horse, train, rocket, car, and plane require and encourage the skills of domination on the one hand, and passivity on the other. The pedicab, alas, is coming back. And one sees people still pulling heavy loads like beasts. In such cases, the load is truly Lord and Master. But the present regime has lifted many a beastly burden from many a human back. I lik imagine that the warm blue autu skies I enjoyed during most of my in China were the radiant reflectio the faces of the people.

That word, and the familiar ima have called back again into servic "a stream of people"—would not s far-fetched or even hackneyed if were to look down into Guangzh Renmin Road (or "street of the p ple") where a glut of pedestrians slo moves, not impatiently, though sh der to shoulder, but reflectively, crowd leaves after a splendid con It is not New Year's; it is not an o sion of any kind; it is simply midm ing, and the people twine through streets, living as closely as fiber cloth. In this crowded world the wa like one of those inner skins that ke organs from intervening in the act of others; they corner chaos like an ruly dog and command its obedien saw in a park a pair of lovers fond one another while lying perilousl the thick fork of a tree. Couples g such places to quarrel, too, or work their incompatibilities with one an er's relatives, to play with the baby themselves, or simply to have an un structed view of their spouse's face is that difficult to be alone.

Nor normally is the eye left em The tourist will have to look high low for the fierce stone lion behind stiff grins and adopted postures of Chinese, one hundred of whom having their pictures taken in the la a seated Buddha, on the back bronze ox, in front of a garden of ro beside a still and helpless pool: whatever seems majestical, anci and handy. The photographers th the camera toward the ground unt hangs from their arms like the seat swing. Taking aim from below th knees, they stare down at the viewfi er as though peering into a well. Wh ever their reasons (perhaps, like they are waiting for a clear shot), t take their time, so poses are held bouquets.

That is, they try to stand as still as burnished brass bowl or stone lamp painted door they are leaning agai But their lips quiver and their eyes s and the heart beats high up in th chests. Bystanders fidget and gig Movement, not fixity, neither of p tograph or statue, is the essence of



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It is an ancient tenet. These walls that have made the symbolic center of th piece might be thought to be in oppos tion to mutability and alteration, but i China this is not so. The Great Wa rolls over the mountain ridges like coaster.

And within the walls, the walls wall not slowly, according to some custom ary means of reckoning, but swiftl each step of brick marking a year sand does seconds sliding the sides its glass; and it is perhaps this parado we understand least when we try to ur derstand China: how calm, how stil and how steadfastly sustaining chang in China is; how quickly, like the ex pression on a face, even bronze can a ter; how smartly the same state ca come about like a sailboat in the win yet the bronze endures and maintair its vigil; the ship, the water, and th wind remain themselves while disap pearing into their actions; so that nov as this great nation opens itself to th West and selects some Western way to welcome, in nearly every chest, though it shaped a soft cage for th soul, the revolution still holds i breath, while the breath itself goes i and out of its jar as anciently and rhythmically, almost, as moods mov through a man, and men move fro one place to another like vagabonds.

The Great Wall rolls over its ridge I dared to say, yet the Great Wa stands. The Great Wall draws on tourists now who sometimes steal i stones, not invaders or brigands. St the Great Wall stands for the past. So is the past that rolls over the hills her it is the past which stands, the pa which lures the tourist; and the pas when it speaks, speaks obsessively the present.

In China, the long dispute betwee tradition and revolution, rest and m tion, action and contemplation, ope ness and secrecy, commitment ar withdrawal, politics and art, the inc vidual and the mass, the family and th state, the convoluted and the simp continues with voices raised and mu at stake. That's why, perhaps, amid th crush and the closeness, the delight yet frantic building and trading ar making, I was struck by slower tim and more wall-like movements.

On a busy Shanghai street, I a brought face to face, not with faces f a change, but with a weather-beat





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wooden box, a bowl, a simple pile o goods, all stacked so as to still life, and my sleeping sensuality is shaken awake as it might be by an appealing naked- ness.

Or perhaps I notice two women in the act of hanging out a bright banner of wash, arrested for a moment by a thought; or I see on the sidewalk by my feet a display of fruit or school of glis tening silver fish or a spread of drie mulberries in the center of which a but terfly has lit and now folds its black and-white wings.

Or it is a set of tools resting against garden wall in such a way their energie seem harmonized inside them; anothe time it is a group of whitewash pots jugs of wine, or sacks of grain, or an al ley empty of everything but chickens or a stretch of silent street with freshl washed honey pots, their lids ajar t breathe, sunning themselves in th doorways. Chairs draped with beddin may be taking the air; a brush has bee thrust between a drainpipe and it building to dry, an ooze of color dow the wall like a drip of egg. Shadows o trees, wires, wash, the tassels of lan terns: these further animate even th busiest lanes. I fancy I see in them op eratic masks, kites, the ghosts of re leased balloons. Or you discover you own shadow cast across a golden shee of drying rice, and you realize that yo are still at home in Missouri and tha this is your shade, loose in the midst o China's life.

The sill may rot, the bowl fall, bu nothing is more ageless and endurin than the simple act of sitting—simpl being here or there. The alleys of ever city are creased by ledges, crannie corners, cracks where a rag is wedge a pot of paint rests, or a basket hangs, broom leans, a basin waits; and where plant, placed out of the way like locked bike, is not a plant now, but wi resume its native movements later.

Down a whitewashed little lane Suzhou, you may find white bread an flour for sale on a white box beneath white sheet stretched out like an aw ning, and casting a shadow so pale seems white as well. Through an ope window with blowing white curtain you will be handed your change in th soiled palm of a white glove.

In the same lane is a teahouse whe a Vermeer may be found: benches, t ble, tray, row of glasses, teapot just s



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wall right there—all composed and rendered by the master. On top of the teahouse stove, the tools of the cook's trade lie in a sensuous confusion akin to bedclothes. Even the steam holds its shape and station like a spoon. In front of a few chairs, on a small stage, a lectern for the storyteller has been placed. There is one chair on either side of it, both draped with cloths. I make up an artificial audience, sitting there, looking at the wooden figures where the old tales are spoken, and I am truly overcome by the richness of this world: its care for the small things; this tidiness that transcends need and becomes art; the presence of the past in even the most impoverished places and simplest things, for the act of recitation, too, is as importantly immortal as the lean of a spade or a pot's rest.

China seems today in glorious and healthy tumult, but the visitor, charmed by the plenitude or patient genius of the people, the vast landscape and exotic monuments, should not neglect the corners of quiet—the



A bowl and basket in Shanghai

resting bamboo boats or idle ladders, the humblest honey pot or plastic purse or rouged wall—for these things and spaces are everywhere as well, and they are easily as ancient, fully as lively in their own interior way, and certainly as honestly and openly sensual as any rice-ripe, yellow, autumn landscape or langorous stretch of back or thigh.

So it is not by one of the many Buddhas one may see in China that I am reminded of Rilke's poem about that figure,

> As if he listened. Silence: depth . . .
> And we hold back our breath.

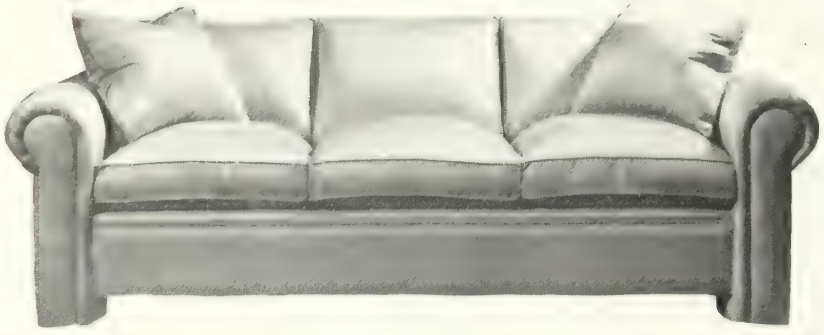
nor is it while I am bemused by the admittedly similar grandeur of the burnished bronze bowl that stands, in company with a carefully regulated tree, in front of a bit of royal wall in the Imperial Palace Garden,

> Oh, he is fat. Do we suppose
> he'll see us? He has need of that?

but during another kind of encounter entirely, in a commonplace Shanghai street, with a bunch of baskets hung above a stone sink. There is a lame straw fan nearby, and on the sink a blushing cup from which a watercolor brush has been allowed to stick. What hidden field of force has drawn these objects into their conjunction? A wooden bowl leans at the sink's feet, its rosy basin open to the sun. Beside the sink sits a teapot, while behind it rises a pipe where a washrag, dark still from its own dampness, dangles as though done for. There is also a brazier by the sink's side like a sullen brother, a handled pot perched uneasily on its head where a shiny tin lid similarly slides. On top of the sink, again, an enameled saucer waits on a drainboard of worn wood. It contains another jutting brush—a nice touch. It is by these plain things that the lines about the Buddha were returned to my mind, for I was looking at the altar of a way of life. The simple items of this precise and impertinent collection had been arranged by circumstances so complex, historical, and social, so vagarious and yet determined, that I felt obliged to believe an entire culture—a whole people—had composed it. Vermeer indeed, or some solemn Buddha, could only hold a candle, as though they were another witness, to this peaceful and ardent gathering of things.

> For that which lures us to his feet
> has circled in him now a million years.
> He has forgotten all we must endure,
> encloses all we would escape. □

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GOING WILD

When it comes to gardening, how natural should nature be?

By Anthony Huxley

On the face of it, a "wild garden" is a ntradiction in terms, for rely in principle are not rdens contrived, de- ned, with plants set out order, and controlled by e gardener—trimmed d pruned, and even re- ved if out of keeping? it has been since the ys of the rectangular, in- nally symmetrical Egyp- an garden and the mality of Greek and es- cially Roman gardens. But, as so often, it all de- nds on semantics—what es garden mean? In ne cultures—the Chi- e in particular, and the rsians later—gardens gan as game parks plant- with trees, and became tensions of nature. ese prototypes are often led paradise gardens, the Persian word for k and paradise is the ne; and the "Garden of en," that epitome of fection, has no hint of mality in the Biblical cription.

So there are two trends garden making, one tending to the ficial, one deriving from nature. e dictionaries, too, are quite ambiv- nt about formality—the Oxford, l Webster's almost the same, has, enclosed piece of ground devoted the cultivation of flowers, fruit or etables. . .; ornamental grounds." Certainly the predominant Europe- trend was first for formality, and rth American gardeners followed theme from the days of the first set- s with their symmetrical herb plots.



A tangle of ferns and spring flowers at Harringcourt in England.

But the desire for "nature" keeps coming in, even if it is a contrived view.

The first European description of a wild garden appears in Francis Bacon's famous essay "Of Gardens" of 1625. Among the garden features he proposes is a heath or "Natural wildernesse." It has no trees but thickets and bushes with wildflowers in their shade, and little heaps like molehills, each planted with low garden flowers. These are to be "not in any Order," but the bushes are to be pruned "that they grow not out of Course." Although perhaps unconvincing to us today, this wilderness embodies the essence of wild gardening, which, to quote Miles Hadfield, commenting on Bacon's essay, is "nature imitated and tactfully adorned."

By Restoration times the gardens of the first Duke of Bedford had a large wilderness in which a maze of alleys ran between trees and shrubs; but we know that much attention was lavished on it. The wilderness at Hampton Court in William and Mary's time, designed by Christopher Wren, was geometrically laid out with two main straight vistas—far indeed from natural.

The poet Pope, about 1722, describes Lord Digby's garden at Sherborne as essentially "irregular"; there are "a little wilderness" with honeysuckles and cherry trees; thickets of mixed trees, with wild winding walks; and old trees "inexpressibly awful and solemn." These last seem to have been desirable characters to embody in gardens of the time.

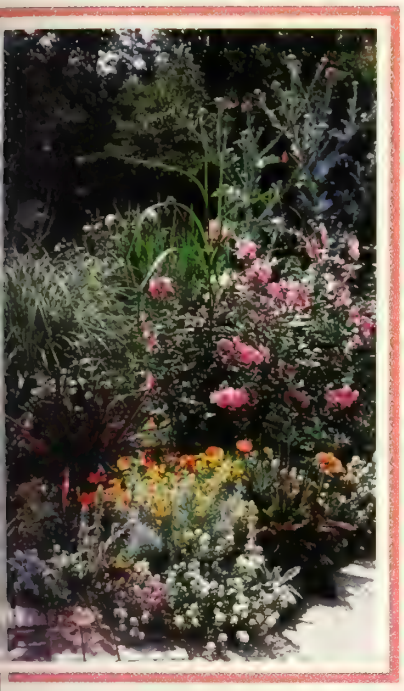
However, just about the same time began the English landscape garden, its first and still very splendid example being made at Stourhead from 1714. Contrived indeed, with lakes created from streams, hills raised and valleys dug, but mellowing and maturing into

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Jungly corner in the author's garden

mething like the Elysian landscapes Salvator Rosa and Poussin upon nich it was modeled. Perhaps this is t a true "wild garden," but it is anyng but formal. For sure, there are iny, many degrees between the one d the other.

Nowadays the text for wild gardens is William Robinson's dictum—pplied essentially to the placing of rfectly hardy plants under condins where they will thrive without fue care. It has nothing to do with the l idea of the 'Wilderness.' It does not an the picturesque garden, for a gan may be highly picturesque, and yet every part the result of ceaseless e." (*The Wild Garden,* 1870.)

As a result of this text Robinson is en credited with "inventing" the d garden in its modern sense, as he with Gertrude Jekyll, of "inventing" herbaceous border. In both cases was preceded by others but, the pen ng longer effective than the spade, ideas took root and wild gardening ead in Britain and to a lesser extent the European continent. A probaunconscious parallel lies in Monet's ious garden at Giverny.

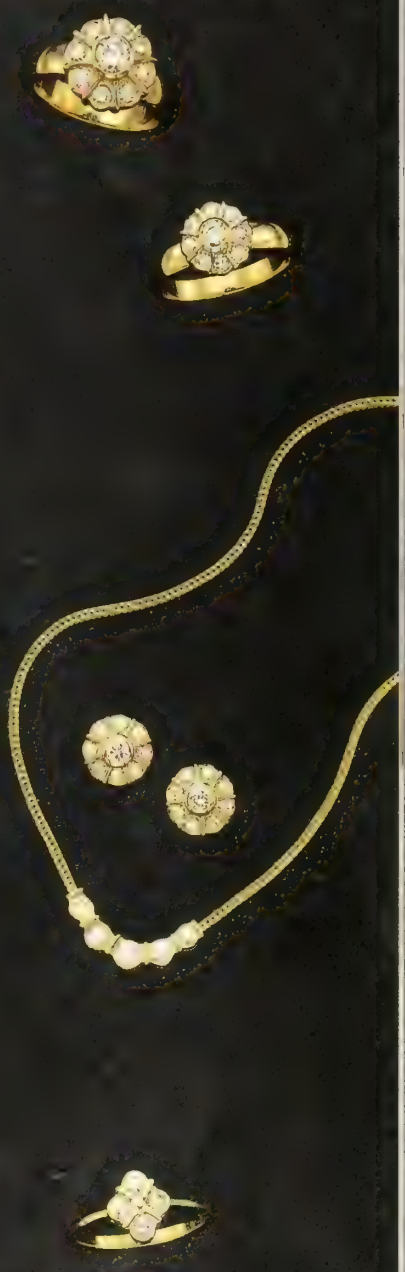
Wild gardening has not a little to do h the "plantsmanship" which charerizes many British gardeners in ticular—growing plants for their n sake without necessarily attempting to blend them in the garden scene. Before and after the Second World War, a circle of garden-minded East Anglian writers and artists like John Nash and Cedric Morris practiced this, and in a recent article the writer Ronald Blythe, who has inherited John Nash's garden, writes about their "unspoken rules": "These included a certain weed tolerance, the severe exclusion of some plants and the retaining of many seedheads for aesthetic reasons. A dead tree might also be thought a pleasure. Everywhere, the garden was expected to merge imperceptibly with the wildwood. Tidiness must never get anywhere near suburban-ness, the ultimate damned state."

Perhaps the most extensive naturalistic gardens (as I prefer to call them) in Britain today are the Savill and Valley Gardens in Windsor Great Park, begun in 1934, where Robinsonian planting principles have been applied. The Valley Gardens spread over a great area of natural-seeming undulating terrain (it arose in fact from much earlier "landscaping"), and like ancient Chinese originals of wild gardens were originally part of a hunting park. In many areas these Windsor gardens display their exotics among mature old trees, notably beeches and Victorian-planted conifers, which help to provide shelter during the time of establishment.

In the United States "wild" plantings of this sort exist mainly in botanical gardens like those at Washington and the Arnold Arboretum; but neither these nor the Windsor Park gardens are attention-free. Weeding, mulching, feeding, watering in dry times, path maintenance, all have to be done, while all plants have their term of life: older trees become dangerous and have to be replaced, looking to the future, and lesser plants like Himalayan blue poppies, grown in drifts in the Savill Garden, have to be replanted regularly.

Can the wild garden be scaled down to the smaller plot, the yard garden even? I think the answer is yes. Essentially this means letting plants do their own thing, shouldering and spilling into each other, seeding around. But—as so often in smaller gardens—the initial temptation is to plant too close, and quite soon one finds plants distorting or overgrowing their neighbors.

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Wild gardening has little to do with the "plantsmanship" which characterizes many British gardeners

And what one might think so desirable, especially in early bare-earth stages, ground-cover planting has the awful habit of going too far very soon. Seeding can also result in excessive densities of one plant or another. And weeds, once they get in, are sometimes impossible to get out in such gardens—ground elder, bindweed, couch can entangle horrifically with the roots of the garden plants.

The reader may sense personal involvement; and certainly my own small suburban plot is mostly allowed to develop as it wishes, to such an effect that my small daughter calls it her jungle. There is no way the East Anglian artists could have looked on it as "suburbanness." Plants have grown very rap[idly] and, yes, ground cover and cer[tain] deep-rooted weeds are a constant [wor]ry, as is the seeding of plants basic[ally] as choice as Lent lilies (*Helleb[orus] orientalis*), Mediterranean euphor[bias] and ferns. Attention is consta[nt] needed and sometimes I long for [au]tumn and the ability then to get into [the] jungle, extirpate weeds and crawl[ers], trim trees and shrubs, dig out seed[lings] plants in the wrong places. The str[ug]gle is, as they say, ongoing!—but I c[an]not garden any other way.

A new trend in wild gardening is [the] conservation garden designed to p[ro]vide a haven for wild animals, bi[rds] and insects. There should be pla[nts] which feed caterpillars of prized b[ut]terflies and others which provide n[ec]tar for the butterflies themselv[es], seedheads for birds and relatively [un]disturbed shrubberies for them to n[est] in; if space allows denser areas [of] shrubs and undergrowth where lar[ger] mammals—in Britain badgers and f[ox]es are examples—can find a hav[en]. Ponds encourage frogs, newts, a[nd] dragonflies, and a boggy area w[ith] marshland plants a whole differ[ent] range of creatures.

Some protagonists of conservat[ion] gardening have ended up with ov[er]grown elders and brambles, patche[s of] nettles, inaccessible swamps, and [no]ting old trees. There is no need for [this] at all; careful choice of ornamen[tal] plants can render the garden attract[ive] to insects and birds in principle, an[d] space allows a few bosky bits in [the] background help immensely. It's [a] very different to my own style of w[ild] gardening, though I have not done t[his] with wildlife particularly in mind.

Wild gardening is not to everyon[e's] taste, needless to say; but even th[ose] who, I know, have very neat and w[ell]-ordered gardens themselves seem[to] find mine attractive when visiting. [At] the least they politely say, "how int[er]esting. . . ." But while the neat garc[hed] can sometimes be called stiff and g[au]dy, and is apt to look bleak in its win[ter] tidiness, the wild garden, whatever [its] degree, is attractive and I think hap[py] all the year. □



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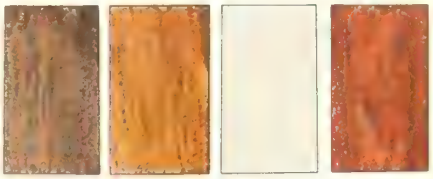
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MARILYN MONROE MEETS FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

By Bruce Brooks Pfeiffer



During the final planning stages of the Guggenheim Museum, Frank Lloyd Wright found himself spending so much of his time in New York that the constant renting of rooms at his favorite hotel, the Plaza, became a burdensome expense. Moreover, he needed a New York office, given the amount of time he was spending there. Since he loved the Plaza, he decided to rent a studio apartment on the second floor.

The Plaza became office and home for Mr. and Mrs. Wright from 1954 to 1959, and they spent a great deal of time there each year. One afternoon, Mrs. Wright went across the street to the Paris Theatre to see a movie. Upon returning, she exclaimed about the actress she had seen for the first time. "You will love her, Frank, she is so talented, vivacious, natural. They cast her in a very sexy role because she is stunning, but the thing you will like best about her is that she is so natural!" Her name was Marilyn Monroe and the film was *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

In 1957, Mr. Wright received a phone call from the actress, who was at that time married to Arthur Miller, the well-known playwright. She wanted a Frank Lloyd Wright house to be built on a piece of property near Roxbury, Connecticut. An appointment was made, and she came over to the Plaza from her apartment in New York. William Wesley Peters, Mr. Wright's son-in-law, was in the apartment when the doorbell rang. He opened the door and was astonished to find Marilyn Monroe standing alone at the door asking to see Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright appeared at the door, invited Miss Monroe in, and immediately spirited her into the living room of the suite.

The house that they discussed and that Mr. Wright designed for her was based on the project he had earlier designed for Robert Windfohr in 1949. The property in Roxbury had a slight slope going down to a running brook, and Mr. Wright made that slope a feature of the swimming pool. Natural, the large, circular living room provic for a cinema with a projection booth one end of the area and a film va Opposite, in the living room, is pro sion for a drop-down screen. On t second floor is a large costume va for Miss Monroe's wardrobe, and p visions are made for a spacious nurs and children's bedrooms. Since M Monroe was anxious to have childr of her own, the nursery is an import feature of the upper-level plan.

Before work could be started on t house, Marilyn Monroe's life had b come increasingly difficult. She se rated from Arthur Miller, and t studio complained of her erratic b havior during filming. Her dream build a Frank Lloyd Wright home herself and for the children she long to have was reluctantly abandon Her tragic suicide, some years lat grieved all of those who had met l and grown fond of her the several tim she visited the Plaza. □

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By Nancy Richardson



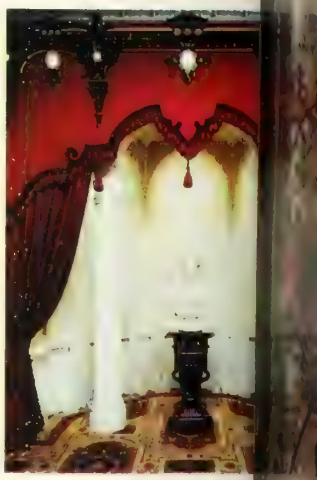


Vanderbilt fireplace, *top,* and detail of ceiling design, *above,* The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Carpet based on early-19th-c. design, for The Brooklyn Museum. Newbury Carpets.



UNEXPECTED SOURCEBOOK In the last few years with so many museums making a point of period rooms in general and new nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century rooms in particular, it is museums that are giving the design public some very good ideas. The museum period room can be useful as a lesson in decoration in a variety of ways. Some are valuable because they are exact reconstructions of a known room that may have come to the museum: paneling, furniture, carpet, curtains, lights, inventory, family diaries and all—or almost and all. Whether or not these rooms were particularly beautiful even by fashionable standards of their own era is not the point. What they do afford us is a legitimate look at how curtains were hung, what was done for curtain rods, tiebacks, wall and textile colors. Another kind of period room may include original paneling and even some furniture. There may be an inventory that tells what else was in the room but the descriptions of the other things are generic, the design on the ceiling long lost, and most of the furniture sold at auction. The role of the curator in this kind of period room is interesting. What carpet design to choose, what ceiling design to commission—although based on what was known from other similar houses—becomes a function of the curator's own visual sense. If the curator has the flair, this sort of period room calls for the decorator as much as it does the historian. The late Berry Tracy, once curator of American Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, was very fond of high-style—rather than typical—rooms from the past. He loved Federal furniture and the décor that went with it and created for the Met, Boscobel, and his own house in the country Federal rooms perhaps even more beautiful than Federal rooms ever were in the period. Tracy eventually left the Metropolitan to deal in American furniture and bring out collections of textiles based on old documents. (Similar collections are still available at Brunschwig and Scalamandré.) Most museums have both "real" period rooms and idealized ones, and I for one walk through both types thinking about my own domestic situation and come away with a nice long list of ideas to use at home right away. Needless to say, there are many things to be seen that only belong in a museum, but other ideas easily make the trip out the museum door and into real life. Once it occurs to people that how museums are doing their period rooms has a bearing on or is even an expression of contemporary decoration—think how Mr. DuPont's treatment of American eighteenth-century furniture at Winterthur influenced his contemporaries' taste at home—it seems natural to try and find out who the museums use to do the work. One



Curtains in the Met Renaissance Revival Parlor, *above,* overall v of the room, *below*



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man, Albert Wadsworth of Newbury Carpets, Williamstown, Massachusetts, has done carpets for virtually every period room in the country: the early-nineteenth-century rooms at the Telfair Academy of Arts & Sciences in Savannah, the Oak Hill Rooms at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the Governor's Palace in Williamsburg, Fountain Elms at the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica, the Harrison House Rooms at the Brooklyn Museum, as well as the Greek Revival Parlor at the Metropolitan. Robert Jackson of New York has done ceiling designs for the Diplomatic Reception Rooms at the State Department, the octagon and dining rooms at the Telfair Academy, and the Italianate ceiling of the Renaissance Revival Parlor at the Met. Nonnie Frelinghuysen, the assistant curator in charge of this most recent nineteenth-century room at the Metropolitan, used John Saraceno to make up new red damask curtains and adapted some old Swiss-made lace curtains as undercurtains. According to Brian McCarthy of Parish-Hadley, new lace curtains based on old documents are available at Old World Weavers, Cowtan & Tout, and Ian Wall Ltd. Mrs. Frelinghuysen also found David Flaherty and Steven Zychal to do a plaster cornice, ceiling medallion, and niches. In the Englehard Court the carved cornice on the top of the Vanderbilt fireplace was done according to the original drawing by a young wood-carver, Bill Sullivan, who has a workshop in New York City. Harold Eberhard of New York supervised much of the work for Henri Samuel when the latter was working on the Wrightsman Rooms. I have always noticed a general fussing in the design community when new period rooms open, as if design professionals instinctively know that there is something very contemporary—or at least artificial as opposed to historical—about any period room in a museum. So much more reason to use the decorative lessons these rooms teach as well the talent employed to ma them. ■ SMALL IS BEAUTIF

Collectors of contemporary pictu have always ended up owning so very large canvases, which wanted be installed in a big museumlike spa in order to look right. These pictu didn't mix particularly well with art other periods, and there were ma kinds of furniture that wouldn't fit i the same room with them at all. No however, with the renewed interest eighteenth- and nineteenth-century a ademic painting we are being remin ed of smaller pictures and their habit The current exhibition of French co painters at Stair Sainty Matthiesen n only enlarges our concept of Fren eighteenth-century painting from t conventional trio of Boucher, W teau, and Fragonard to include L brun, Lemoyne, and Pierre, b reminds us of the eighteenth-centu way of collecting and living with p tures. Colin Bailey's catalogue expla that a new class of collector began emerge at the end of Louis XIV's reig It was the period when auctions we first established and there was a tre away from setting pictures into the w in favor of easel paintings that we smaller and looked better in the fas ionable new *hôtels particuliers* bei built in Paris. These town houses h smaller rooms and the convention w to group paintings of all sorts—p traits, still lifes, history pictures, vi paintings—together on one wall. T most famous record of how a sophis cated mid-century collector hung pictures is the enamel miniature of t salon of the duc de Choiseul on a g box made by Louis-Nicolas van Bl enberghe. As in any period, the eig teenth-century produced paintin with difficult subject matter. These a the categories that Guy Stair Sain finds most appealing to contempora tastes: gentle religious subjects such scenes of the madonna and child or t annunciation, small mythological ca vases in which the nudity is very ide ized, oil sketches for larger paintin and any round pictures—especially pairs. At Stair Sainty Matthiesen, 1 East 69th Street, New York, until N vember 23; the New Orleans Museu of Art, December 10–January 19; T Museum of Art, Columbus, Oh February 8–March 26. □





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DICKENS, DISNEY, AND DELICIOUS

Christmas decorations vary from family to family but the spirit is the same: generosity, hospitality, and childlike pleasure

By Mark Hampton



MARK HAMPTON

A fondly remembered arrangement in the guest bedroom of a St. Anton chalet.

I try to pay as little attention as possible to the Christmas displays that begin to appear in department-store windows on the day after Thanksgiving because it's a little difficult to change gears so quickly. Later on, however, the first signs of the coming holiday season are quite welcome. The trucks and riggers setting out to install the trees on Park Avenue never fail to give me a lift, and coming home from work in the darkness of December afternoons takes on a special air when you catch the first whiff of pine needles that tells you a Christmas-tree stall must be nearby. Christmas finally begins to appear almost everywhere—on the airwaves, in the streets, and in nearly all the mail.

Surely no other holiday appeals to the senses in such a complete way. The smell of an orange studded with cloves, the sound of bells and carols, the sight of green and red and twinkling lights: we are annually immersed in the atmosphere of Christmas. Nor does any other holiday call up memories of the past with such vividness. There is an ineffable longing to relive moments of childhood happiness. A glance at a toy-store window or a mail-order catalogue can evoke remembrances of surprisingly remote origin. And, of course, the great advantage to reliving the past is that you can, with any luck at all, edit out the bad parts.

In spite of the constant criticism of the commerciality of modern Christmas practices, there is still the laudable underlying desire to make people happy. What, after all, is the purpose of giving presents to others if it is not to make them happy? The Saturnalia, which we are told was a forerunner of Christmas, was a celebration of the end of the year, a time when all the richness of the harvest season was brought forth to be enjoyed by everyone. Without being crude and insensitive to the deeper, spiritual aspect of Christmas, one can still be aware of the fact that people everywhere, regardless of religious beliefs, eagerly seize the opportunity to celebrate a holiday that glorifies generosity and hospitality and that centers particularly upon the pleasures of children. Thus Christmas becomes the moment for indulging in the luxury of nostalgia. People who never saw a Yule log being towed in by a team of farm horses can still somehow share in the mythology.

The first Chris
mas I spent awa
from home was at th
age of twenty in a t
tally unfamiliar vi
lage in Austri
Christmas traditio
were particular
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since we never move
and never change
anything. Even o
strings of colore
lights dated from t
war years. So you c
imagine the jolt
moving into the gue
room of a chalet in
Anton on the 24th
December and preparing for heav
knew what. Any apprehensions I mig
have had, however, were dispelled
the sight of my room, which was cri
and cozy and which displayed on t
chest of drawers a sort of quintessent
symbol of the holiday—a large bran
of fir decorated with tiny candles an
few mercury-glass ornaments and
Santa Claus that really looked mo
like Andrew Carnegie dressed up
Little Red Riding Hood. On either si
of this glowing icon of Yuletide che
stood a pot of hot chocolate an
plateful of adorable springerle cooki
This little still life, which I have illu
trated, was astonishing for its capac
to communicate in the internatio
language of Christmas all the welco
ing and homey qualities of that time
year. Better than a present, whi
would have made me feel I had to ru
out and find something with which
reciprocate, it was an integral part
the hospitality of the household.

The focal point of all the effort in a
house is, of course, the tree. It wo

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be impossible to enumerate the varieties of trimmings available for Christmas trees. The most beautiful "done-up" tree I ever saw was one exhibited in the Hallmark showroom on Fifth Avenue and was created by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. It was a perfectly shaped short-needle tree (the choice of needle type is very important to Christmas-tree connoisseurs, you know; it is not unlike the insistence upon particular tennis rackets or trout flies). Dr. Peale's tree was festooned with ropes and ropes of popped corn and cranberries, all carefully draped. The ornaments were varied and numerous and consisted of lots of colored glass balls, tinsel stars, and miniature toys. There were dozens of candy canes tied with red velvet bows and added to this, countless embossed paper angels with Raphael-like faces and golden ringlets. It was all Dickens, Disney, and Delicious. It was the tree that surely stood in the country house across the frozen stream in your favorite Currier & Ives print.

A few years after seeing that lovely tree, I helped trim the White House tree for Mrs. Carter. The ornaments were made by children from every state and there were over two thousand of them. Two thousand ornaments, by the way, is a good number for trimming a tree. The materials used to make them were encyclopedic: cotton, colored paper of every kind, pipe cleaners, egg cartons, chicken-pie tins, papier mâché, and patchwork made from every type of material I've ever seen. The sweetness of all these ornaments made by children struck the perfect note for a tree in a room filled with President Monroe's gilt furniture, and because there were so many of these charming ornaments, the tree had a look of richness that belied the simplicity of the decorations.

Don't think I disapprove of fancy Christmas trees, however. A few years ago, I had the great pleasure of seeing a tree that has since become legendary due to the uproar caused by its being hoisted to a penthouse 23 stories above the East River. Although as tall as t White House tree, it was not decorat with ornaments made in a classroo somewhere. It was covered with a tique dolls with porcelain faces a hands, all dressed in softly colored t feta dresses edged with gold brai Mixed in with all the dolls were mu cal instruments made of claret velv gilded papier mâché, and more go braid. Then there were tiny vials on the branches, each containing bab breath and roses. Finally, there we minute spotlights focused on the do but hidden in the branches so that t whole gorgeous tree glowed from wit in. The final tour de force was a star placed on the top of the tree but p jected by another mysterious light rectly on the ceiling.

Like flowers, Christmas trees ha an ephemeral quality that makes treasure them especially, and whet they are richly decorated or cover with gingerbread men and pap chains, the fact that they come and relieves them of too much responsib ity. Then twelve months hence we guaranteed the same, eagerly awaite familiar atmosphere. Think of the p ple who wouldn't dream of varying Christmas dinner menu a bit from c decade to the next. In some famili changes are not allowed from one *g eration* to the next.

It is interesting, the tenacity of de rative themes. Green holly with r berries. Any bit of red velvet. The s of Bethlehem translated into shin bursts of light. (The Nativity star Giotto's Scrovegni Chapel in Pad by the way, is almost certainly an ac rate depiction of Halley's comet, wh Giotto probably saw.) Another dee traditional motif is the garland of fr associated with the harvest and w victory. From Roman sculpture to L la Robbia and Crivelli to Grinling G bons right up to the wreaths we ha on our doors, there is that comfort quality inherent in all representati that link us to civilizations of the pa

Christmas is, in fact, an assault bleakness—spiritual, emotional, seasonal. Whether your approach t is lavish or simple, the ingredients t make the holiday atmosphere so c pelling—generosity and attention to wants of others—make it an irresist and in fact indispensable way to end year and begin another. □



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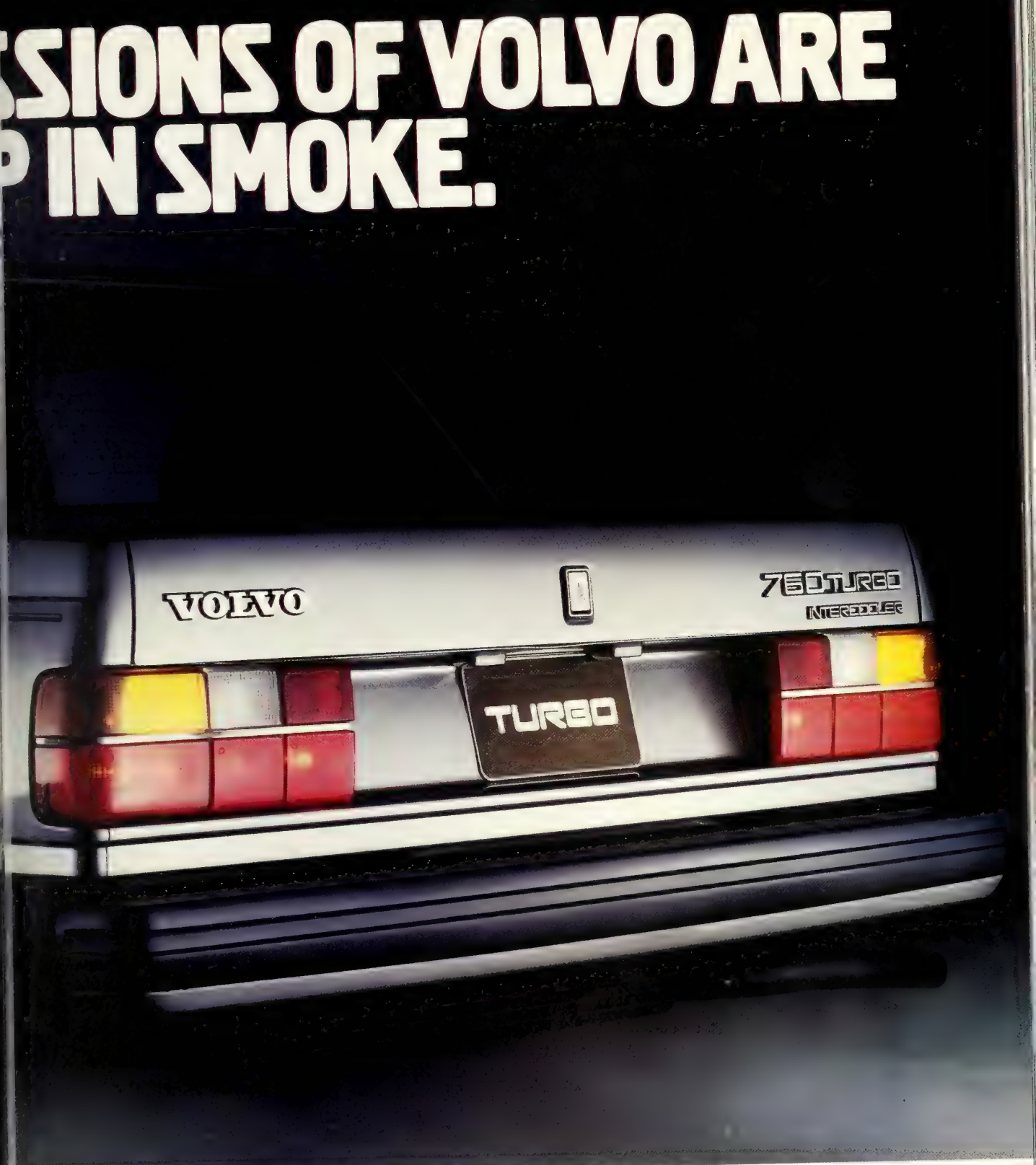


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DAVID MONTGOMERY



Far left: Ruth Lowinsky. *Left:* Cooks Jane Longman and Rose Gray in Diana Cooper's dining room with some food prepared à la Lowinsky. *Above:* Tommy Lowinsky.

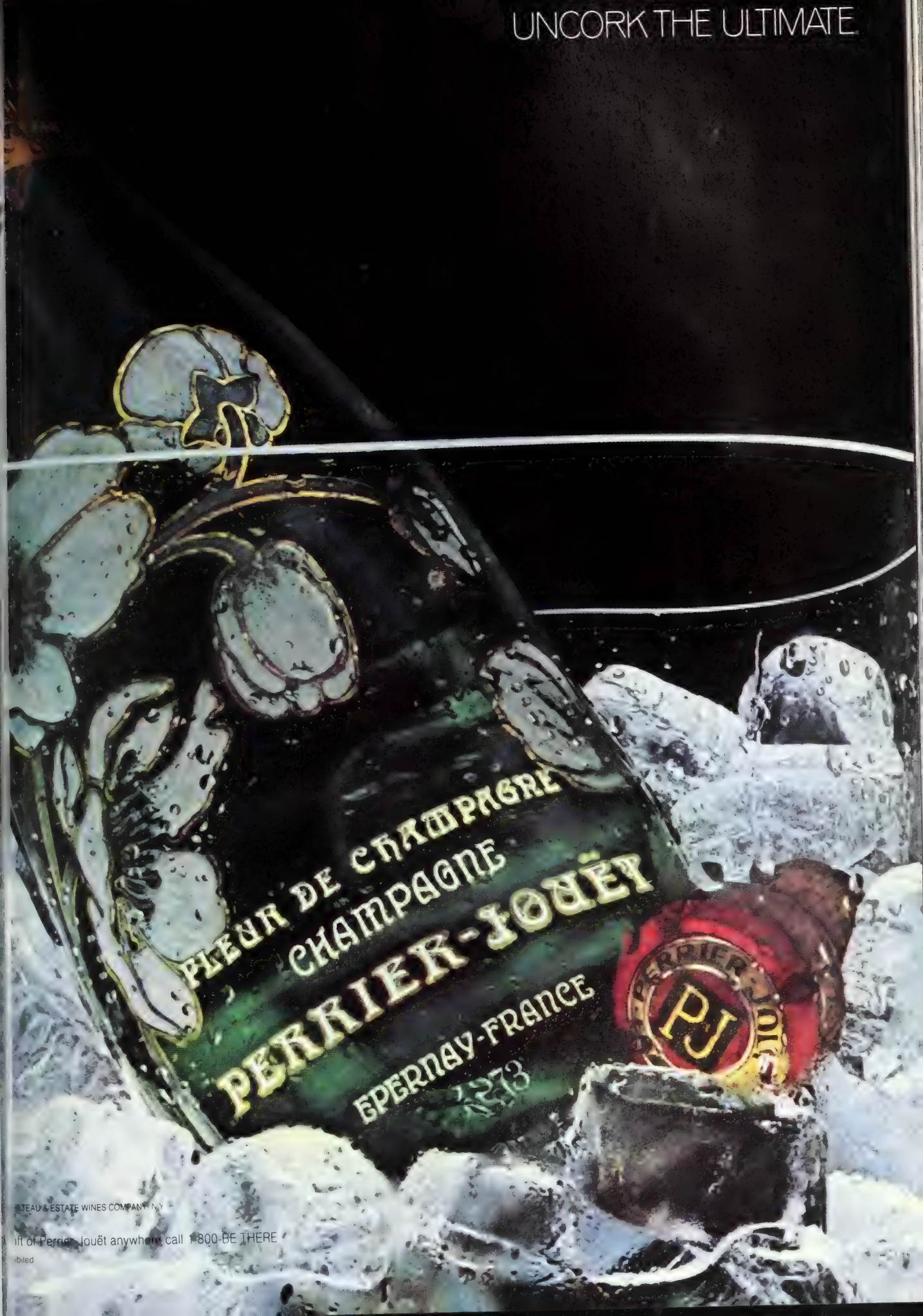
THE HOME COOKING OF MRS. LOWINSKY

This London hostess of the thirties was as famous for her bons mots as for her tomato ice

By James Fox

Not so long ago I inherited a small collection of cookbooks which describe an inspired and forgotten moment in English cooking—that of the 1920s and '30s—whose particular art now seems coolly superior to the somewhat straining obsessions of the Foodies. It was confined, on the whole, to a handful of smartish London hostesses and their worldly, and butlered, little gatherings. The food was always elegant in appearance—often linked with the décor, and advice on when to put the white Ming rabbits on the table, and so on—but it is simple and original and owes little to European influence; if anything it is closer to the best American home cooking. Arabella Boxer, who revived its memory in her book *A Second Slice* (1966), described it to me in a letter as "sophisticated nursery food or nursery food for greedy adults." The hours I have spent searching through this windfall are better not counted. Greed is partly to blame but also a Buñuel-like fascination with the comic rituals of serious eating and in this case the bossy, scolding tones of the hostesses in question and their exasperation with what *Vogue* reported as the universal complaint of 1929: "Trying experiences below the stairs."

The recipes touch off a nostalgia too, not with the nursery—an abiding fantasy for many Englishmen, enshrined in the grandest restaurants like Wilton's, where nanny-waitresses in starched uniforms serve disguised nursery food—but with the food itself. Its official end came with war rationing, which lasted until 1954, to be replaced by Elizabeth David's *Mediterranean Food*. But it survived in pockets until 1960: Nancy Astor had it at Cliveden and at Eaton Square, Nancy Lancaster at Haseley, Edwina d'Erlanger at Upper Grosvenor Street, all, significantly perhaps, Americans from the South who kept up the practice of butlered lunch parties. My sense of loss centers on the creamy purées of turnips or spinach—with fried bread triangles—and Mrs. Gibson's Egg Dish, named after Nancy Astor's sister, Irene, the "Gibson Girl." Its finely chopped hard-boiled eggs with fried spring onions, cream, butter, and



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Mrs. Lowinsky prefaces Menu 28 of *More Lovely Food* as follows: "A dinner of talented people whose means of expression is unhappily not speech. . . Make the cocktails potent"

bread crumbs, layer on layer, put in the oven until "done and brown," were light enough, if you can imagine it, to blow away in the breeze.

The main books, all of them out of print, include *Food for the Greedy* (1922) by Nancy Shaw and *Lady Sysonby's Cookbook* (1935), decorated by Oliver Messel, with a foreword by Osbert Sitwell, and written, judging by its peculiar historical inaccuracies, after a goodish lunch. There is also *Caviare to Candy* by Mrs. Philip Martineau (1927), which sets the style for the genre with its chilly, hectoring remarks about the staff.

> "What chance has the average cook unless her mistress will help her? She, good soul, has not the advantages of tasting the wonderful food in high class restaurants. How can one expect one's cook to invent such a sauce as currant jelly beaten into horseradish cream to eat with a saddle of mutton? Or would it occur to her to put a sprig of rosemary into the basting of lamb? Does she realize that you can't make successful mousses (iced) without a suspicion of 'O be joyful' in the form of some liqueur? No! Then the only thing to do is to help her yourself to understand why an orange salad with wild duck is necessary."

"Iced," slipped in there, is the key word.

It was certainly a minor movement and an isolated one, but it was a radical departure from the old Edwardian monotony, from the *longueur* and the unimaginative richness which dominated the twenties (the pheasant cooked in Chablis which itself enclosed an ortolan stuffed with foie gras of Vita Sackville-West's *The Edwardians,* for example).

It took a Frenchman, Marcel Bo lestin, renegade from the world of C lette and Willy and passiona Anglophile (once seen drinking wh key throughout his dinner at Fo quet's), to change things, with h regular columns, his books, and h legendary restaurant in Leicest Square. Hostesses sent their cooks his lessons at Fortnum's, and by 193 few rich ladies had joined André L. mon's Wine and Food Society.

It is the books of Ruth Lowinsk however, which led me on a quest discovery, particularly two elegant e tions called *Lovely Food* (1931) a *More Lovely Food* (1935). M Lowinsky's own trumpet tones and r lying cries, all well meant, all in t cause of "good taste," are in her intr duction to the menus and in her pl for greater domestic order. She qu outdoes Mrs. Martineau. "The men and recipes in this book are all *cuisi bourgeoise* of rather a high order," s writes in *Lovely Food,* somewhat ina curately. "They should be well with the range of even a young cook, if th are read to her and carefully explain and she has any gift for cooking."

One gets a sense of Ruth Lowinsky robustness from the imagined soc situations with which she prefaces h menus. Menu 28 of *More Lovely Fo* was "A dinner of talented peop whose means of self expression is, u happily, not speech. They do not po sess that nameless thing called char an an old lady once said to us of a mut al friend. Make the cocktails potent At times she was a little risqué. One the menus is headed: "Suppose yo husband has gone to America on bu ness, this might be the first of a series dinners with a close friend."

She is full of advice and dire war ings ("Coffee is a pitfall to many"), a it is taken for granted that the food w be handed round by a butler, *not* a pa lormaid: "Men wait more quickly a noiselessly than women. They have n discovered that maddening trick hooking a foot round the door to clo it when the hands are occupied." O





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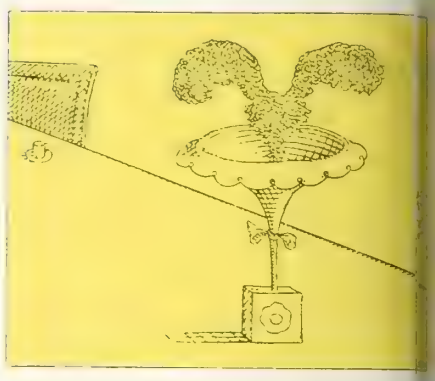
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hears the murdered English playwright Joe Orton, author of *Entertaining Mr. Sloane,* laughing in his grave. He could not have improved on that line. Sometimes Mrs. Lowinsky was tempted to overreach herself. "One of the most important things for a housewife to remember," she writes, "is that hot things should be VERY hot and cold VERY cold. Profit by the classic example of a guest at Disraeli's table on arrival of the ice. 'Ah, something really hot at last.' " Disraeli and his table are unfairly maligned. He was the guest on that occasion and all the hot dishes had been served cold. When the champagne arrived, lukewarm, he was heard to say, "Finally, something warm."

Equally intriguing are the illustrations by her husband, Tommy Lowinsky, fantastical surrealistic ink drawings of table decorations with such titles as, "an accumulator jar holding water, goldfish and a miniature ruined temple."

It is odd that Mrs. Lowinsky occupies hardly a footnote in the letters and biographies of the period. She was not as grand a hostess as Emerald Cunard or Lady Colefax (both of them reported to have very good food), but she did have a distinguished and faithful coterie which included Rebecca West, who was her closest friend, the Sitwells (Edith was the godmother of her second daughter), and John Rothenstein. One of her books is dedicated jointly to Raymond Mortimer, the English critic and French scholar and Ethel Sands, the painter, whose mother, Mrs. Mahlon Sands, was a close friend of Henry James. Ethel was James's protegée and is probably the model for the young girl in *The Awkward Age.* She lived in Chelsea with her companion, Nan Hudson—where she introduced Lytton Strachey to George Moore and Gertrude Stein—and near Dieppe at the Château D'Auppegard at Offranville, with Sickert as her neighbor and Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell as frequent guests. The fresco they painted is still there in a garden pavilion.

Ruth Lowinsky had inherited from her father, Seymour Hirsch, a fortune made in South African minerals. The Lowinskys lived in a house in Kensington Square which had once belonged to Burne-Jones. A small woman who wore expensive hats and whose warmth of soul was often concealed



Tommy Lowinsky's whimsical 1931 drawing of a table decoration for tea from *Lovely Food.*

beneath what was known as "
tongue," Mrs. Lowinsky didn't by al
accounts tolerate bores. "She would
stare straight at you and say the most
disarming things," said a contempo
rary. "She was like a Liliane de Roth
schild," said another. "Rotund
amiable, bursting with energy and cul
tural patter." She seemed a little like
Proust's Madame Verdurin, the bossy
and dictatorial hostess out to conque
society, who took grand houses and
was possessive of her circle of friends
Oddly enough, Ruth Lowinsky, ac
cording to another acquaintance
"couldn't stand Proust. She though
him a frightful snob and a *bore*"—the
very words Madame Verdurin used to
describe anyone outside her collection

Even more surprising is the tota
eclipse of Tommy Lowinsky, a painte
who was highly regarded during the
thirties, especially among his fellow
artists. He painted slowly, with infinite
care and produced comparatively lit
tle—his models often sitting for a yea
or more. Lowinsky was equally re
nowned for his remarkable collector's
eye. At a time when they were unfash
ionable and cheap he amassed the larg
est collection in Britain of early English
watercolors—Samuel Palmer, Gains
borough, Fuseli, Romney, Constable
Blake. The collection—except for a
Fuseli of Mrs. Siddons playing Lady
Macbeth now in the Tate—was sold
some years ago to the Mellon Center
for British Art at Yale.

Tommy Lowinsky is described as
dreamy and diffident, a fastidious and
censorious man, social nevertheless
with "a high feminine voice, small
brown moustache and melting eyes,"
who dressed formally, like Anthony
Eden, and had a deep horror of the

ppy-tie image of his friend Augustus
ın, refusing John to paint his daugh-
s. He was penniless before his mar-
ge, his father having gambled away
own mineral fortune. When Tom-
turned out a painter and a grower
rhododendrons, his father bullied
n mercilessly. That and the First
orld War nearly finished him—until
th saved him. "He was rather a fee-
creature," said a contemporary.
)idn't drive or anything." Ruth made
for that. A friend remembers her as
lashing driver, who once shot
ough a level crossing within yards of
oncoming train. They were married
1919. Bridge was Ruth Lowinsky's
ssion. So were all competitive house-
ld games, which she "played to the
ath." "The really enthusiastic house-
fe," she wrote in *Lovely Food,* "will
ıd a hostess's menu book use-
...she will also enter in her book
ıat games are played—cards, paper-
mes, murders, etc." Her other pas-
ın was for ices, particularly tomato
, which was her trademark.

I consulted Elizabeth David, who
d once written about Ruth
winsky's recipe for iced gooseberry
)l in an article called "Fools and Syl-
)ubs." Back came a long and elegant-
written reply:

"Proper refrigerators—as opposed to
ice boxes—were still comparative novel-
ties in the early 1930s and it was smart to
serve things like iced horseradish sauce,
iced curried chicken mousse, iced cam-
embert cream, tomato ice and so on.
Ruth Lowinsky's recipes were certainly
of this school. Her book (*Lovely Food*) is
a true period piece, which is to say that in
its time it was bang up to date."

She wrote, elsewhere in the letter:

"I met Mrs. Lowinsky once, at dinner in
the house of a mutual friend, Patrick
Kinross, now alas dead. She was a small
woman with white hair, and dressed all
in black. I don't think we talked much
about cooking or food. Maybe she was
wary of me, or perhaps slightly disap-
proving, but I think it was quite a big din-
ner party so I don't remember any
particular exchange of ideas about cook-
ery or cookery books."

Elizabeth David believes that Mrs.
)winsky may have borrowed from
other book of the period, Paul Re-
)ux's *Book of New French Cooking*—
writer's cookbook (translated) with a
uch of Breton or Aragon. Reboux's

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imagined social situations include: "Hello, I'm bringing Pal Home to Dinner"; "How to treat a Poetess"; "Don forget you owe your Decoration to Him."

From 1920 until the war, the lights blazed at Kensingto Square. The dining room was dark peacock blue, the cu tains the same color, striped in yellow. Mrs. Lowinsky occ sionally drank a thimbleful of Château d'Yquem—nev more—which, she said, "goes straight to my nose." S built a cocktail room extension to provide Tommy with studio on the floor above. A guest remembers two elde parlormaids running into the studio, as lunch was a nounced, to collect Tommy's brushes, to wash them befo he returned. "Daddy never lifted a finger," said Clare Sta ley-Clarke. "I don't think he ever poured a drink, in case spoiled his hands for painting."

Ruth Lowinsky was to be seen at every opening and at e ery fashionable new play, always striding ahead of her hu band. And in the summer they took the grandest Engli houses, including Stanway, one of the most beautiful in E gland, owned by Lord Wemyss. The country gave eve greater scope for Mrs. Lowinsky's boundless vitality ar guests remember the zest with which she organized bicyc polo, croquet tournaments, and cricket matches of mothe versus boys. When the war came they rented Garsingto Lady Ottoline Morrell's old home—the setting for Aldo Huxley's *Crome Yellow* and for part of Lawrence's *Wom in Love*—from an Oxford don. In their absence Kensingto Square was bombed. Kenneth Clark, Ethel Sands, Edd Sackville-West, the Sitwells, all came to stay. Tomm Lowinsky spent the entire war painting one picture—a vie through the bedroom window that Lytton Strachey had o cupied in Bloomsbury days. "He could only paint when th light was perfect," said Clare Stanley-Clarke, "which it rar ly was. So he practically never painted."

Until the war Mrs. Lowinsky didn't cook herself, ar many of her recipes, as a result, don't work. She gives cred to her own cook, Mlle. Audebert, as one of the finest in th land. The mornings would be spent, as she lay in bed wi her tray, in that ritual lovingly illustrated in *Vogue,* consul ing Mlle. Audebert, deciphering the food of the rival hos esses and the good restaurants, and giving instructions.

When the war started Mlle. Audebert left her service ta ing the second housemaid and opened a restaurant in th East End, and Ruth Lowinsky was forced to the stove, wi mixed results. Her daughters remember the early attemp as disaster. "She got out a great many saucepans," said Cla Stanley-Clarke. "The food was frightful at first, ve sketchy." Ruth overcame the problem with characteris chutzpah. She raised bees, Muscovy ducks, chickens, and pig. Her two subsequent books, *What's Cooking* (1939) an *Food for Pleasure* (1950), are full of wise authority and exp rience. *Food for Pleasure* is her most useful book. It wraps u the best recipes of the prewar hostesses, and her own as we The title is intended as a challenge and Mrs. Lowinsky give in her introduction, a timely pep talk. "In the kitchen, as e erywhere," she booms, "enterprise has diminished, is d minishing and ought to be increased."

To help raise morale in those gloomy days Ruth Lowinsk attacked the Austrian cook who had left her in 1940, wit the veiled suggestion that she was both a traitor and a black

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but the scent tells you you're in a garden

where cypress and wild flowers grow,

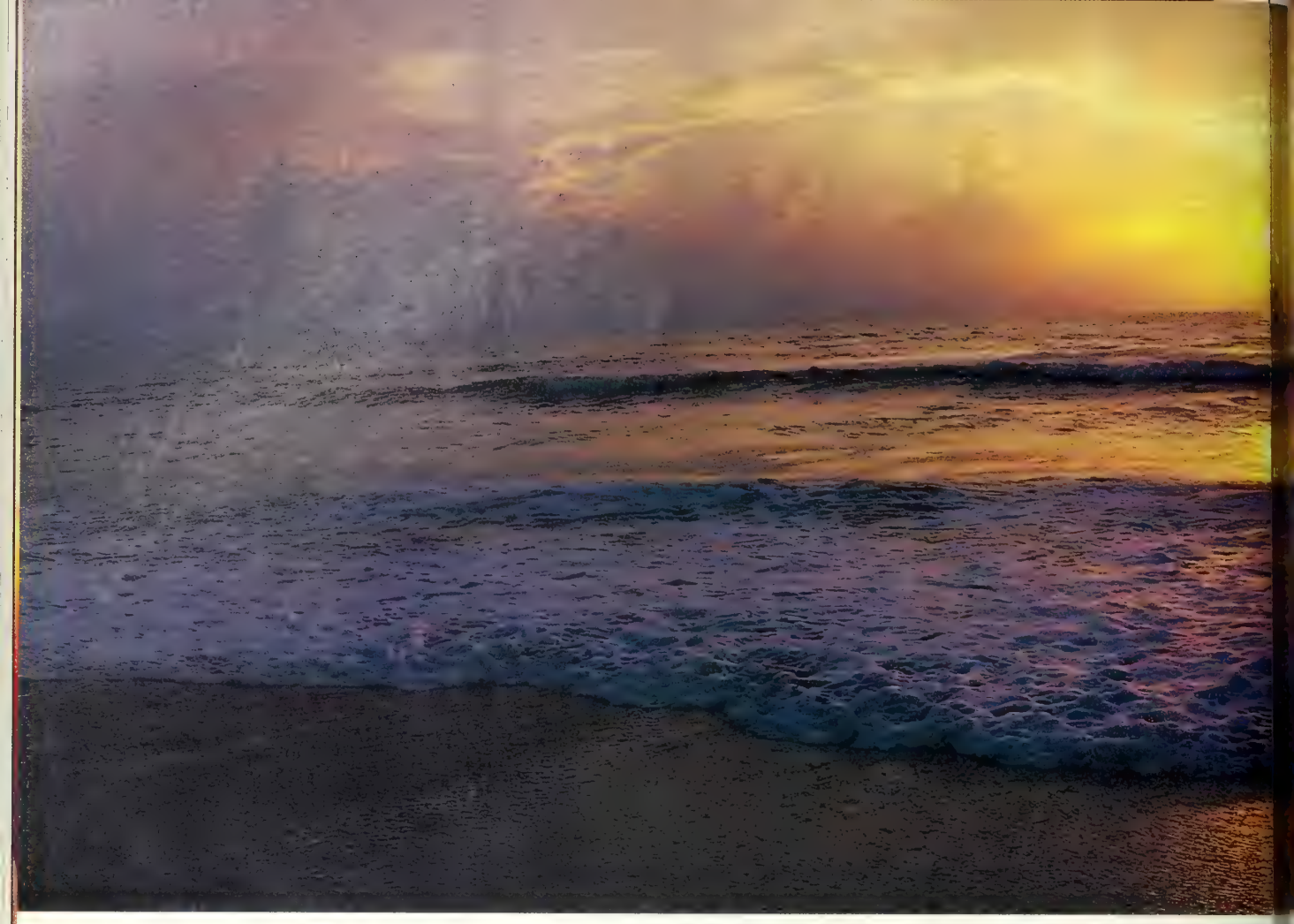
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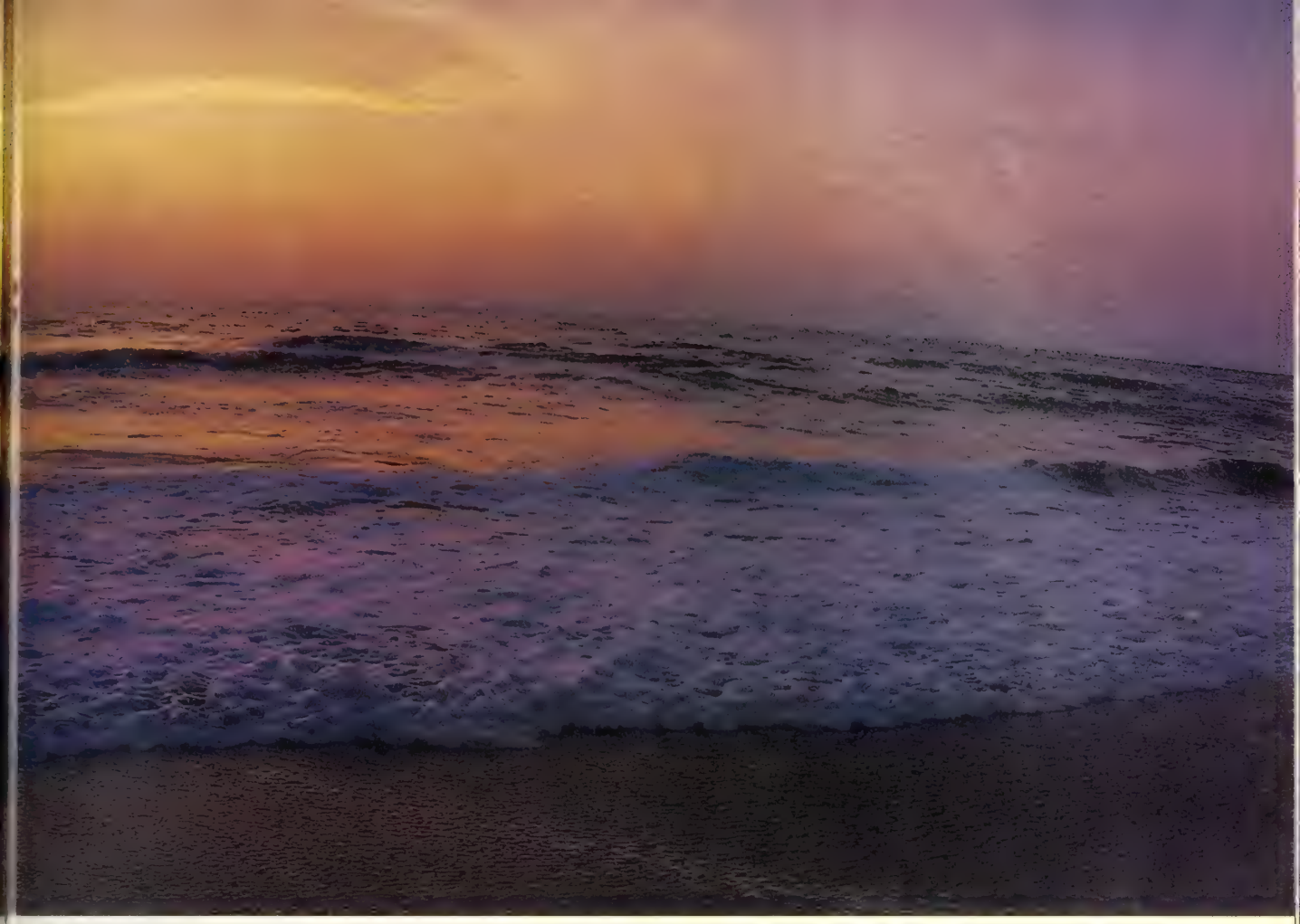
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marketeer. "During the war she had either cooked in Switzerland, apparently with all the meat, cream and eggs that the heart of cordon bleu could wish, or else lived in her native hamlet trying half heartedly to vary the taste of the polenta which was all she could afford." Returning after nine years she refused to adapt to British privations and often burst into "indignant tears." "Her lack of adaptability, her peasant obstinacy, reduced me to dismay," she wrote. "After three months we parted friends, but Oh! without regret."

It might astonish Mrs. Lowinsky to see how polenta has insinuated itself into high fashion through the tradesmen's entrance, as it were—a reversal of her maxim: "What is chic today is boarding house tomorrow."

Tommy Lowinsky died in 1948. Ruth went on entertaining after the war in her house in Brompton Square. She died, in her bath, of a brain hemorrhage in 1958 on the eve of a trip to India on which she was setting out alone.

In honor of Ruth Lowinsky, sharing the spirit of her dedication in *Lovely Food* ("For each other and our greedier friends"), I held two dinners in London, based on her recipes and cooked by two transcendently gifted cooks of my acquaintance, Rose Gray and Jane Longman. The Château Pétrus for the first meal was provided by Andrew Bruce, a dedicated and successful young wine merchant in London, whose first response to the idea of a Ruth Lowinsky memorial was, "I have a Cheval Blanc '34, but it's in Paris."

The menus were as follows:

Tomato Ice
Sweetbreads in a Pot
Braised Endives

Omelette Soufflé
Fried Camembert in breadcrumbs

Wines: Champagne; Château Pétrus; Gewürztraminer

And then, a few days later:

Spinach Soup with Sorrel

Herrings stuffed with anchovies à la Turque
Steamed Fennel with Green Bacon

Bakewell Tart

Wines: Champagne (1976); Chablis (Lamothe '82), smoky and aromatic and astonishing to the guests.

The table was decorated with su ared almonds according to Mr Lowinsky's instruction: "Decorate th table with sugared almonds as they c in France. They lend a very festive air Unfortunately these were eaten, i both cases before the dessert by ou greedier friends. Mrs. Lowinsky Bakewell Tart with its mixture of fru jams and its Parisian pastry is consid ered, by these talented and curiou cooks, her *pièce de résistance*. □



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SEASON'S BEST

By Alexander Cockburn

VILLAGE INDIA
by Stephen P. Huyler
Harry N. Abrams, 272 pp., $37.50

A welcome respite from the Raj, in the form of an intelligent look at what the Raj mostly ruled over: the vast India of innumerable villages. Stephen Huyler knows a lot about Indian rural culture and conveys it well in his informative text and photographs. You'll learn more from this than from David Lean.

THE LIVES OF LEE MILLER
by Antony Penrose
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 208 pp., $29.95

In her youth Lee Miller besotted men with her beauty and conquered the world with talents first released when, in the twenties, she stood with her Parisian friends at a surreal angle to the universe. She was formidable in her passions, from photography, to globe trotting, to war reporting, to cooking. She was formidable too in those men she drew to her, from Man Ray to Roland Penrose. Her son's memoir, with her own photographs, is respectful but agreeably astringent. (Photographs of and by her are at the Staley-Wise Gallery, New York, through January 7.)

VISIONS OF PARADISE
Photographs by Marina Schinz
Text by Susan Littlefield with Marina Schinz
Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 272 pp., $39.95

Visions of Paradise is a delicious ramble through gardening history. Marina Schinz has contrived to do justice to styles as different as the perennial border, and to the more grandiose ambitions of Italy, France, Great Britain, and the United States. There's a style here for everyone who has ambitions larger than a window box.



Above: Self-portrait for an article on hairbands, Lee Miller, 1932. *Below:* The clownfish, whose stripes speak to other fish; Pierre Chareau chair, 1927.

LET TRUTH BE THE PREJUDICE
W. Eugene Smith: His Life and Photographs
Illustrated biography by Ben Maddow
Aperture, 240 pp., $50

In 1977 the battered body and fractious spirit of Eugene Smith reached the University of Arizona's Center for Creative Photography in Tucson, along with his eleven-ton archive of photographic and biographic materials. Smith died the following year. His reputation has grown steadily while excavation of the archive began. Now a major exhibition of his work is touring the country, to which this book is complement. It contains all his major work along with an absorbing biographical portrait by Ben Maddow, which will be mandatory reading for anyone interested in the photojournalist who, in his *Life* days, accomplished *Spanish Village, Nurse Midwife, Country Doctor,* and *Schweitzer Lambarene* and, after t break with *Life* in 1954, t *Pittsburgh Project* and *Min mata*. Smith emerges from t book as the monstrous, r lentless architect of his ov romantic drama; self-co sciously noble; an emotion manipulator; sentimental on an epic scale.



UNDERSEA LIFE
Text by Joseph S. Levine
Photographs by Jeffrey L. Rotma
Stewart, Tabori & Chang,
224 pp., $24.95

As Captain Nemo for h guests, we are fortunate have Joseph Levine and Je frey Rotman as our guides through th great underworld around us. Dr. L vine is a scientist with an unusual clear, unpatronizing style which n only excites but edifies his readers he lures them on through the mysteri of kelp and plankton, the colors of re fish, the secrets of ciguatera poisonin the fatalities of fugu, the description an ecosystem. Jeffrey Rotman's photo graphs are fishy in the very best sense the word.

PIERRE CHAREAU
by Marc Vellay and Kenneth
Frampton, Rizzoli,
232 pp., $50

Until now Pierre Cha eau (1883–1950) had re mained one of the mo inaccessible masters of th modern movement. Wit only five houses to Cha eau's name, time has worke its bleak revenge since th only structure that survives i the extraordinary Maison d Verre, built on the rue St Guillaume in Paris for Dr. Dalsace whose wife's family, the Bernheims was Chareau's most important patron Marc Vellay, grandson of Dr. Dalsace and Kenneth Frampton now show th



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extent and intensity of Chareau's genius as architect, interior decorator, and furniture designer. They provide a scholarly survey of the *oeuvre* and an affecting portrait of the man.

CHINA'S FOOD
Photographs by Reinhart Wolf
Text by Lionel Tiger
Recipes by Eileen Yin-Fei Lo
Friendly Press, 231 pp., $40

Wolf goes on the prowl with China's food, flanked by Tiger and Lo, who provide background prose and recipes. Everything from eels to dried yak cheese gleams richly in these carefully composed photographs. It's a long way from Red Star over China, comrades.

ART DECO JEWELRY
by Sylvie Roulet
Rizzoli, 344 pp., $60

The new woman of the twenties had a new, tubular-shaped body and hence a new style of jewelry had to be devised—simple, spare, vivid. The new jewelry—epiphanies of polychromatic geometry—shone in the *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* in Paris in 1925. Accoutred with *sautoir,* pendant, bracelet, earrings, watch, and cigarette case, the new woman gleamed with platinum, topaz, tourmaline, and all the other resources of Gerard and Sandoz, Raymond Templier, Jean Fouquet, Van Cleef & Arpels, Cartier, and all the others to whom this book is a serious and beautiful tribute.

TRUMPET AT A DISTANT GATE:
The Lodge as Prelude to the Country House
by Tim Mowl & Brian Earnshaw
David R. Godine, 238 pp., $35

With increasing frequency after 1700, lord and squire retired into the depths of their estates, leaving the lodge as visible substitute for the secluded mansion or castle. The history of these introductory structures has now been inimitably told by Tim Mowl and Brian Earnshaw in an intelligent book with copious and apt illustration. As the authors rightly say, "The only justification for a study of the lodge as a separate building type has been its ability to take up current architectura modes and express them in a peculiarl intense and concentrated form. Lodge lovers should turn at once to th amazing Regency Modern structure ac vertising Tabley House or John Doug las's great Eccleston Hill Lodge to Eato Hall, which lays it all out, up front.

CADILLAC
by Owen Edwards. Photographs by Stephen Salmieri, hand-tinted by Sydnie Michelle Salmieri
Rizzoli, 144 pp., $50

A homage to the Cadillac is therefore homage to America and to Harley Earl who superintended design of thes cars from the end of the twenties to th end of the fifties. The Salmieris wend ed their way across country, he photo graphing the autos *trouvés* and sh hand-tinting the prints. Owen Ed wards contributes an appreciation fo this evocative backseat book for ever Caddy owner.

ROBERT CAPA PHOTOGRAPHS
Edited by Richard Whelan and Cornell Capa with an introduction by Richard Whelan
Alfred A. Knopf, 242 pp., $35

Robert Capa stepped on a land mine i Vietnam in 1954 and Eugene Smith wired Magnum, Capa's agency, "On does not grieve for Capa as one grieve for the ordinary mortal tricked int tragedy for he was a Mississippi gam bler in a Shakespearian play knowin the heart the challenge the odds of ev ery throw . . ." From 1932 when as young Hungarian radical he firs picked up a camera to the year he die Capa made some of the most memora ble images of his time: in the struggl against fascism in Spain, the rise an ultimate defeat of Hitler, the agonies o the postwar world. This is the mos complete presentation of Capa's work including full-frame originals befor some photo editor's preemptory crop In art and life Capa was not as self-con scious as Smith in his sympathies fo man's best hopes, but the humanity i there in equal measure and the radica sense of history is more ample.

CITIES AND PEOPLE
by Mark Girouard
Yale University Press, 384 pp. $29.95

"I have to confess to the intense enjoy ment with which I explored collapsed eighteenth-century houses converted to tenements amid the teeming streets

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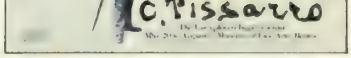


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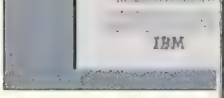
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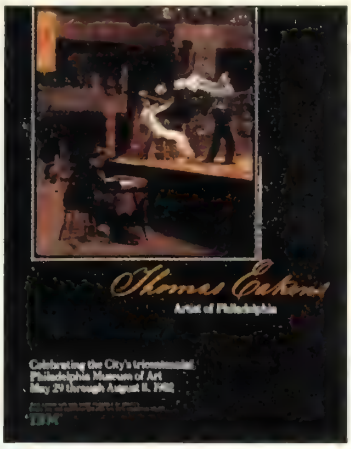








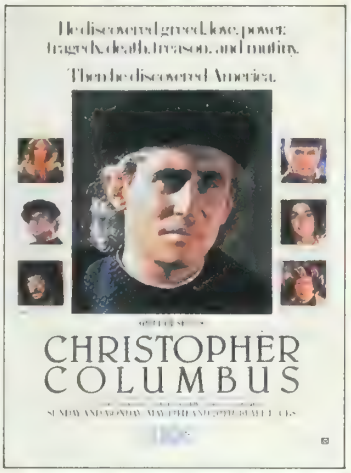


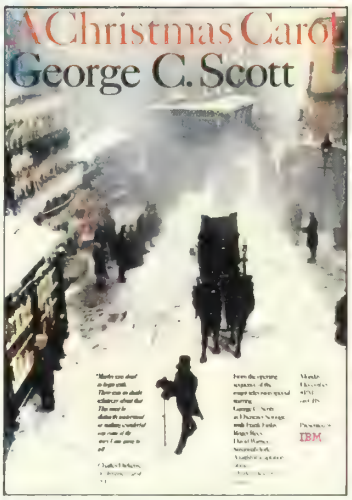


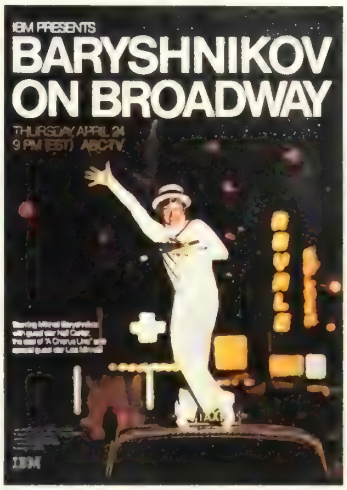


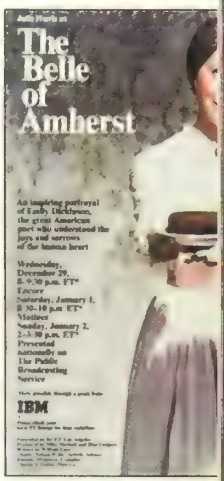










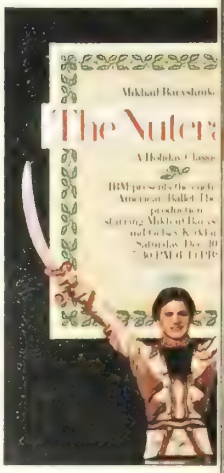












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of Calcutta, or walked through the huge desolate stage sets of what is left of pre-war East Berlin . . ." Mark Girouard has the best of qualifications for writing about the history of cities: he loves them. The gusto is always there, and his account is alluring whether he is writing about medieval Constantinople or the Tokyo of today. Choked by pollution, driven mad by noise, the city dweller can turn to Girouard and learn that there is nothing new in such afflictions and that there is always something to appreciate in the urban drama.

RED GROOMS
by Carter Ratcliff
Abbeville, 252 pp., $85

Here as much of Red Grooms as admirers of that rousing artist could deservedly want between covers—from his *City of Chicago* (1968) to *Oscar de la Renta Meets Charles IV and Family* (1983). Grooms turns madhouses into funhouses—the urban horrors become a Disney World for people with brains. Grooms is a jolly red giant with



FROM RED GROOMS: BRAWL AT THE STATE FAIR

his environments, subway cars, and of course *Ruckus*.

THE SCULPTURE OF MOISSAC
by Meyer Schapiro. Photographs by David Finn
George Braziller, 144 pp., $35

The Abbey of Moissac in the south of France is one of the glories of Romanesque sculpture and is here described by one of the greatest authorities on the Romanesque style, Meyer Schapiro. The description is masterly, in prose of discreet elegance matched by David Finn's admirable photographs. Scholarship is rarely so attractive and t great Abbey, battered by the years a the violence of men, will surely ne sustain such perceptive testimony.

CHRISTOPHER IDONE'S GLORIOUS AMERICAN FOOD
Random House/Welcome, 359 pp., $50

This is the gastronomic equivalent the national anthem: a patriotic past ral paean to the edible flora and fau of the continental United States, e pressed in photographs, historic commentary, and recipes. Here are t lobster of Maine, crayfish of Louisian shortcake of rabbit, and sausage of bu falo: in short, America by the bellyful.

VIENNA 1900
by Franco Borsi and Ezio Godoli
Rizzoli, 320 pp., $45

For those who love the Vienna of Ot Wagner, Josef Hoffmann, and Adc Loos this is a useful survey of those m mentous years when, in the womb of dying empire, the Modern Age stru gled successfully to be born.

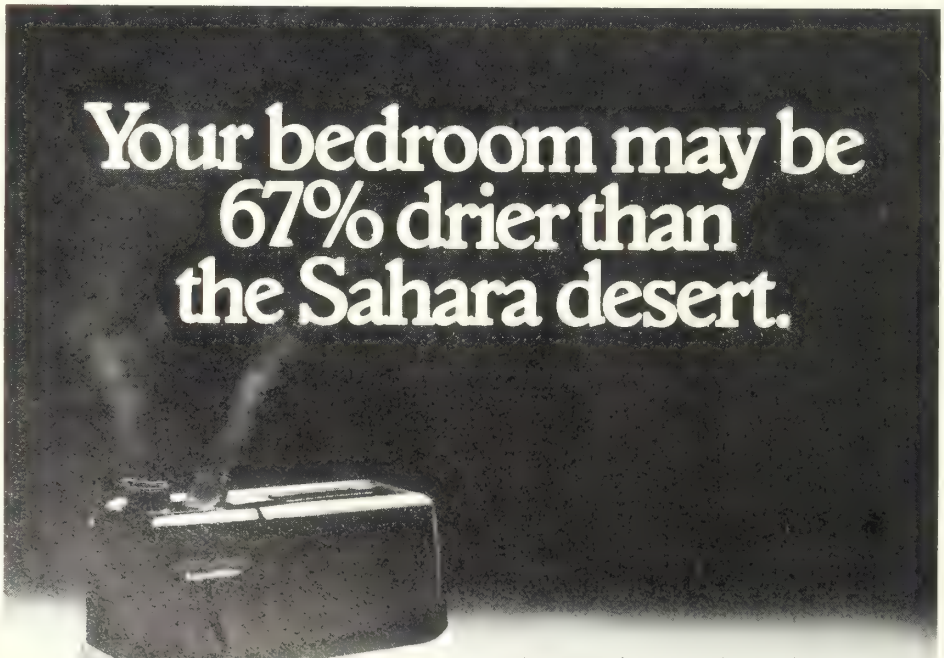
PRESERVING THE WEST
by Randolph Delahanty and E. Andrew McKinney
Pantheon, 182 pp., $17.95

Anyone driving around the We should have this marvelous resourc compiled under the aegis of the Na tional Trust for Historic Preservatio Here is America's past and the effor to prevent this past from fading fro the face of the earth. Among much els are the hogans of the Navaho, the re light district of San Diego, an Idah mining town: all monuments, from A izona to Washington, to the swift, cru march of history. The research, photo graphs, and maps are all admirable.

JUGENDSTIL ART NOUVEAU
by Siegfried Wichmann
New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown
238 pp., $45

In the half century after 1870 advance in biological research exercised in creasing influence on the arts. Dr Wichmann, in an important study o Austrian and German Art Nouveau explores the genealogy of the sinuou line, of the colors and dynamics of th Art Nouveau style as found in natur and dramatized in the works of Erns Haeckel and other pioneers in the ex ploration of the submarine universe. A stimulating, highly original study. □

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JOURNAL

GRAND DECEPTIONS

More than Meets the Eye, Columbus Museum, Ohio, Dec. 7–Jan. 22. Norton Gallery, West Palm Beach, Mar. 21–Apr. 27.

This 500-year survey of trompe l'oeil ushers us through the looking glass to a world where the inanimate and animate confabulate. A Columbus discovery: Victorian painter De Scott Evans, whose *Homage to a Parrot* talks to us, *below.* *Margaret Morse*



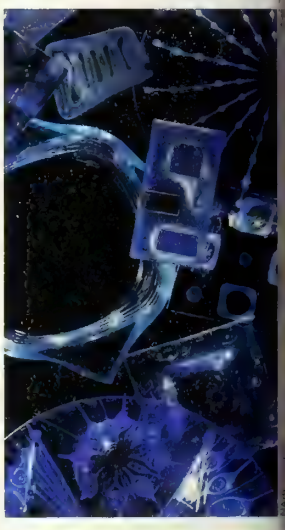


SHIGEO ANZAI

MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

Contemporary Japanese Sculpture, Jullien-Cornic Gallery, Paris, through Nov. 30.

Japan's influence on French art over the last century has been profound, and the works in this show might well ignite the imagination of yet another generation. Selected by Shigeo Chiba, these drawings, models, photos, and videos of site-specific sculptures by Michio Fukuoka, Noriyuki Haraguchi, Tadashi Kawamata, Aiko Miyawaki (her recently completed *Utsurohi* at Siena Park, Colo., *above*), Nobuo Sekine, Isamu Wakabayashi, and Yoichiro Yoshikawa are moving representations of immovable environmental art objects. *Martin Filler*



BLOWING A FUSE

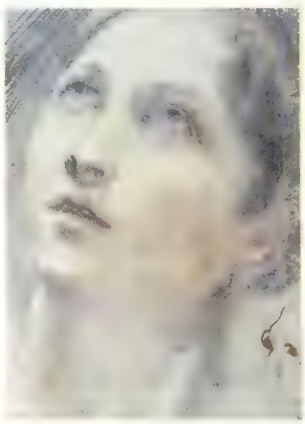
Fused Glass: The Artisanry of Frances and Michael Higgens, Fifty/50 Gallery, New York, through Jan. 2

Crazed webs and molten pools of color pattern the Higgenses' glass objects. The two, best known for their manufactured pieces, have been working with glass since 1948. This show is composed solely of experimental pieces, *above*, that would do any kidney-shaped coffee table proud. *Anne Rieselbach*

SWEDISH CREAM

Dürer to Delacroix: Great Master Drawings from Stockholm. National Gallery of Art, Washington, through Jan. 5.

Drawings allow an intimacy that more celebrated works sometimes lack, and this group, on loan from Sweden's Nationalmuseum, is no exception. Catalogue and exhibition contain splendid examples by many European masters.



HEAD OF A WOMAN
FEDERICO BAROCCI, C. 1610.



ALBRECHT DURER'S 1515
PORTRAIT OF A GIRL



THREE FANTASTIC FIGURES,
HENDRIK GOLTZIUS, 1598.

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CHRISTMAS ON A HIGH NOTE

The Gordon Gettys' opera tree

BY MARILYN SCHAFER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

Ann Getty said, "This year let's have an *opera tree*." She was talking to a close and longtime friend, designer Eleanor Ford, who has over the years masterminded many a special project for Ann, from painting morning glories all over the ceiling of an enchanting bathroom ("I felt I was doing the Sistine Chapel," Eleanor said) to individually dressing up assorted small toy bears for what has become a tradition in the Getty household, the "teddy bear" tree, a cozy family tree loved by one and all. But the opera tree was to be the large living-room tree. For this opera-smitten family it would have to be *(Text continued on page 198)*

The Gettys' Christmas tree sparkles in their San Francisco living room, *opposite*, and is the setting for favorite opera characters like Méphistophélès from Gounod's *Faust*, *above*.



THE JESTER AND PAVAROTTI
AS DUKE OF MANTUA FROM
VERDI'S *RIGOLETTO*



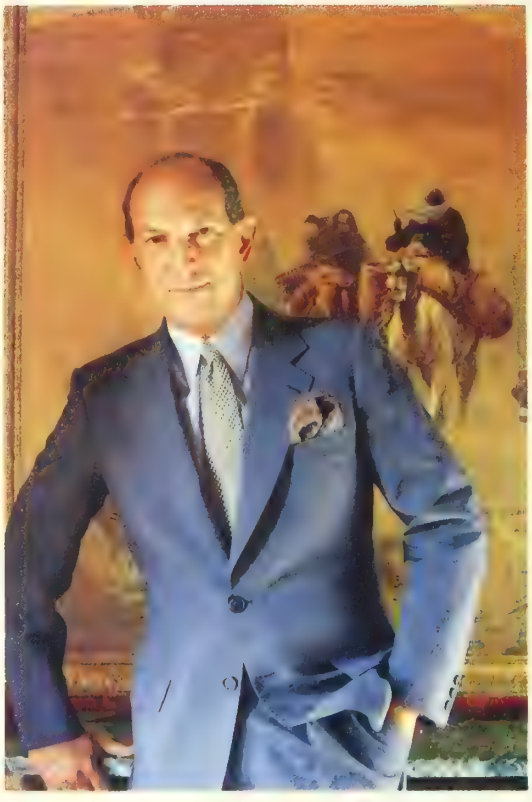
ENRICO CARUSO AS
CANIO FROM LEONCAVALLO'S
I PAGLIACCI



CIO-CIO-SAN AND
LT. PINKERTON FROM PUCCINI'S
MADAMA BUTTERFLY



IN THE DE LA RENTA FASHION



The latest edition of the designer's opulent New York apartment by Denning & Fourcade

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Oscar de la Renta, *above. Opposite:* In the front hall, views of Cairo hang on the moiré wallpaper flocked by Louis Bowen; in the living room a patinated bronze bust between antique damask curtains and valances stands behind a Victorian armchair with a panel of tapestry in the center; on the right, one of two bull's-eye mirrors.





In the living room, a bench covered in needlepoint sits in front of two Russian neoclassical chairs on either side of a double-faced sofa designed by Vincent Fourcade. A landscape of ladies on the Nile by Eugène Fromentin hangs above a love seat covered in a Victorian plush throw; to the left is a cabinet in the style of Boulle. The carpet from Braquenié & Cie. is Napoleon III made to imitate Turkish carpeting.





Oscar de la Renta has come to regard his apartment as something of a retreat where he can escape the consequences of being so much in demand. But when he and his late wife, Françoise, first moved in, these romantic rooms were primarily conceived for entertaining. Even now the notion of them bereft of guests is anomalous. So when we look at the photographs on these pages we have to imagine that it is not daytime but 8:30 of an early winter evening, and guests are on their way up for one of Oscar's memorable dinners. The imperturbable James—formerly a footman at Buckingham Palace—has just lit the candles and put the last touches to the grog tray. The heat from the wood fire is opening up hundreds of parrot tulips jammed into urn after urn. And if I know the *maître de maison,* he is casting an eagle eye on things in the kitchen, before emerging to welcome his guests.

In they flock, guests whom it would be name-dropping to identify. Everyone is full of anticipation knowing that, unlike most of the New York dinners they are obliged to attend, this one is bound to be amusing and mercifully free of business, for Oscar makes a point of leaving business behind at his office. Instead of hours wasted drinking before dinner, there is just enough time for people to touch base, above all with new arrivals from Paris or London or the host's native Santo Domingo. Elaborate plans are made and unmade. What exhibitions are about to open or close? Which music festival is "in" or—for that matter—"out"? What treasures are coming up at what



A painting by Johann Hermann Kretzschmer, *A Royal German Family Traveling in Egypt,* 1846, *opposite,* hangs over the sofa covered in antique printed Victorian plush. On the table in the right foreground, a bronze by Gianbologna and a pair of 19th-century columns after the Colonne Vendôme. *Above:* In another corner of the living room, divided by columns found by Vincent Fourcade, an 18th-century mirror with blue glass hangs over the faux bois fireplace.

up at what sales? How about lunch at Mortimer's and then the Met or the Frick, Macy's or Leighton's, Christie's or Doyle's? And since most of the guests are in some way connected with the world of art—doing it, collecting it, selling it, writing about it—everyone is anxious to know everyone else's projects: how goes the movie, the book, the house, the collection? Once this ritual is out of the way, we can get down to our *potins*—putting friends' lives through the scanner.

Outside the windows of Oscar's living room the lights in Central Park form mysterious constellations; inside the flicker of candles highlights the glint of ormolu, the gleam of marble and bronze. The mirages that materialize on the walls turn out to be the host's collection of Orientalist paintings—odalisques primping, camels ruminating, bedouin hordes reconnoitering an oasis, and—best of all—Johann Hermann Kretzschmer's spectacular group of a Prussian prince inspecting Saharan loot for his trophy room at Schloss Berlin. But besides setting off Oscar's Benjamin Constants, Ernsts, and Fromentins, the deep garnet glow of the walls provides the perfect foil for jeweled women in jewel-colored dresses—dresses shimmering with paillettes that Oscar employs with Bakst-like abandon. And how painterly people look in this setting. A stark avian profile against the black and gold of a Boulle bookcase recalls Sargent's *Madame X.,* while across the room, a group of French ladies in tulle and diamonds conjures up Winterhalter.



A Regency mirror with crocodiles hangs over two Russian hurricane lamps from Kugel on 19th-century library table in the front hall. Between them is a terra-cotta by Clodion (a project for a fountain) and a Roman marble [illegible] chairs in the Egyptian style [illegible]


ATICAN



The bedroom, *opposite*, divided from the dressing room by velvet portières, has a Viennese bed surrounded by icons and 19th-century landscapes; walls are covered in a Lee Jofa fabric. *Above:* In the sitting room, views of the Middle East hang on the right by French doors concealing closets.





Some of Oscar de la Renta's collection of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain, *opposite,* displayed in the stenciled faux bois clair dining-room cabinet designed by Fourcade. Among the 18th-century English silver on the table are two Fabergé decanters with the imperial eagle. *Above:* Chinese pots made for the 1904 St. Louis Fair flank the embroidered satin 19th-century curtains in the far end of the dining room. Russian neoclassical chairs are around the table. On the right, the 18th-century console is by Adam Weisweiler and chandelier that hangs from the pastel ceiling is Russian.

The dining room, whither Oscar's guests proceed with a great silken rustle, is no less nineteenth century in feeling—"very Mario Praz," one of the ladies predictably says. However, we no longer seem to be in France, but somewhere farther east. The paneling simulates bois clair inlaid with ebony and the blue-and-white pots either side of the window are big enough to conceal a couple of mamelukes, but far be it from me to invoke Russia, since "Russian" has suddenly become a dealers' euphemism for Biedermeier. At all events, the effect is nothing if not festive—all the more so for Oscar's impressive collection of eighteenth-century English silver, floral porcelain, and engraved glass—but for many of us habitués the dining room evokes sad memories of the late Françoise de la Renta. For it was above all here, in the dining room, that the legendary hostess reached her apogée as *the* New York catalyst; here that, for the fifteen years or so before her untimely death in 1983, she established a benign sway over some of the most gifted and attractive, not to say powerful, people to be found at any one time in the city—people of all ages, nationalities, professions, and degrees. Granted, many were social stars, but many more were simply friends.

How did Françoise achieve such an ascendancy? Charm, charisma, confidence she had in good measure, also wit, looks, and style. But, more than this, she was unique in that these qualities were enhanced by a fanatical thoughtfulness and *(Text continued on page 218)*





PETER JORDAN

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH

Mike Nichols's Arabian stud farm in Santa Barbara

BY BROOKE HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND

Mike Nichols, *above,* at the ranch. *Right:* Yearlings frolicking among the mustard in the filly pasture.





A bird's eye view of the spectacular ranch on the edge of Lake Carhuma. Clockwise from lower left: the outdoor training arena flanked by the three bungalows; the sales center for public auction, in off season used as an indoor training arena; the Stallion Barn with training barn behind; two preview arenas: one for showing sale horses, one just for the super stallion, Barbary; the main house and pool.







The main room, *top,* of the three-bedroom 1930s bungalow, *above,* where Nichols stays when he is at the ranch; Lee Poll Associates gave the room a suitably rustic air. Part cabaret, part *folies bergères*—the look of the 1984 auction, *opposite,* as conceived by Nichols with the horse as showgirl making a dramatic entrance to music amid colored lights, fog, and mirrors.

The first thing that happened when you came in was that before you the stage was a mirror. You saw yourself in a mirror—a solid mirror curtain—all the lights repeated and repeated. Then, as the band started playing, you'd see through the mirror to *another* mirror, and now horses would be trotting back and forth between the two mirrors, infinitely reflected. The outer mirror curtain was a two-way mirror, so as soon as it was lit from behind, you could see through it; but at the same time it was bouncing reflections back and forth onto the *inner* mirror. So you'd see Don riding Barbary, but there would be twenty or thirty of them trotting back and forth. And then the traveler (outer curtain) opened, and you saw the upstage mirror *tilt* so that it reflected the whole red glittery floor—and Barbary again with Don, now only a double image. After all that, we parted the inner mirrors—and *then* you saw out into the pasture beyond, which was flooded with arc lights, and where we had stagehands, as it were, shooing white mares around so you saw them galloping in the ghostly moonlight. It was very wild. People yelled and screamed. . . ."

This is not the midnight phantasmagoria of an overworked set designer conjuring up visions of the ultimate production of *Die Walküre,*

is Mike Nichols describing is partner Don DeLongpré ding their bay "super re," Barbary, at auction. nd this auction—where ıe four-legged performers e sold for as high as six and ven figures—takes place Nichols's Arabian horse rm in Santa Ynez, Califoria. Although in the last two ecades Nichols has won six onys for his work as a di:ctor on Broadway—and is o less renowned for his ork in Hollywood—this articular production, held nly once a year in Septemer, is not seen by the gener! public—although it is ell attended by a cross seon of celebrities and stars om both coasts. Mike lichols has had a major ef:ct on the way the Arabian orse business is conducted ı the United States. By all ccounts, aside from the areful breeding, one of his reatest contributions has een his showmanship, that , his ability to apply theatical tenets to the show ng—along with that obsesve involvement with excelence down to every last etail, always a hallmark of is productions on the stage nd screen.

Looking out over the lanhattan skyline from his partment on a high floor in n Upper East Side hotel housands of miles from the anta Ynez Valley, Nichols ecalls some of those details ith a mixture of pride and istfulness.

"This last auction [September 1984], we had a wall f fog coming down like a aterfall across the whole tage—it was called a nitroen curtain—tumbling own toward you, and then hrough it came the stalons. They were accompaied by the music composed or the opening of the Olymics. Looked wonderful." Ie chuckles with pleasure t the reminiscence.

And until 1981, when Nichols bought the Rancho San Fernando Rey—a 450-acre historic property he and his partner had both long coveted—the horses were all quartered on his farm in Connecticut. There the operation was only slightly less elaborate, contained as it was by a seventh of the space. I well remember the auction held in the first year of their partnership. One of the reasons I remember it is because aside from the flashy theatrics and carnival atmosphere (elaborate barbecues served in big tents) and glamorous roster of guests (Candice Bergen, Jacqueline Onassis, Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, among others), Nichols convinced me to raise my paddle. This impromptu act bought me a two-year-old Arabian colt I had no place to keep. Such is the power of a good director.

Since 1981, the action has all been just north of the San Marcos Pass in a verdant 450-acre paradise on the shores of Lake Cachuma. First developed in the thirties by Dwight Murphy, Santa Barbara philanthropist and founder of the Palomino breed registry, it boasted a ravishing house (no longer belonging to the property), barn, and bungalows, all in the Spanish Mission style with adobe bricks and red-tiled roofs. According to Cliff May, the Southern California architect who, in the fifties, added a schoolhouse for then owner John Galvin, the original architect was a fellow named Joseph Plunkett. The old barn—now called the Stallion Barn—must still be the most distinctive stable for miles around. Two stories high, with the second story set well back from the first and crowned with a



COURTESY NICHOLS DELONGPRE



squared-off cupola from which another setback rises, it glitters like a little Spanish castle in its parklike setting. Flying from the tiled top are the flags of the United States, California, and Poland (to celebrate the predominance at the ranch of valuable Polish-Arabian stock). And over its graceful arched entrance is painted a banner emblazoned with Nichols's puckish, insouciant adage: *Per Equos ad Astra*—"Through horses to the stars."

The old schoolhouse, now used as the main house, is also quite eccentric. Cliff May told me that John Galvin had four children whom he wanted educated on the premises. Clearly price was no object. Mrs. Galvin insisted that the walls be four feet thick; to accommodate her while still allowing light into the structure, May devised an enormous central skylight right over her other request—a fountain. The fountain was sunken so that "water wouldn't hit you in the face," as May put it. Also there was a soundproof room for piano practicing. The head of Stanford's English department was imported for this educational exercise, as was the head of the foreign language department from another college. Now the schoolhouse has

(Text continued on page 216)

The mountains of the Los Padres National Forest, *right,* loom on the other side of Lake Cachuma behind the Stallion Barn. The Polish flag—with a nod to the predominance of that breed—usually flies above the barn during the auctions. Nichols had *Per Equos ad Astra*—"Through horses to the stars"—painted over the central arch. *Above:* A broodmare called "Happiness is Hope" poses in front of the training barn.





CELLINI'S PASSION

BY JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID FINN



Cellini's bronze *Perseus*, Museo Nazionale, Florence, *opposite*, and detail of head, *above*

A distinguished art historian tells the story behind the story of the creation of a famous Renaissance sculpture: Benvenuto Cellini's *Perseus*

Most visitors to Florence on their way to the Uffizi pass through the Piazza della Signoria. There they encounter an assembly of large-scale sculptures, some of them outside the entrance to the palace (they include a copy of Michelangelo's *David,* the Neptune fountain of Ammanati, and the massive *Hercules and Cacus* of Baccio Bandinelli) and some in the adjacent Loggia dei Lanzi. Of the latter two are specially prominent, the marble *Rape of the Sabines* of Giovanni Bologna and the bronze *Perseus with the Head of Medusa* of Benvenuto Cellini. Their attention is likely to focus on the *Perseus,* partly because Cellini's name is legend (it occurs even in Ian Fleming's *Goldfinger:* "There was no doubt about it, Goldfinger was an artist, a scientist in crime as supreme in his own field as Cellini or Einstein in theirs") and partly because of its intrinsic quality. What visitors to Florence do not, for the most part, know is that the *Perseus* is one of the few great statues in the world whose genesis and meaning are exactly reconstructible.

In 1545, when the *Perseus* was commissioned, the Loggia dei Lanzi did not look quite as it does today. Giovanni Bologna's *Rape of the Sabines* lay in the future, and the place it occupies, under the westernmost arch of the three arches of Loggia, was filled by a symbolic bronze statue dating from the middle of the fifteenth century, the *Judith* of Donatello. The corresponding arch on the east side of the Loggia was void. The *Judith,* though a product of republican Florence, was a Medici commission, and the 26-year-old Duke of Florence, Cosimo I de' Medici, after eight years of struggle with his republican opponents, was determined to establish a decorative façade that would testify to the stability of his autarchical regime. In the Palazzo della Signoria (whither his court had moved from the old Palazzo Medici) this took the form of an audience platform decorated with statues of members of his family, and outside it, the prime requirement was the filling of the vacant arch in the Loggia dei Lanzi. Donatello's statue shows Judith holding the head of Holofernes by the hair, and it was decided that the counterpart, also in bronze, must show Perseus with the Medusa's head. For the Medici, the Perseus legend had particular significance. One of the medals made of Cosimo's tyrannical predecessor, Alessandro de' Medici, who had been assassinated in 1537, shows Perseus, with the head of Medusa in his outstretched hand, walking across a troubled sea.

Sculptural talent in Florence in the 1540s was spread very thin, and no local artist was demonstratably capable of casting a large bronze statue of this kind. At this point, however, fate intervened, with the arrival in Florence of Benvenuto Cellini, who for the previous five years had been active in France in the service of Francis I as goldsmith and sculptor. Cellini was a thoroughgoing Florentine, and in France, as his frustrations over the commissions on which he was engaged increased, felt the need to return at least temporarily to his native town. He had left Paris without the King's permission, but his intention at this time was to go back to France. When he arrived in Florence in 1545 he busied himself with domestic affairs—he had been sending sums from France each month to his sister and brother-in-law and their six daughters—and when these were discharged he rode out to Poggio a Cajano to pay his respects to the man he had last known as Cosimino de' Medici and who was now the Duke. After a friendly and rather disingenuous discussion, the Duke put forward his proposal that Cellini should assume responsibility for the new statue, and Cellini, tempted by the prospect of working in rivalry with Michelangelo's *David* and Donatello's *Judith,* took the bait. Habituated to the freewheeling expenditure of the French court, he was unfamiliar with the rigid, penny-pinching world of Medicean patronage, and he neglected for this reason to insist upon a contract. "Not discerning that he was more a merchant than a duke," he writes in his autobiography, "I dealt very frankly with His Excellency, just as if I had to do with a prince, and not with a commercial man."

Able administrator though he was, the Duke was not distinguished for his imagination, and his first intention was a comparatively simple one, that the statue should be three braccia (about 170 centimeters) high, a little smaller that is than the Donatello *Judith,* and should show Perseus holding the Medusa head without the body of Medusa beneath his feet. Cellini, impressed by the need to supply a true counterpart to Donatello's *Judith,* and concerned, as he had been in France, with the criterion of size, at once modified this scheme, planning a statue five braccia high in which the body of Medusa was shown. The increase in the size of the statue necessitated a heavy base, and as a result the present base, of just under two hundred centimeters, was planned. Elaborately carved in marble, the base contains four niches filled with bronze statuettes, and it is through these that the whole work is best approached. The bronze statuettes now shown on it are copies, *(Text continued on page 206)*

The head of Medusa, her snaky locks gripped in Perseus's outstretched hand.







VICE-PRESIDENT AND MRS. BUSH AT HOME IN WASHINGTON

The 28th house of the 43rd Vice-President is the place George and Barbara Bush have lived the longest

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

The Vice-President and Mrs. George Bush wearing her favorite color, *above*. *Opposite: Picture from Tibet* by Emil Carlsen from The Corcoran Gallery hangs near doorway from library to drawing room. By the window, painting by Willard Leroy Metcalf. Carpet from Stark.

The Vice-President's House pokes its towered head high above the ancient trees on the sloping hill off Washington's Massachusetts Avenue, and regardless of what people say about it, it is decidedly Victorian: gabled, rambling, and properly asymmetrical. Such houses, interesting as they are, are not easily decorated. Nor do they lend themselves to obvious solutions. Nelson Rockefeller ignored its period trappings and installed his own, not the least of which was his fanciful, surreal $35,000 Max Ernst bed. Joan and Walter Mondale simplified, allowing plenty of wall space for big, smashy modern American paintings, and used low tables and benches for abstract sculpture, pottery, and native crafts. Barbara Bush has made it more nearly a home.

"George wanted a place where people could sit down," the disarmingly frank Mrs. Bush explained. The house is much more than that, of course—handsomely as well as comfortably furnished, and as nearly cozy as the big, purposely uncluttered rooms can ever be. For whatever else it is, the house is the formal setting for the official receptions, teas, and dinners required of the Vice-President and his wife, and that takes space. And though presiding over (rather than simply living in) such a mansion was something new for the well-bred Mrs. Bush, its decoration was not.

"George and I have lived in twenty-eight houses in seventeen cities in forty years," she said matter-of-factly. "When we leave here, we will have lived in this house longer than anywhere we have ever lived in our married lives."

What was a wholly new experience, however, was the assistance of a decorator. Both the Vice-President and his wife come from that serenely secure world of the traditionally established well-to-do. Like the Boston lady who said, "We don't buy hats. We have our





Bay window in the drawing room is typical of the odd spaces the house presented, spaces however that work marvelously for entertaining. Childe Hassam's *Old House at East Hampton* from The Corcoran Gallery hangs above sofa covered in Lee Jofa green velvet. Peach-colored damask and chair fabric, Bailey & Griffin; curtain material, Stroheim & Romann.



Dining-room table and chairs, *above,* belonged to Mr. & Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. and were a gift to the house from Vice-President and Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller. Platter on mantel, also a gift, is flanked by vases from Mottahedeh. *Opposite:* The typically Victorian house, with its sudden bursts of architectural enthusiasm, dominates a hill high above Massachusetts Avenue.





hats," they inherited furniture, picked up pieces they liked, and arranged it themselves. And when Barbara Bush says, "My mother never had a decorator and George Bush's mother never had a decorator," her tone of voice makes it clear that decorators, gifted and essential as they may be, suggest a pretentiousness to which neither they nor their families have ever aspired.

"But Mark was a fabulous help," she said graciously, referring to Mark Hampton. "He found everything." But the selection, she says just as firmly, was entirely hers and the Vice-President's. The project was privately financed. And she said Laurie G. Firestone, her social assistant, helped too.

Mrs. Bush, famous for her wavy halo of prematurely white hair, a cosmetic supply consisting only of a lipstick or two, and elegantly classic, ladylike clothes, is an ardent tennis player and lifelong volunteer. She and C. Fred, the family's aging spaniel, did take time out to write his life story for the fun of it. But she is serious about her ongoing battle against illiteracy, which she insists produces much of the nation's unemployment and crime. She won't say where she stands on abortion (thereby convincing feminists that this translates into quiet support). Her thinking tends toward middle-of-the-road Republicanism. And politics or no, her goals have always been very much her own. "I've always thought that if I could get five children through college, I would be a roaring success," she said, and she did.



By the sofa on the sun porch, *above*, a photograph of Emperor Hirohito. Much of the furniture came with the house but the Chinese garden seat, one of a pair, is from Mrs. Bush's collection. The chintz is by Brunschwig & Fils. *Opposite*, *Memories* by Childe Hassam, from the National Gallery of Art, hangs in the dining room.





Her father, Marvin Pierce, was chairman of the McCall Corporation. She left Smith College at nineteen to marry Mr. Bush, and she and the five children followed him to a variety of jobs ranging from business, Congress, chief of the liaison office in China to director of Central Intelligence. And along the way—especially in China—she picked up interesting pieces, only a few of which have been placed about the Vice-President's House.

Because the house is Victorian (and, as she put it, "a little weird"), there were odd spaces with which to deal. The spacious central reception hall, a paradigm of Queen Anne architecture, has the requisite fireplace across one corner, the dramatic, arched stairway and landings where another corner would be and, at the front, a matching arched nook between the glassed-in entrance foyer and the dining-room wall. At one point, that little nook was a sitting area. Now it contains a grand piano.

The hall itself would be cold indeed if it weren't for the warm, complexly figured burgundy-and-blue Oriental rug, centered with a large, heavy, circular table surmounted by a huge urn of lilies. "Flowers are a necessity," Mrs. Bush said, and she is right. Without them and the table, the hall would seem barren despite the nineteenth-century American paintings. And Mr. Hampton agrees. "You see everything from the hall, the whole floor plan. The rooms seep into one another."

(Text continued on page 220)



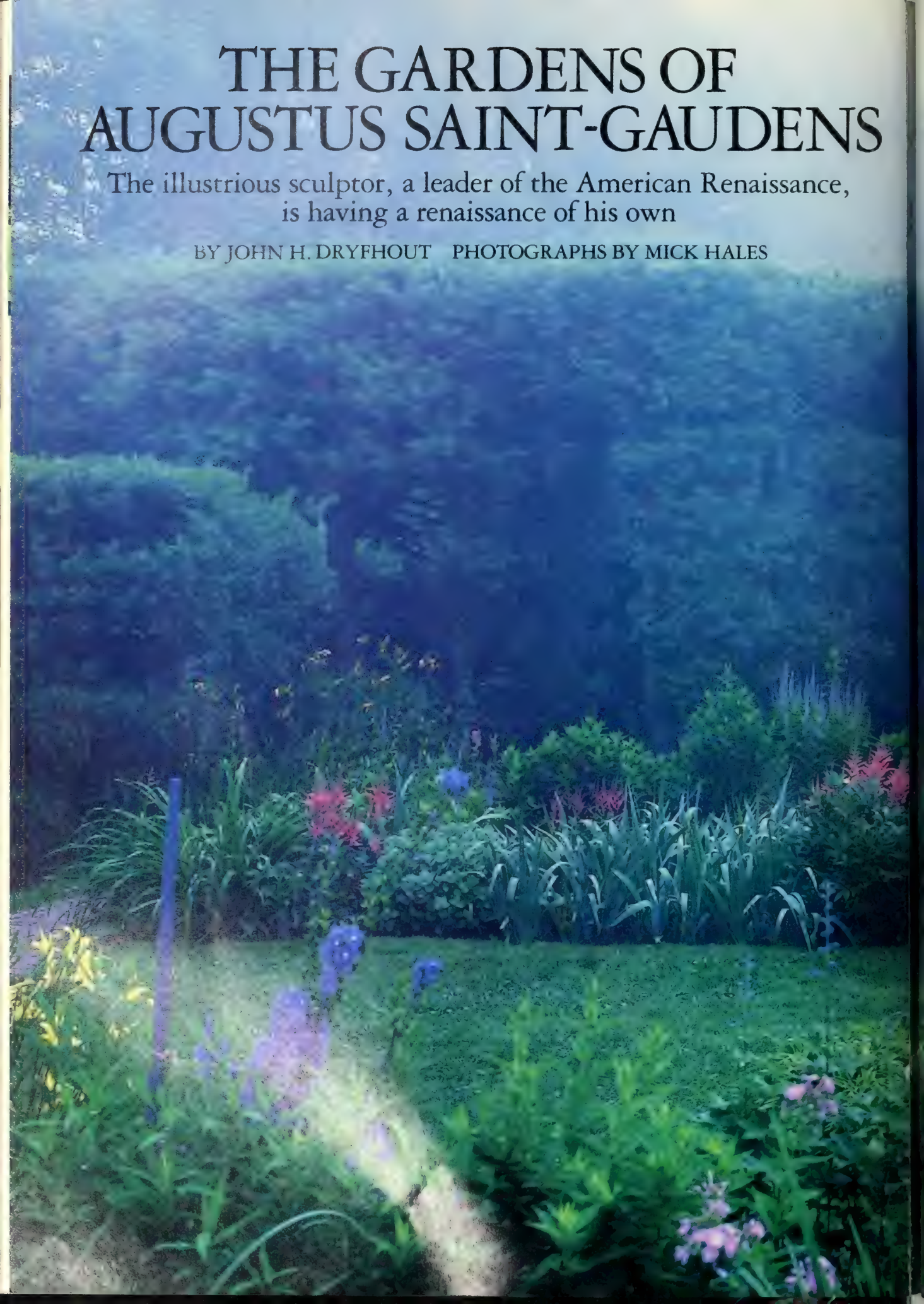


Arriving guests are welcomed by topiary elephant, *opposite*. *Above:* The always flower-laden center table hall stands on an antique Persian carpet from Oskan Harootunian & Sons. By the piano, John Bradley's *Little Girl in Lavender* from the National Gallery of Art; and over the hall chest, a painting by Ernest Martin Hennings.

THE GARDENS OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

The illustrious sculptor, a leader of the American Renaissance, is having a renaissance of his own

BY JOHN H. DRYFHOUT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES







On the middle terrace, *preceding pages,* presided over by the gilded bronze *Hermes,* formal beds of old-fashioned annuals and perennials are set off by hundred-year-old clipped hedges of Eastern white pine, *Pinus Strobus,* the architecture of the garden. *Above:* West porch of Aspet is framed by the giant, thornless honey locust planted by Saint-Gaudens in 1886 and the recently replaced Lombardy poplar. Greek balustrade fence defines the upper terrace. *Opposite:* Facing the Pan fountain, wooden exedra 21½ feet long has cast concrete end panels by his brother, sculptor Louis St. Gaudens. The grove of white paper birch was planted in 1886.

Nestled in the hills of New Hampshire, on the eastern side of the Connecticut River Valley, overlooking Mt. Ascutney and the Green Mountains of Vermont is Aspet, the 150-acre property of sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Since 1965 it has been preserved by the U.S. Department of Interior, National Park Service, as the Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site. Just over one hundred years ago Saint-Gaudens came to Cornish, renting the eighteenth-century inn called Huggins Folly, which he was later to buy. Here he began modeling the great standing figure *Lincoln: The Man,* unveiled in 1887 in Chicago's Lincoln Park.

When the 27-year-old sculptor came to Cornish, he was already being hailed as a new Donatello, a sensation, following the unveiling of his David Glasgow Farragut Monument in New York City's Madison Square Park, a monument that epitomizes his successful fusion of idealism with realism.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, Saint-Gaudens was the son of French and Irish parents who immigrated to New York when he was six months old. He was apprenticed as a cameo cutter at the age of thirteen in 1861 and continued to work as one while taking classes in drawing and modeling at the Cooper Institute and the National Academy of Design in New York City. Enticed by the 1867 Exposition in Paris, he enrolled in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and remained there until the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 forced him to move on to Rome. It was in Rome that he met a young painter and his future wife, Augusta Homer of Boston.

Returning to New York in 1875 he became acquainted with the painter John La Farge, the architect Henry Hobson Richardson, and two young architectural assistants, Stanford White and Charles McKim. From these friendships and associations would blossom a series of projects like the Farragut Monument, which established Saint-







The sixty-foot pergola of the Little Studio designed in 1889 and redesigned in 1904 includes sections of polychromed plaster casts of the Elgin marbles. The interior, at left, has a reduction of the *Lincoln: The Man,* which Saint-Gaudens modeled here in 1885.

Gaudens as one of the foremost sculptors and placed him at the center of what is called the "American Renaissance."

Saint-Gaudens's summers in Cornish opened up a new world outside his studio walls. In 1889 he added a sixty-foot piazza along the south side of his barn studio, with Concord grapes dripping from the trellis and pergola. At a later date, following a remodeling of the structure of George F. Babb, plaster-cast sections of the Elgin marbles from the Parthenon were incorporated into the upper wall as a frieze and polychromed by Lydia Emmett and Barry Faulkner. Bright red stucco walls completed the thoroughly Pompeian effect. A birch grove was established next to the studio surrounding a great wooden exedra. The bench, decorated with cast cement reliefs of a young Pan by his brother, sculptor Louis St. Gaudens, faces a marble pool and a bronze copy of an archaic Greek figure of Pan from the British Museum.

In 1894, the dance hall on the south side of the second floor of the old inn was turned into bedrooms and a new spiral staircase installed. Another porch with white Ionic-capital columns was added to the west of the orange-brick house and terraces banked up surrounding the house, reducing its former austerity. Steps recalling Dutch gables were given to the parapet end walls, and Greek-style fences of painted white pine were added along the edges of the terraces. Someone said that the house now looked like a New England old maid struggling in the arms of a satyr. Saint-Gaudens's friend, the painter Edward Simmons, thought it was more like "an upright New England farmer with a new set of false teeth." Not long after, Saint-Gaudens painted the house white, unifying the whole and bringing order out of the many changes.

High clipped pine and hemlock hedges, some nearly one hundred years old and twelve to fourteen feet high, surround the property on all sides. They were planted along drives to provide enclosed gardens, a bowling green, and a laundry yard, reminiscent of the great English and Italian gardens. The gardens consist of three terraces descending in a long rectangle from the house, which forms their southern boundary. The upper terrace is lawn, from which brick steps lead down to the middle terrace in the center of which is a small circular white marble pool, flanked by two long flower borders, one to the east, one to the west.

A brick walk divides the middle and lowest terraces, running west to the Little Studio pergola and the great unbroken western vista of Mt. Ascutney. On the east is a former cutting garden enclosed by high hedges, now a setting for the bronze cast of the Adams Memorial.

From early photographs the beds of annuals and perennials were once more *(Text continued on page 199)*



A pair of zodiac heads representing the seasons, by Saint-Gaudens, embellish the seat in the lower garden terrace, which is enclosed by a high pine hedge and an allée of white birches.







Fluted cast cement columns with Ionic capitals, a wooden bench and balustrade surround the porch and western view. The eight-foot bronze angel *Amor Caritas* in the Atrium garden, *opposite,* is one of Saint-Gaudens's representations of the Ideal.



LIVING WITH VIVID GHOSTS

Roger Kennedy tells how he and his wife, Frances, have made their house a home for the spirited work of three little-known architects

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HALL

The distinctive colors and forms of the Kennedys' American decorative-arts collection generated the design for the interiors of their house. *Above:* A detail from a leaded-glass window designed by Harvey Ellis now decorating the Kennedys' dining room. *Opposite:* The view from Frances Kennedy's study extends to the living room through transparent planes, including Woodson Rainey's windows etched with a Sullivan design.





Pools of colored light spill from the windows in the living room, *both views,* onto a rug designed by Saskia Weinstein. Weinstein's subtle color scheme and built-in furniture accentuate the clean geometry of the room's structural grid, which in turn frames the Purcell and Elmslie panels set in new windows. *Above:* A sand-cast teller's wicket from Louis Sullivan and George Elmslie's Owatonna bank tops the fireplace.

I never knew him in his prime, but he must have been a force of nature. When I met him he was in his eighties, with only an hour or two a day in which he could summon his energies to talk, but he exhausted me faster than he exhausted his tired, old, consumptive body. That was in the 1960s.

William Gray Purcell was a passionate man. He dragooned me into architectural history, and I feel him at my elbow at this moment, urging me on. Everything I have written is really about the thesis upon which he was insistent: that architecture makes no sense as an expression of the pure work of genius, that it is, instead, a collective form, requiring many people to complete and producing a public object set where all may see it. I have recently called a book *Architecture, Men, Women and Money,* a title that would please him, I think, because it tries to suggest why buildings are built and by whom. It also suggests that no one, no architect and certainly no client, ever fully owns a work of architecture and why each inhabitable work of art requires, periodically, reinterpretation.

Living with the work of men who believed as passionately in this kind of art as did Purcell means offering, always, their work to be reinterpreted and, sometimes, recombined. My wife, Frances Kennedy, and I have been, in a modest way, collectors of bits and pieces of architecture that would otherwise have been lost. We have been lucky in finding designers who could help to reconstitute these fragments into new works of art.

I met Purcell in the early sixties, not long before his death. But with a man like him, death merely diminished his presence to a greater potency than many of our dimmer acquaintances, and upon his recommendation we have also been living, so to speak, with his friends George Elmslie and Harvey Ellis. It happens that they prede-





Ann Hartman carved the octagonal breakfast room, seen from the patio, from a dining ell off the kitchen. The Purcell and Elmslie panels, set in the wall and lit from above, are from the now demolished Capitol Savings and Loan Association building in Topeka, Kansas. Hartman also designed the octagonal table, here set with reproductions of Frank Lloyd Wright's china for the Imperial Hotel.

ceased him, Elmslie in 1952 and Ellis in 1904. We have also carried on a posthumous friendship with Louis Sullivan and a gingerly dalliance with Frank Lloyd Wright, though by the time we discovered Wright there was such a throng about him that he didn't seem to require much from us.

The throng was not so dense about Ellis and P & E (Purcell and Elmslie, a partnership that operated after Elmslie left Sullivan, in 1909, and continued until 1922). About their work hovered an insistent pack of derogators and destroyers. This was especially ironic since, unlike Wright, Purcell himself derived much pleasure in increasing the reputations of others. He told me, for example, that in 1906 and 1907, while Elmslie was working with Sullivan on the building that has always seemed to me America's indisputable masterpiece, the National Farmers' Bank in Owatonna, Minnesota—our Parthenon, if we have one—Elmslie had over his drawing board a copy of a Harvey Ellis drawing for a jewel-box bank. (The original is among the Ellis drawings at the University of Minnesota.) The drawing is of a superb building, so compact and elegant, so much in advance of anything of its time (1888), that after Purcell called my attention to it I began pursuing what was left of Ellis's work.

This was not easy. Ellis was an alcoholic, with a propensity for disappearances. He had made the reputations of many lesser architects by his willingness to work on competition drawings for major buildings; when the work was done he would disappear, leaving among the firm's remaining draftsmen a reputation for eerie quickness and skill but no written claim on posterity. The St. Louis Union Station shows his hand, though the credit goes to Theodore C. Link. The only surviving building of any elegance from the great *(Text continued on page 201)*

The stair is screened by the original structural grid, *above,* which was opened by Saskia Weinstein. *Below:* Purcell and Elmslie fixtures light the entry. *Overleaf:* Two views of the dining room designed by Ann Hartman around pieces by Harvey Ellis. His stained glass panels, *left,* are a focal point of the room. Celtic interlacery gives an exotic air to Ellis's crystal cabinet, *right,* with curving glass doors and deeply carved serving table.

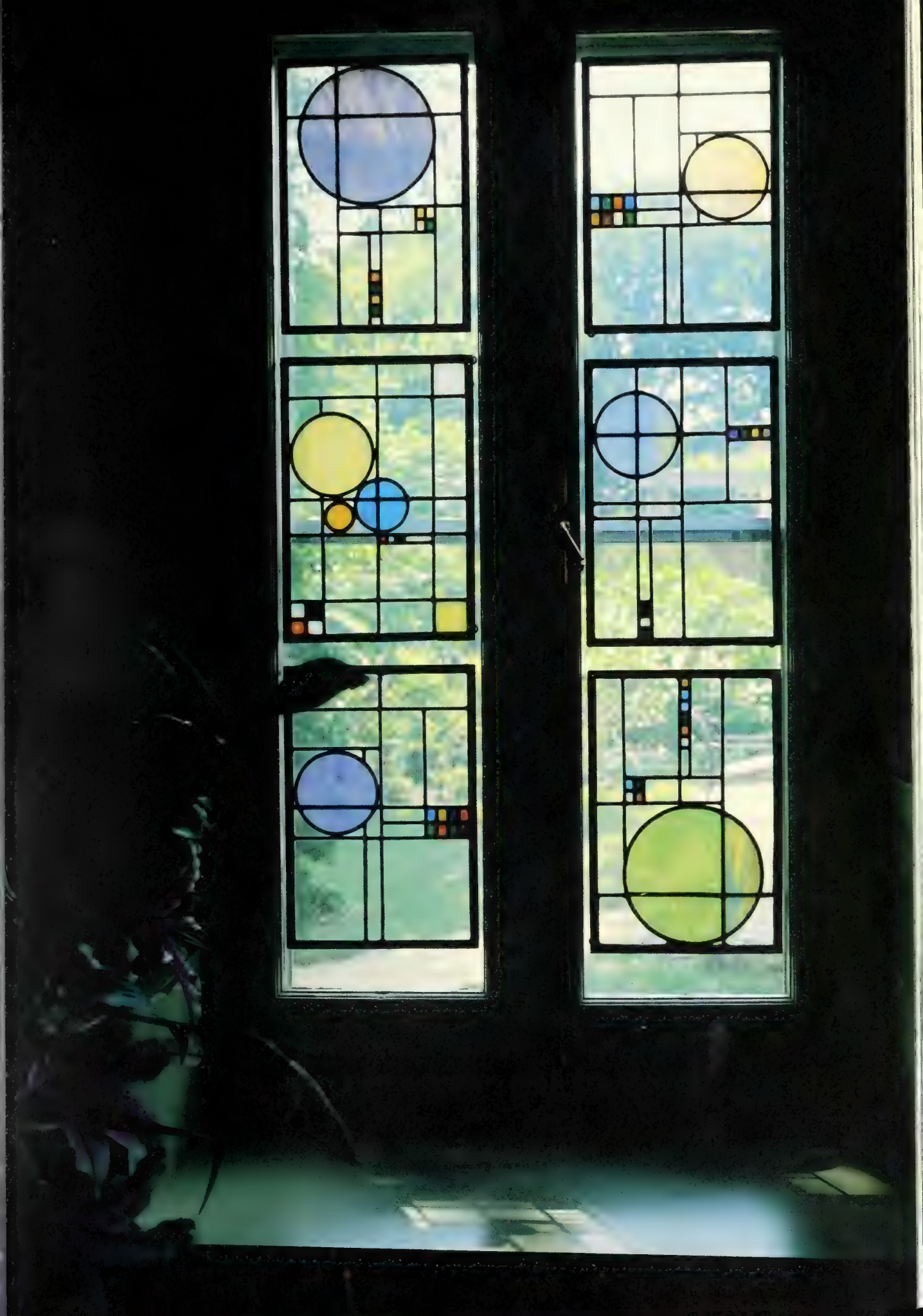






Two clerestory panels and fragments from larger windows, rescued by Kennedy from a now-demolished house designed by Ellis, decorate the windows of his study, *above*. *Below:* On the opposite wall a mahogany serving table by Ellis is now a library table. Over it, a tapestry-print fabric bulletin board. *Opposite:* Purcell and Elmslie windows in Frances Kennedy's study color the view of the garden beyond.







A VERY GRAND LITTLE HOUSE

On a Swiss lake, a collector revels in his treasures

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

We are somewhere in Switzerland and on the very edge of a lake. Every Sunday in summer the sailboats would drive Raoul Dufy crazy with their delicate wheeling in and out of the crisp little waves. Duck and swan contribute likewise to the general animation, even if the great distant mountain—one of the most famous in all Europe—sulks the day away somewhere in the clouds.

Both Byron and Shelley lived not more than a mile or two away, by water. Jean-Jacques Rousseau knew this stretch of the lake very well, and so did Camille Corot, one of whose best landscapes missed it by a whisker. In the twelfth century Saint Bernard of Clairvaux passed by, too, in the course of one of his more extended promenades, but we cannot be sure that he noticed it. (When one of his companions remarked to him on the beauty of the lake, he said, "What lake?" and went back to his devotions.)

The house that comes down to the lake at this particular point is neither large nor old. But it is very pretty, in an eighteenth-century way, and its present owner bought it not so many years ago from a member *(Text continued on page 204)*



The terrace between house and lake, *opposite*, is framed by improbably prolific *Viburnum fragrans*. *This page*: A grove of silver birches, underplanted with a spangling of spring bulbs, runs the length of the 18th-century-style house, built in the 1960s.



In the living room, the 18th-century reigns with a light hand. A fauteuil signed Tilliard, in foreground, is covered in its original Beauvais tapestry, and an exemplary tabouret by J-B Gourdin has also retained its original *broché de Lille* upholstery. At far right, two terra-cotta figures by Clodion sit atop a commode from Turin. Carpet is Iranian.



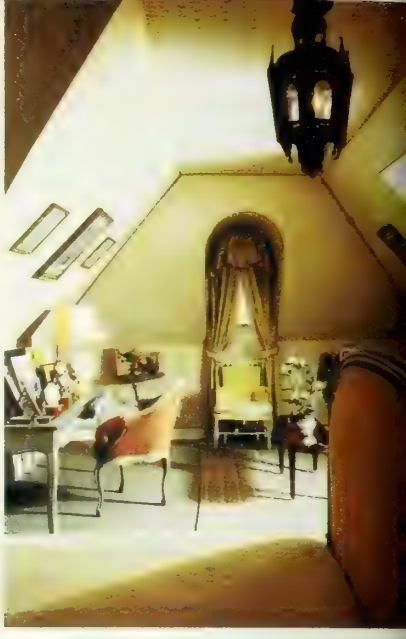


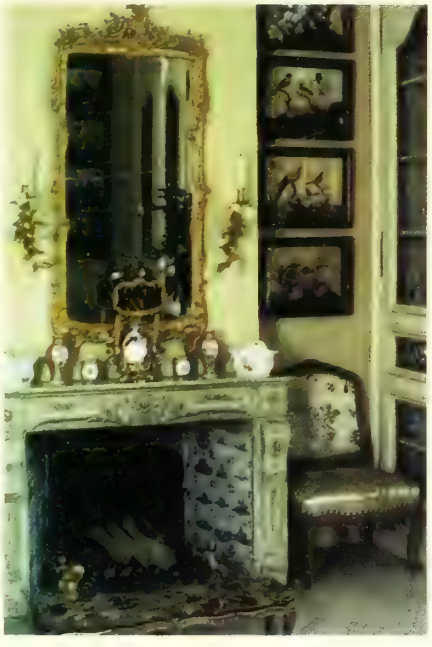
Kändler and Reinike. *Opposite:* Everything is exceptional in the festive dining room, from the 18th-century Chinese wallpaper to the immense Flight, Barr and Barr Worcester table service (1830–40).







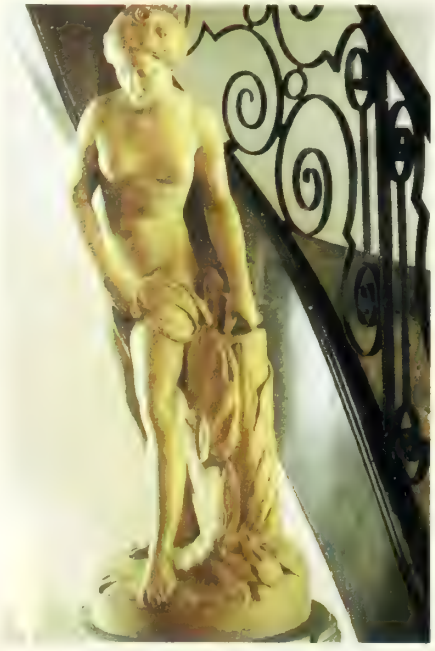












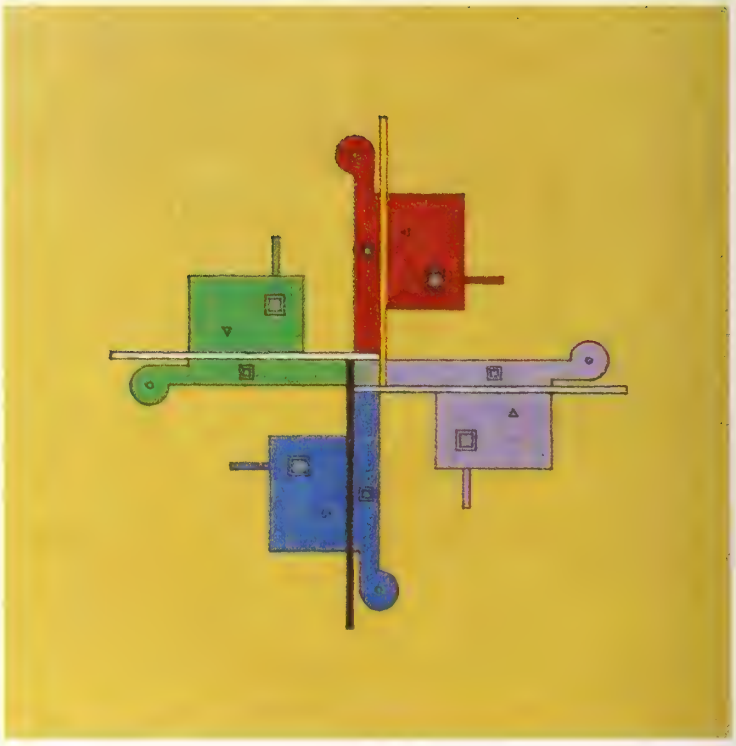
A journey round the house includes, *top, from left:* A sitting-room vitrine fille with objects of affection; a guest bedroom's English mirror reflecting toile Jouy; the owner's bedroom, "punched out of the attic," with unusual three-legg armchair. *Center, from left:* Sitting room Samuel Dixon bird paintings on embossed paper; end wall of room with large Beauvais tapestry; entrance hall, with 18th-century clock by Baillon, whic still keeps time with its original movement, and lantern with 18th-centur Strasbourg faience birds. *Bottom left:* Main salon, with Turin commode and Clodion figures. *Bottom right:* Falconet *Baigneuse* in hallway. *Opposite:* Two of ei magnificent candlesticks on a Meissonnier model in a shimmering thick of equally rare English 18th-century air-twist glasses.







An heroic guard of earthenware horses, [illegible] secured in Leeds, England, [illegible] the 18th century, lines [illegible] armoire upstairs. Made for use [illegible] windows, they stand up to 19 inches high. This is the largest private collection of these much-sought-after [illegible]





JOSE PELAZ

John Hejduk, dean of The Cooper Union School of Art and Architecture, in his office, *above,* with a mask made by his daughter. *Above right:* The roof plan of his North East South West House, 1976. The color and form of each side relates to a specific function and time of day. *Opposite:* Side and front (*inset*) elevations of Wall House 3, 1973, one of a series of explorations of a house through the relationships between color, mass, and plane.

BUILDER OF DREAMS

The visions of John Hejduk, architect, poet, pedagogue

BY DAVID SHAPIRO

When a colleague said of one of John Hejduk's Berlin structures, "It isn't architecture, John, because you can't get in it," Hejduk replied with a customary visionary gleam, "You can't get in it, but I can get in it, and my friends can get in it." One of the most knowing, controlled draftsmen of his day, a supremely pedagogical architect who has stamped Cooper Union for more than a decade as professor and dean with his profoundly original sense of narrative architecture, Hejduk has carved out an idiosyncratic and too neglected niche for his possible worlds.

John Hejduk is a builder, a builder of cities. He conceives of his Venice, Berlin, and Riga projects, with their strange typologies (Bridges for Crucified Angels, Devil's Houses, Executioner's Houses, etc.) down to the smallest detail of medium, scale, and articulation within the whole. After the initial dream, he is always ready to make





ANNUNCIATION

The Angel dropped
and knelt
to ask a pardon
for its announcement
anticipating the
coming entombment
The stone vault door
exploded into
putrid passage
Italian was softly spoken
The cloth was loomed
in iris
Waxed banisters
pinioned the entry
impregnation was complete
Joseph wept

An Italian sketch, 1953, *left*, one of many Hejduk composed while studying in Italy on a Fulbright fellowship. *Above:* Hejduk's poem "Annunciation."

his working drawings. In so doing, Hejduk tries to heal the split between sculpture and architecture, fantasy and necessity. In his cities, the dream is public and of "multiple use."

Born in 1929, still youthful and ambitious to build, Hejduk has not only renovated the landmark Cooper Union building but deserves to be known as a one-man revitalization movement in American architecture. He freshens up the vocabulary in a unique style, energetic and oracular. We questioned him about some of his leading themes, remembering that the very etymology of "topic" is place.

DS: John, you are a poet as well as an architect. You are inspired by the disturbing spaces of Rainer Maria Rilke, for example. What would you say is the relationship between poetry and architecture?

JH: The relationship is about capturing a certain quality of space and of *sound*. The language of architecture and poetry is in fact inseparable. Rilke was able to capture the mysterious space of the angels. He was one of the greatest architects in describing space and the sorrow space surrounds mortals with. The movement of the air within Rilke's space is created by the gyrations of the wings of the angels. Rilke was a lost angel on *earth* It is known that his face changed expression like the editing of film, sharp cuts. Rilke is in perpetual motion. His angels shed rose-petal tears.

DS: You are seen by some to have developed from a neo-Mondrian purity in your "diamond architectural compositions" to a kind of surreal impurity, as in your Devil's Chairs. Would you speak of your architectural narratives as related to surrealism? Is your architecture, in effect, a kind of American surrealism that has never existed before, a truly delirious architecture?

JH: The work has to do with the *purity* of the surreal and the *sparcity* of the surreal. What makes you think that



A WISSAHICKON TALE

Mother
Yes?
I want to build a bridge
Girls don't build bridges
I want to
Besides you are only 13
Father
Yes?
How do you build a bridge?
That depends
On what?
On where you want to build it
Over Devil's Whirlpool
The Devil don't need a bridge
I want to build a bridge
Well?
What can I build it of?
Wood and metal spikes
Will you help me?
Yes

The Silent Witnesses Intro House, 1977, *left,* part of the Venice Trilogy. Hejduk's subtitle to the drawing: "I remember vaguely seeing an old movie in the 1930's of a little boat passing an iceberg." *Above:* The first part of his poem "A Wissahickon Tale."

Mondrian was not a surrealist? What you see as architectural narrative, I see as architectural specifications, dry as bones that have been baked by the American light. San Francisco and Denver are very frightening places. The light of the above cities is like the light of an X-ray—it reveals at the same time it contaminates. I prefer to reread the French writers of fiction—Proust, Gide, Céline, Camus, Robbe-Grillet, and John Hawkes.

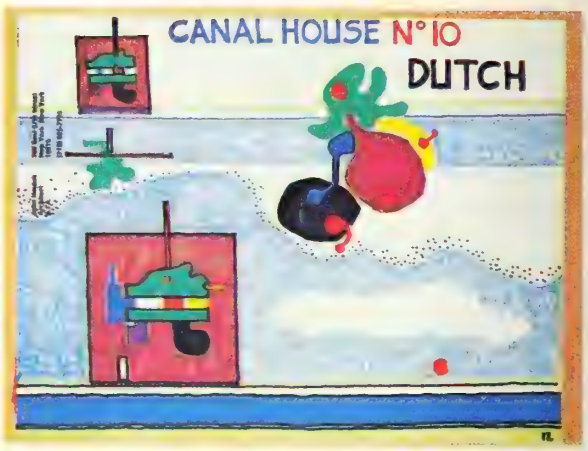
DS: John, we are often reminded—those of us who teach at Cooper Union—that you are a builder, a renovator with a strong sense of function. Yet you are often typecast as the one who draws rather than builds. What about this stereotyping, and what are the projects whose realization you most desire?

JH: The age-old situation. The question is who is doing the typecasting and stereotyping. David, by using the words typecasting and stereotyping even you have fallen into the trap. I can no more separate drawing and building—building and drawing—than I can separate my body from my soul. The answer to your second question is *all of them.*

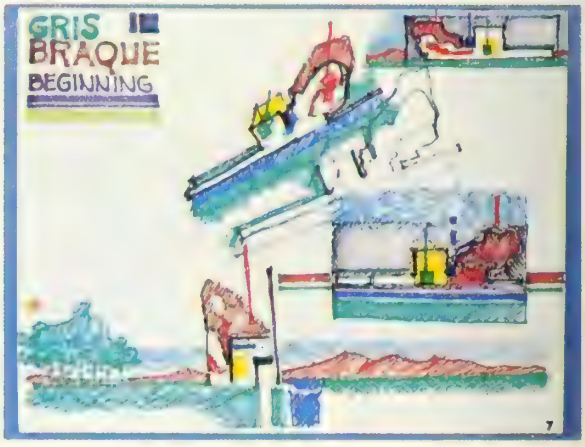
DS: Reference has been made in other places to your relationship with Louis Kahn. Who are the other grand precursors with whom you empathize? Are you still inspired by Le Corbusier? We know that your love of Mies van der Rohe is very strong, and you said that the other day at The Museum of Modern Art his drawings seemed to make all other work disappear.

JH: I began my ten-year project of creating the Texas Houses in 1954. I have always been interested in Le Corbusier's night side. I am not sure whether Le Corbusier ever visited Prague, but I know that Rilke, Kafka, Camus, and Freud *must* have been there. Recently, my wife, Gloria, guided me through Prague. Prague is equivalent to Venice and Florence with a difference—when the sun shines in Prague it is still dark out. Prague is very power-









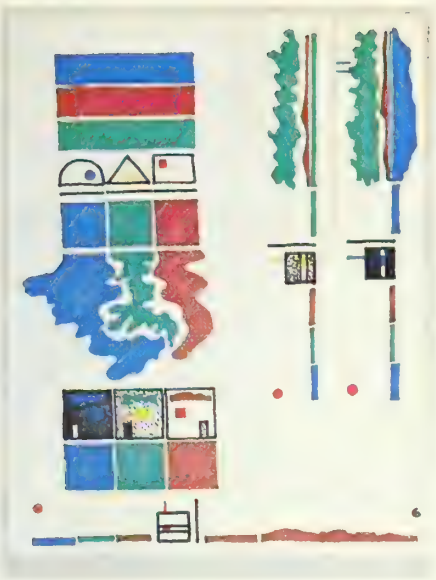
ful. Mies's drawings at The Museum of Modern Art are deeply religious. I believe them to be a *resurrection*.

DS: I have defined the political in your work as a strong and searching part of your formal poetics. Do you agree that your work, besides being a sensuous abstraction, is filled with a sense of the anguish of public life? Thus, the persistence in your work of what Andrew MacNair has called the theme of refuge.

JH: The work is *filled* with political-social meaning. Being an architect, I could not have it otherwise. Since 1975 the work is involved with two trilogies, The Venice Trilogy and The Berlin Trilogy. The Venice Trilogy consists of The Cemetery for the Ashes of Thought, The Silent Witnesses, The Thirteen Watchtowers of Cannaregio. The Berlin Trilogy consists of Berlin Masque, Lancaster/Hanover Masque, Victims. And now I begin *north* of Riga.

DS: You have been building up a variety of dream-cities: your own Venice, your own Berlin, now Riga. Why are you preoccupied with these transformed spaces? How much are these to be regarded as private worlds and how much are they concerned with historical facts? In Berlin, you made constant and elegiac reference to the Holocaust. So you are not trying to escape from the nightmare of history. History is the dream you are patiently analyzing.

JH: I know that Berlin and Venice are canal cities; Riga I know not at all. I am presently involved with creating a town north of Riga. I have heard there are high wooden chairs facing the sea, placed at one-mile intervals along the coast of the Gulf of Riga, and these chairs are used exclusively by the northern watercolorist. There is no such thing as historical fact. There are only interpretations of certain past events and of how these interpretations fit into the crevices of our brains. What makes anatomical models of the human body so horrific is that



All of the felt-marker renderings on these two pages are from a set of postcards published in 1974 by The Cooper Union in a folio titled *Fabrications*. The designs are a summation of Hejduk's ideas at the time and play on both meanings of the word *fabricate*. Their inexpensive and colorful format inspired Hejduk—who has "always been fascinated with postcards, playing cards, tarot cards . . ."—to play with design directionality. In addition, his teasing labels and forceful line and color are a reaction against the dryness of, and "flimsy" use of markers in, contemporary architectural renderings.



ALL THE PICTURES OF JOHN HEJDUK'S DRAWINGS AND MODELS ARE FROM HIS BOOK *MASK OF MEDUSA*, TO BE PUBLISHED IN DECEMBER BY RIZZOLI, NEW YORK

when you touch the internal organs of such things, they are dry and hard like life itself.

DS: The Russian scholar Roman Jakobson once said there were the geometric and the antigeometric but no such thing as the ageometric. Would you say that your work is the constant tension between geometry and the biomorphic? Is that the basic grammar of your work? Your work is never lightened by the desire to escape from all rules. It seems more Dystopian than Utopian and speaks of dissonance, "the horror and the glory and the boredom." While some say of your architecture it is a reflection on the art itself, we might say it is an affirmation of architecture, though of the darkness possible through architecture. On the one hand you construct a city, but it's a city unraveling itself, with such things as clocks that remove the right time. In effect, your work is a most poignant elegy: in memory of architecture, in memory of poetry, in memory of crushed potentiality!

JH: When in grade school, I had a teacher who instilled terror into the lives of children. She insisted on proper grammar. She was so insistent on proper grammar that through her instillation of fear she caused a number of students to stutter (me among them). They consequently had to go to a speech exercise class. We were given little mirrors which we held up to our open mouths and did our practices. We discovered the bottoms of our tongues. The bottom of one's tongue doesn't look at all like the top of one's tongue. One thing we didn't learn was our grammar and we did not cure our speech defect, but we did learn about the tyranny of certain teachers.

DS: Would you characterize your hopes for the future?

JH: My close friend and lawyer, David Dolgenos, described to me what he saw as my journey . . . a north-northeast passage . . . from Venice to Prague to Berlin to Riga. A journey that moves eastward through Russia toward the Orient . . . a re-tracing. □



In Hejduk's The Thirteen Watchtowers of Cannaregio, 1974, each watchtower has a sole inhabitant. Upon that person's death, the resident of the Waiting House, *this page*, takes his place. *Opposite:* Musician's House, part of Hejduk's installation for the 1984 International Building Exhibition in Berlin.





Renoir's Flowers

BY BARBARA ROSE



Children's Afternoon at Wargemont, 1884, Nationalgalerie, Berlin, *above.* *Opposite: Geraniums and Cats,* 1881, private collection, New York.

At the age of thirteen, in 1854, the gifted young artist Pierre-Auguste Renoir was apprenticed to a porcelain painter named Levy, whose shop was in the poor Jewish section of Paris where many artisans worked. Unlike the well-to-do friends he would later meet as a leader of the Impressionist movement, Renoir came from a working-class background. It was natural that he should learn a trade rather than study a profession. Born in Limoges, the center of fine porcelain production in France, Renoir was the son of a tailor and a dressmaker. Early in his career, he took as a model and mistress a simple country seamstress, whom he only married after the birth of their first son. Referring to himself as a *peintre-ouvrier,* a painter worker—an artisan—rather than as an *artiste,* he held fast to the notion that painting was first and foremost a craft. Late in life, although he was not known as an intellectual, he spoke and wrote about the greatness of Renaissance masters like Mantegna and he prepared an introduction to the French edition of the technical treatise of Cennino Cennini, *The Book of the Craftsman.*

Surely Renoir's dedication to the idea of art as craft, to the work of the hand rather than to that of the mind, as well as his conviction that art could only be taught through apprenticeship—its secrets passed on from master to master in the studio rather than in the classroom—have their origin in his early experience. As an artisan, he decorated porcelain vases with charming nymphs and embellished table settings with charming floral borders. For Renoir was, unlike his better-educated bourgeois contemporaries, still loyal to an eighteenth-century concept of the function of art as high decoration. He knew that his adherence to the aesthetic, if not the pictorial style of the rococo, isolated him as a reactionary. But he somewhat reveled in his attachment to the ideals of charm, grace, pleasure, and "prettiness," as he put it, of that light decorative style. Once describing the function of painting, Renoir confided his credo:

"Painting is done to decorate walls. So it should be as rich as possible. For me a picture—for we are forced to paint easel pictures—should be something likeable, joyous and pretty—yes, pretty. There are enough ugly things in life for us not to add to them . . . Because Fragonard smiled, people have quickly said that he is a minor painter. They don't take people seriously who smile."

That painting, like tapestry, carpets, frescoes, marquetry—all that once contributed to the elegance and refinement of aristocratic interiors—should be essentially decorative and above all "pretty" was an idea Renoir shared with eighteenth-century court artists. The profoundly reactionary Renoir believed that artistic techniques should change, while social relations remained static. For him, the age of the rococo and the *ancien régime* had a higher ideal of art as one of life's most profound, rewarding, and gratifying pleasures than its subsequent moralistic and educational definitions in the democratic, industrial age he deplored. As several writers have observed, Renoir had a selective eye. He painted few subjects, over and over again. Themes related to music and dance, children, female nudes, and flower pieces were his favorites. Although Renoir was accused of being nothing but a casual plein air (out-of-doors) painter, most of his pictures were completed, if not entirely done in the studio. His much-admired "spontaneity" was based on elaborate preliminary sketches that established a solid structure for his apparently ephemeral compositions. True, his brushstroke was extraordinarily free and natural; but his compositions were about as mindless and uninhibited as those of *(Text continued on page 212)*

COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

HARDWICK HALL

The masterpiece of Elizabethan domestic architecture

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES







Hardwick Hall, completed in 1599, *preceding pages,* its towers crowned with the initials of its builder, Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury. *Above:* The gatehouse, framed by cedars, has two tiny rooms, occupied by lodge keepers until Victorian times. *Opposite:* Chimneypiece by Thomas Accres in the Green Velvet Room, of alabaster, blackstone, and other Derbyshire marbles.

High above the M.1 motorway, looking across a deer park westward to the Matlock hills, Hardwick Hall dominates the Derbyshire countryside like a great galleon. On dark days it stands silhouetted against the sky, massive and mysterious. When the sun shines, its rays reflected in the complex arrangement of windows, the whole house glitters. Thus it has stood since 1598, the year of its completion, a monument to its builder, Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, "Like a great old castle of romance," wrote Lord Torrington, after a visit there in 1789. "Such lofty magnificence! And built with stone, upon a hill! One of the proudest piles I ever beheld."

Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, whose initials, carved in huge stone letters, are repeated three times on each of Hardwick's six soaring towers, is best remembered as Bess of Hardwick. She was born at Hardwick sometime in 1527, the daughter of John Hardwick, the owner of a small manor house and a few hundred acres, and at the age of thirteen, in 1540, went into the service of a grand Derbyshire family, Sir John and Lady Zouche of Codnor Castle. In 1543, she made her first marriage with a cousin, Robert Barlow, who died soon after, leaving her a small inheritance. As a childless widow it is likely that she continued to serve in great households, among which was that of the Marchioness of Dorset, the mother of Lady Jane Grey. It was while she was here that she entered into her second marriage, in August 1547, with an extremely rich and elderly widower, Sir William Cavendish of Cavendish, Suffolk. In the ten years in which they were married, she bore him six surviving children, three boys and three girls, and also persuaded him to sell all his existing property and invest instead in land in the neighborhood of Hardwick, amongst which was the house and estate of Chatsworth. These, along with a substantial proportion of his other property, she inherited on his death in 1557, so that by the time she embarked, two years later, upon her third expedition into matrimony she was a woman of considerable wealth and ambition.

Her wedding to Sir William St. Loe, a Gloucestershire landowner and favorite courtier of the new Queen, Elizabeth I, was politic. He was Captain of the Royal Guard and Chief Butler of England, an important Court appointment, and Bess soon found herself firmly ensconced in royal circles. It was thus that on Sir William's death, five years later, in the winter of 1564–65, she caught the eye of one of the most powerful men in the land. George Talbot, Sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, was head of one of the oldest, grandest, and richest families in England. A Midlands potentate, master of eight important houses, he not only farmed over a vast acreage but also owned coal mines and lead works, a shipyard, a glassworks, as well as having interests in iron and steel. Their marriage in the autumn of 1567 was like the merging of two major corporations. Bess took the opportunity both to secure her own interests and to form the basis of a dynastic structure by shrewdly insisting that the union would not take place until similar contracts had been



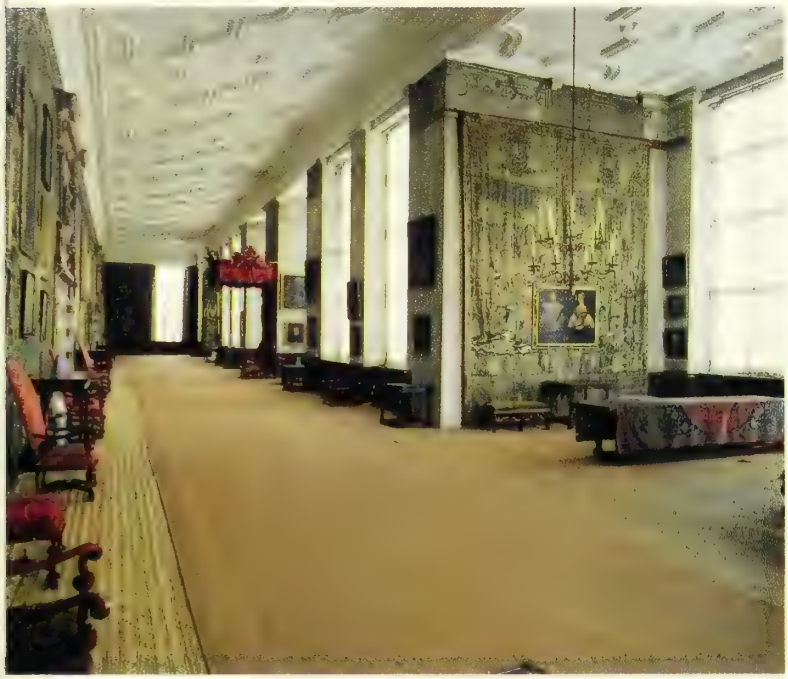




The Great Hall was used mostly by lower servants in Elizabethan times. Tapestries, originally at Chatsworth, are 17th century, as is the massive oak table and collection of armor. A stag was the Hardwick family crest, and the motif appears in the plasterwork overmantel and on walls hung with antlers.



Walnut "sea dog" table based on designs by DuCerceau, one of the few pieces of 16th-century furniture to survive at Hardwick, may have been a gift to Bess from Queen Elizabeth or her predecessor Mary. It normally stands in the Withdrawing Chamber but is now one of the stars of "The Treasure Houses of Britain," at the National Gallery in Washington.





DEVONSHIRE COLLECTION, CHATSWORTH, ENGLAND

sealed between her youngest daughter and the Earl's heir, and his youngest daughter and her heir. It was a marriage which, though it began well, was to end in hatred of his wife on the Earl's part and their eventual separation, a situation which was really responsible for the building of Hardwick as we see it today.

There were several contributing factors to the collapse of the Shrewsbury's marriage. The first was that just over a year after it had taken place the Queen decided to appoint Shrewsbury as custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots, who had fled across the border to England in May 1568. Since Mary was a constant source of intrigue, this meant that from that moment on Bess and her husband were living in a state of continuous tension. Secondly, without either telling her husband or getting the permission of the Queen, Bess arranged a marriage between one of her daughters and the Earl of Lennox, the brother of Mary, Queen of Scots's murdered husband, Lord Darnley, who had a possible claim to the throne. This infuriated Elizabeth and seriously embarrassed Shrewsbury, who was close to the Queen. Shrewsbury was also constantly annoyed at the amount of time and money Bess was spending on Chatsworth, which she was remodeling on a magnificent scale. All these matters combined to cause a complete breakdown of the marriage in 1584. Since Shrewsbury then chose to dispute his wife's ownership of Chatsworth, she decided to move to Hardwick, where she had bought the house and estate from her brother James in 1583, and concentrate her energies there.

Bess built two houses at Hardwick. The first was what is now known as Hardwick Old Hall, which has been a ruin since the eighteenth century. Work on it was begun in about 1585, and *(Text continued on page 194)*



The Long Gallery, *above,* in an early-19th-century watercolor by David Cox, and as it appears today, *opposite.* Running the length of the second floor, the gallery is hung with its original Elizabethan tapestries and many of its original portraits. Floor matting is characteristic of the period.



Portraits of Bess of Hardwick and her son William, the First Earl of Devonshire, hang in the Long Gallery, *above*. *Right:* Although the Scottish Queen never came to Hardwick, it is likely that paneling in the bedchamber, called The Queen of Scots Room, was brought here in the late 17th century from the apartment at Chatsworth where Mary was imprisoned.



(Continued from page 190) by 1590 the small manor house on the hill in which she was born had been transformed into a large rambling mansion that was something of an architectural hotchpotch. Bess herself was evidently dissatisfied with it, for when her husband died in November of that year, an event which increased her income by over a third, she almost immediately began work on a new and far more spectacular house, the foundations of which were laid within a hundred yards of the old, still uncompleted building. She was 63, with a lifetime of building experience behind her, and she now set out to create the perfect house.

The plans and detailed drawings for the construction of the new hall were drawn up by Robert Smythson, a former master-mason who had worked on the rebuilding of Sir John Thynne's house at Longleat, before going on to design Wollaton Hall, Nottinghamshire, for Sir Francis Willoughby, and Worksop Manor in the same county for Bess's husband. Once the drawings were completed, Smythson had little to do with the actual building of the house, all the detailed work being designed by the various craftsmen on the site, while the construction was supervised by Bess's own foreman. Looking at Hardwick today, and remembering that everything was then done without the help of any kind of machinery, it is extraordinary to think that the core of the house was completed in just two and a half years. This was made possible largely because materials for building posed little problem. When Sir Francis Willoughby had built Wollaton, he had had to import stone expensively from Ancaster, some thirty miles away. At Hardwick almost everything was available locally. The stone from which the house was built came from a quarry halfway up the drive. Slate was quarried from sites farther away, but all on the Cavendish estates. Lead came from workings owned by Bess's second son, William, iron from her own furnace, and glass from her own substantial glassworks. So far as timber was concerned, the enormous trees needed for floors and roofs—the floor of the High Great Chamber, for example, was carried over its span of 32 feet by complete beams—came from a variety of sources, the farthest afield being Chatsworth, from where it was dragged by twenty oxen. Work was begun at the beginning of December 1590. In October 1597, Bess moved into an architectural masterpiece, which has since been called "the precursor of much modern architecture." Here she remained until her death in 1608.



The kitchen, on the ground floor

There are many who would argue that Hardwick is the finest house in England. It is certainly the supreme example of Elizabethan architecture, combining as it does three of its most notable characteristics and taking them to their extreme. Its external design is perfectly symmetrical, not just the entrance front as is commonly the case, but on all four sides, with the west front exactly matching the east, and the north the south. The plan, a narrow rectangle surrounded by six towers, is deceptively simple, for it in fact creates an elaborate illusion of shifting shapes and patterns as one moves around it, the contrivance of such "devices," as they were called, being another favorite pastime of the Elizabethans. Finally the importance and wealth of its owner is shouted to the world by the almost relentless use of the most expensive material available at the time—glass. There are huge windows in other great Elizabethan houses such as Longleat in Wiltshire or Wollaton in Nottinghamshire, but they are in no way on the same scale as those at Hardwick, where they become progressively higher as the house rises. The use of so much glass was made structurally possible by carrying many of the chimney flues up through the internal walls. The result is breathtaking and inspired the now-celebrated piece of doggerel, "Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall."

If the exterior provides the visitor with much excitement, a tour of the inside provides equal exhilaration, for it is a house full of the unexpected, of deception even, with the symmetry of the outside disguising asymmetry within. The first surprise on entering is to find the hall, two stories high, cutting straight through the center of the house, in preference to its traditional disposition running parallel to the front, an idea possibly adapted from Palladio, and one far ahead of its time. At its west end, a screen of columns supports a gallery, which serves the useful purpose of providing communication between the two wings, while beyond this, on either side, are the two staircases that form the means of ascent to the farthest reaches of the upper stories. These, in particular the main staircase, are among the most memorable features of Hardwick, for, though their progress to the first floor is regular and unremarkable, thereafter they take off on a rambling itinerary through the center of the house, winding backward and forward, through areas of shade and mystery, across spacious landings lit by huge windows, allowing here a magnificent view across the surrounding countryside, there a tantalizing glimpse of some great room or extraordinary piece of carving, up and up they climb until they finally reach their conclusion in the north and south turrets some eighty feet away from their beginning.

From the kitchens and offices all located on the ground floor, the staircases take one first to what were Bess's own suite of rooms on the first floor. These, which in later years became the private apartments of her Cavendish descendants, the Dukes of Devonshire, include the original Low Great Chamber, a general room for sitting, eating, and recreation, now the Dining Room, in which the Sixth Duke of Devonshire when a boy kept "... a kind of menagerie: a fishing net nailed up under the curtain confined the rabbits, hedgehogs, squirrels, guinea-pigs, and white mice that were the joy of his life

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from 8 to 12 years old. The smell caused by these quadrupeds and their vegetable diet was overpowering; but he would have been very much surprised had any objection been made to their residence here." A typically Elizabethan inscription above the chimneypiece reads, "The conclusion of all thinges is to feare God and keepe his commaundementes."

One next ascends to the splendid state apartments on the second story, the most extraordinary and most purely Elizabethan of which is the High Great Chamber, entered at its south end from the head of the main staircase, a wondrous room filled with soft light and surrounded by an astonishing painted and modeled frieze. "What a strange place it is," wrote the Sixth Duke of Devonshire in his 1845 *Handbook to Chatsworth and Hardwick,* "you know as well as I do; but observe the arms of Queen Elizabeth over the chimneypiece, the curious plasterwork in relief all round the walls, and the history of Ulysses in the well-preserved and well-known tapestry. . . For one winter I dined with my friends in this room, which was more dignified than entertaining, and, in spite of all precautions, exceedingly cold." It was in this room that, in Bess's day, dinner and supper were served with great ceremony when she was keeping state. Adjoining it is the Gallery, which is the largest of its kind surviving in England, and the only one to retain both its original tapestries and many of its original pictures. In his *Handbook,* the Sixth Duke explained how guests on a tour of the house "begin to get weary and to think they have done, and to want their luncheon; but they are awakened when the tapestry over the door at the north end of this room is lifted up and they find themselves in this stupendous and original appartment." He also tells how he "made a vain attempt. . . to pass some evenings in the Long Gallery: although surrounded by screens, and sheltered by red baize curtains, the cold frosty East wind got the better of us." It was a problem that Bess must have known well.

The final treat on a visit to Hardwick is one not normally enjoyed by the public. It is to be found at the head of the north staircase where a door in the north turret gives access to the roof. To walk out onto its vast, windy spaces and stand at the edge, in the shadow of one of the crenellated turrets, and look out over the ruins of the Old Hall to the Matlock hills beyond is a thrilling experience. "In fine weather," wrote the Sixth Duke, "I should not despair of you, on top of the house, to try and distinguish seven counties." The top



Hunting scene from plasterwork frieze in the High Great Chamber.

room in the south turret contains elaborate plasterwork, for it was originally intended as an extra banqueting room, and though the rooms in the other turrets also contain plasterwork, over the chimneypieces, theirs is of a much simpler variety since they were used as servants' quarters, a practice which was continued right into the present century. "When the family went for their annual visit to Hardwick," wrote Lady Maud Baillie, the eldest daughter of the Ninth Duke, ". . . they were accompanied by an army of servants, every room was occupied, even some of the turrets, which were the footmen's bedrooms. The only access was across the roof, an alarming experience in the dark with a gale blowing. There was no gas or electricity, and the darkness of the rooms, lit only by a very small lamp or a candle, was terrifying."

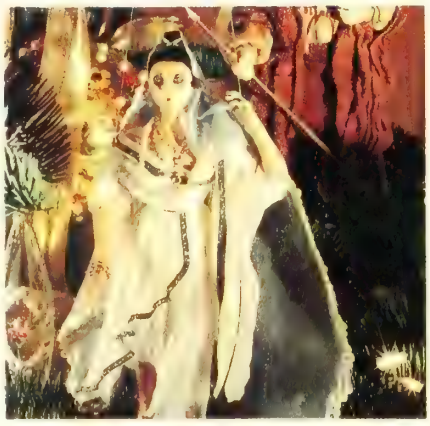
Not even the dullest heart could fail to be touched by the romance and beauty of this great house. I leave the final word to Sacheverell Sitwell. "What wonders we have come from!" he once wrote. "All hidden, all enclosed behind the leaded windows, under the towers of Hardwick, looking out for all weathers on the stag-antlered trees." □

Hardwick Hall is managed by The National Trust and is open April to October 31. House: Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun., and bank holiday Mondays, 1–5:30. Garden: Daily 12–5:30.

(Continued from page 103) enchanting and delightful, and it would have to be up to the formality of the room, designed by Sister Parish. Perhaps it could be hung with small replicas of famous characters from the opera, each a hand-executed figure, a careful work of art, authentic in gesture and pose. Ann was now asking Eleanor to turn the opera tree into a reality.

At first it was to be a surprise for Gordon Getty, to whom operas and their scores are almost life's blood. But while the two enthusiastic friends were sitting in Ann's bedroom going over the lists of characters to be included, Gordon appeared. Vague about how this tree he heard them discussing was going to materialize, he was nonetheless charmed by whatever was to be worked around the theme of the opera and happily added a few succinct suggestions.

Now Eleanor plunged into the task in earnest. Books and pictures of eighteenth-century Neapolitan crèches and hovering animated angels were perused in depth, along with illustrated volumes on the operas. The figures would be chosen from Gordon's favorite operas—not a problem, since he admires so many. Inspired by those Italian crèche figures, so engagingly realistic in every detail, they were to seem as animated as the eighteenth-century figures (modeled by artists) and be created in immediately recognizable, classic action opera poses. Some would even be stylish small caricatures of personalities famous for special opera roles. Pavarotti would be the Duke of Mantua from *Rigoletto,* Maria Callas would be the name role in *Norma,* Otello would be a darkly made-up Placido Domingo, and in bold floppy clown suit, Caruso as Canio becomes Pagliacci. The German operas, among Gordon's favorites, would be well represented. There would be the three siren Rhine Maidens bursting out of their seaweed gowns from the incomparable *Ring of the Nibelung,* a recent success for which San Francisco turned out en masse. Brünnhilde with spear, Wotan as God and as wanderer would round out that cycle (rarely performed as lovingly and carefully and in the precise way that Wagner wished and San Francisco did—with the four



Leila in *The Pearl Fishers* by Bizet

operas running within a week's time).

In search of authenticity and inspiration, Eleanor went to the staff of the San Francisco Opera—in particular to Walter Mahoney, manager of the costume shop. It was through Mahoney that Eleanor was to meet Frank Morales—a seasonal staff member who specialized in unusual costume props and projects. More than that, he had been a dollmaker and was able to work in small scale. No detail seemed to daunt him. He could go from making and casting armor, helmets, breastplates, and swords for the actual operas to working with beads, trims, and braids and even cutting patterns. Using his fertile imagination to authenticate the tiny costumes and props for the opera tree was just his cup of tea.

Though Frank had access to the equipment and talent in the costume and craft shops, where big boxes of costume scraps were stored, he could use few of the leftover pieces from opera costumes because the fabrics were too thick, heavy, or stiff. What worked best were the laces, tiny trims, and soft pleated silks, which seemed to drape most realistically. (This was all just as well because the different sizes and girths of the visiting divas, tenors, and baritones made it necessary to use those extra scraps to expand the waists and chests of the existing costumes. Their use for Frank was as guides for color, texture, drama, and style.)

Frank researched each character in depth, going through the racks of actual costumes at the opera house and poring over volumes at the library. He worked out how much of each figure would show beyond the costume, decided what important and distinctive props each character would need—such as swords, breastplates, headgear, a gold cup and elegantly curved urn-shaped pitcher for *Lakmé,* a balcony for *Romeo and Juliet,* a boat for *Tristan and Isolde*—and finally did a bodyform diagram in a typical action pose for each opera figure.

But perhaps the most important artisan in this trio was missing—the one who was to sculpt the faces and shoulders, arms and hands, legs and feet and the soft pliable rubber bodies they would all be attached to. The search for this artist had many false starts. Homer Sterios was located just two days before he was to return to Hawaii, where he works and lives. There was no need for panic, however, for he was the right choice—when he and Frank met, they thrust out their arms and danced across the room gesturing and posing and imitating every operatic pose at its most memorable and dramatic moment.

Homer is a sculptor whose work is often cast in bronze or metal made from a wax original. Classically trained, he specializes in Western art in the manner of sculptor Frederic Remington. When he cast and finished the body parts of lightweight plastic, he labeled them and shipped them (with rubber torsos) to Eleanor, who then painted on faces full of character (with brushes of no more than three hairs) and added accurate detail to the exposed body parts. Each head was now like a small sculpted portrait.

After Frank assembled the various parts into an animated whole body and clothed, bewigged, accessorized, and propped the characters, he took them to Walter Mahoney at the opera costume shop for a final critique of authenticity. Then each figure was packed in its own clear plastic box to await Christmas and the tree-trimming season and the flower-arranging expertise of Valerie Arelt, a young Englishwoman who learned her craft and taught at Constance Spry's school in London and who does all the flowers and bouquets and Christmas decorations in the Getty house.

The season is now here, and before you—the opera tree. □

Editor: Marilyn Schafer

SAINT-GAUDENS

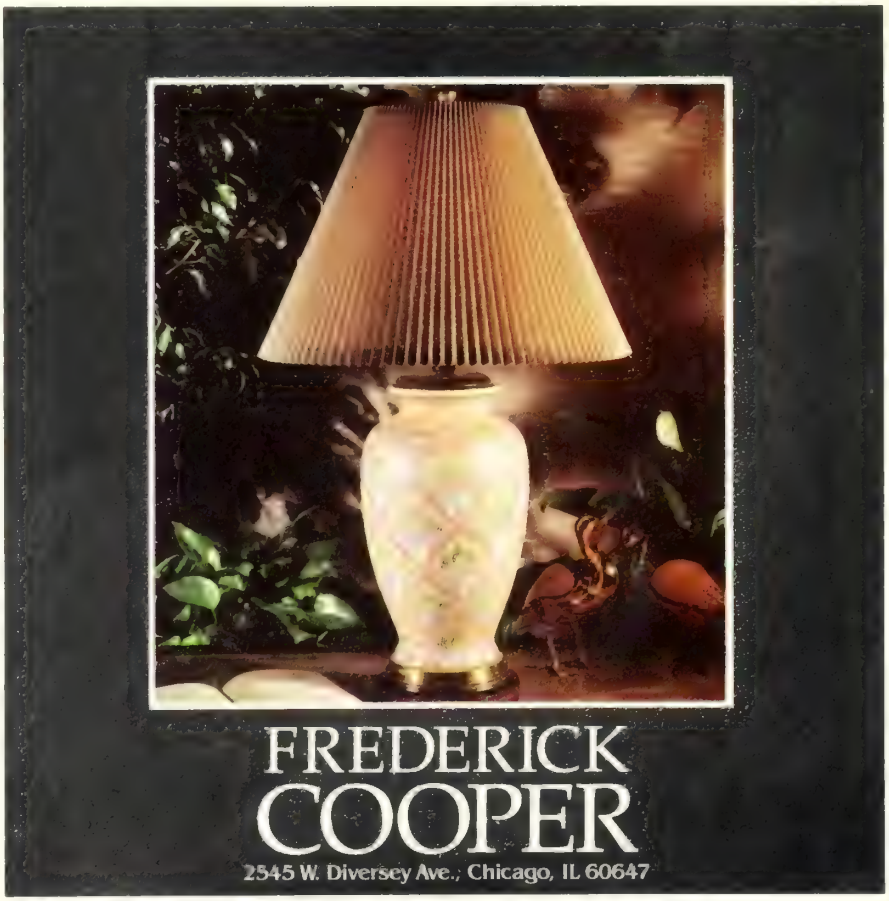
(Continued from page 148) extensive and cluttered; now the grass parterres have been expanded to allow for ease of maintenance and wandering visitors. And the annuals that once surrounded the marble pool—bachelor buttons, stocks, snapdragons, scabiosa, houndstongue, and gladiolas—have been replaced with funkia. The long borders of perennials still retain the white, pink, and wine-red peonies, the old iris—Germanica, Florentina, and Dalmatica—scarlet Oriental poppies; delphinium and phlox. The lilies, regal and tiger, day lilies and early lemon lilies, are intermixed. Gone from the garden now are the tubs of oleander, the masses of rudbeckia, the white and red rugosas, the exotic caladium.

The flower gardens are embellished by gilded bronze garden sculptures. One has a copy of the Pompeian *Boy With a Wine Skin* and another, the Greek *Hermes* from the Louvre on a fluted white marble pedestal. The flower garden on its northern edge is closed with a semicircular bench with terminal heads by Saint-Gaudens representing the seasons as zodiac symbols. At this time the formal arrangement is being restored, with a flanking pair of heads to be set as finials on tall columns in the high hedges. Facing these, on the upper terrace on low columns, another pair will complete the original arrangement reminiscent of great Italian gardens like the Villa Albani.

Today the studios and gardens of Aspet are a living memorial to the sculptor and the collections offer a capsule history of his artistic career; the sculpture ranging in size from monumental or heroic to small sketches and models in plaster, bronze, and marble.

In the Gallery is a vitrine with some of his earliest work: seven cameos in shell and stone. The Studio modeling room exhibits fourteen of his bas-relief portraits, some of the finest reliefs since the Renaissance. The earliest one, the portrait of fellow artist David Maitland Armstrong, begun as an experiment in 1877, is the first of a series described by the first chronicler of American sculpture, Lorado Taft, as Saint-Gaudens's greatest contribution to American art. He continued to model bas-relief portraits throughout his





Available through interior designers and decorating departments.

life, interweaving them with his larger work, almost as a respite in his life as an "executive" sculptor.

A portion of his first monument, the massive stone bench/pedestal for the Admiral Farragut, has recently been reerected in a new pavilion just outside the Atrium Gallery.

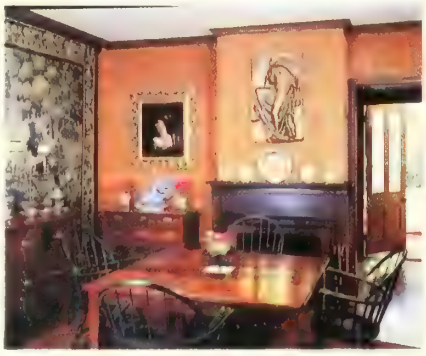
A significant monument in bronze, the *Puritan,* in Springfield, Massachusetts, is a masterful fusion of the portrait and the historic image of a Pilgrim. It was unveiled appropriately on Thanksgiving Day in 1887. A plaster cast in heroic size is exhibited in the New Studio Gallery.

Contrasting with this stern image is the nude mythological figure *Diana,* a gilded weather vane of 1892 on New York's Madison Square Garden. It was the tallest point on the skyline at the time and bathed in the glow of ten carbon arc searchlights, the first lighted sculpture in the city. The Studio has a bronze cast from the half-size model and the reduction.

Saint-Gaudens began the serialization of a selected number of his works in the 1890s with the bas-reliefs of poet Robert Louis Stevenson. After his return to Paris in 1897 he chose the *Puritan* and *Diana,* cast in two and three foot bronzes; these were offered through Tiffany & Co. in New York and Paris as well as through galleries in Boston and Chicago. His work was thus more accessible to the public, which enhanced his popularity and reputation.

Another of his major monuments, the Shaw Memorial, in process in his New York studios for fourteen years, was finally installed in the Boston Common in 1897. A superb presentation in high relief, it is a commemoration of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw and the 54th Regiment of black volunteers who served with him in the Civil War. A full-size cast in plaster, exhibited in Buffalo at the Pan-American Exposition in 1901, was reerected in 1950 in Cornish in an enclosure at the end of the bowling green.

That fusion of idealism and realism is again expressed in the Sherman Monument, 1903, at the entrance to New York's Central Park. Inspired by the ancient Greeks, Saint-Gaudens created a winged female figure of "Victory" striding before the great horse and rider, holding a palm branch aloft. This same figure appears on the twenty-dollar gold piece of 1907. The ten- and twenty-dollar and one-cent coins designed by Saint-Gaudens at the request of President Theodore Roosevelt are some of the most beautiful coins ever minted.



Dining room in Saint-Gaudens's house

Perhaps the most familiar of his works, at least that which has often been visually reproduced, is the Adams Memorial, 1891, in Washington's Rock Creek Church Cemetery. Commissioned by Henry Adams for his wife's grave, it is a bronze brooding, seated figure, just over life-size; an enigma in its isolated setting. A bronze cast from an 1892 reworking of the head is exhibited in his studio; in a garden enclosure clipped hemlock and hornbeam form a backdrop for a full-size bronze cast, made in 1968 from the original figure.

Less enigmatic perhaps is the *Amor Caritas,* a robed, winged angel composed as an eight-foot-high stele, in high relief. Begun in 1887 as a funerary commission, it was reworked in Paris in 1898 and purchased by the French government for the modern art collection now in the Louvre. Posthumous casts are in The Metropolitan Museum of Art and in the Atrium garden.

Returning from the studios, and ascending from the gardens, a set of white marble steps leads to the house, and the large outdoor living room, a columned porch, overlooking the blue/purple mountain—Ascutney.

The interior of the house is eclectic, reflecting its colonial background in the complement of New England antiques—some from Augusta Homer Saint-Gaudens's family in Boston—as well as the couple's residence abroad. An artistic touch typical of the time is the use of Japanese grass matting, simply stapled to the plaster walls. The interior woodwork of glazed mistletoe green and deep brown surrounding the tatami makes a sympathetic background for blue-and-white china, Hispano-Moresque brass plates, Japanese prints, and seventeenth-century Flemish tapestries purchased in Paris. Oriental carpets also derive from their Paris sojourn and are included in two paintings of the 1870s by the sculptor's wife of their apartment overlooking the Luxembourg Gardens.

A portrait of Augusta by Thomas Dewing and a Cornish landscape by George de Forest Brush recall the other artists in the Cornish Colony: painters Thomas and Maria Dewing; muralist Henry O. Walker; painter and architect Charles Platt; and painter Maxfield Parrish. In 1905, 65 members of the artist colony and their children presented a fete in honor of the Saint-Gaudenses' twentieth anniversary in Cornish. This play was one of the first outdoor masques in the United States, modeled in part after the late Renaissance Florentine theatricals, featuring allegories of the gods, entitled *A Masque of 'Ours', the Gods and the Golden Bowl.* In June of this year, the masque was recreated in part on the lawns and in front of the Temple, a marble copy of the original stage set. The reenactment was produced by filmmaker Ted Timreck as part of a documentary on the sculptor being filmed for the Trustees of the Saint-Gaudens Memorial, to be aired on the Public Broadcasting System this year and next.

This year, the anniversary of the coming of Saint-Gaudens and the art colony to Cornish, will also see a new biography of the sculptor by Burke Wilkinson, *Uncommon Clay,* published by Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is mounting an exhibition of Saint-Gaudens's work in New York, November 19, 1985, through January 26,1986. It will then travel to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where it will be seen from February 26 through May 11, 1986. □

Editors: Heather Smith MacIsaac and Senga Mortimer

LIVING WITH VIVID GHOSTS

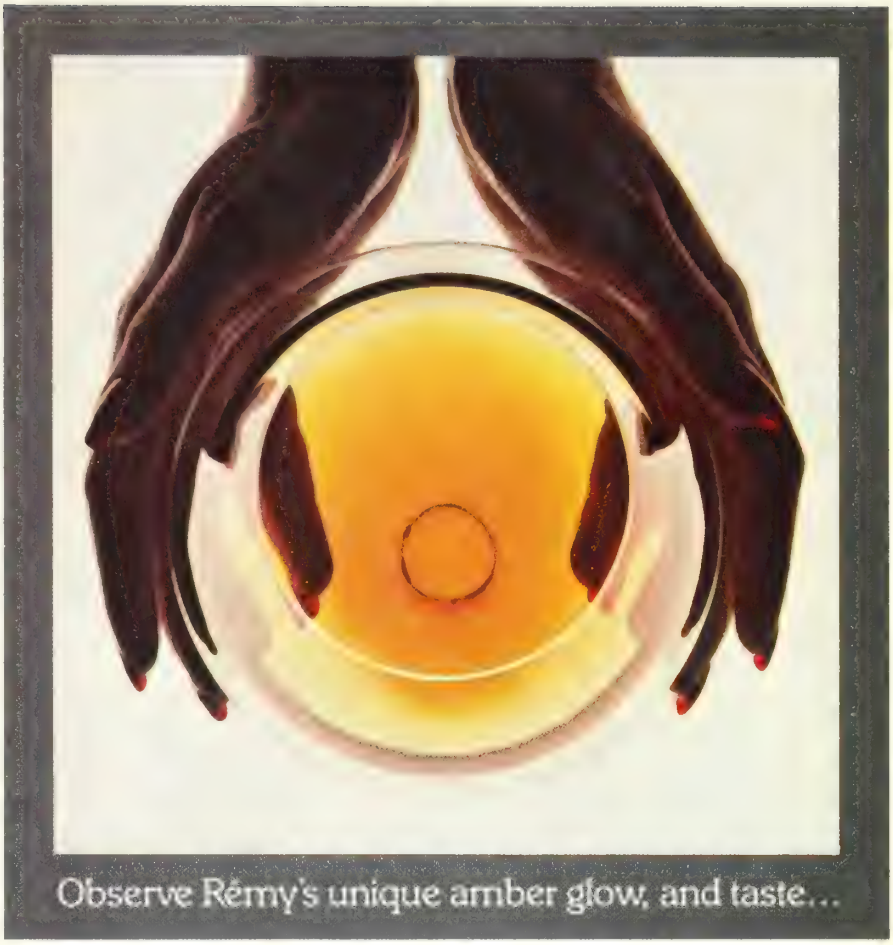
(*Continued from page 156*) decade of t. Paul, Minnesota, the 1880s, is the t. Paul Building. It is attributed to J. Walter Stevens, though Ellis's drawings for it exist. St. Joseph, Missouri, is museum of Ellis's prowess, though he s credited with not a single building. n Minneapolis, Leroy Buffington, a ighly successful and thoroughly unprincipled Minneapolis architect, routinely erased Ellis's signature on lrawings that won competitions for iim—like the bank building so beoved of George Elmslie.

At the very end of his life, in 1903, Ellis signed an exclusive contract to vork for Gustav Stickley. Ellis's exquiite inlaid furniture was never mass produced by the Craftsman Studios of Stickley but was made to show what hey could do when they really tried.

Ellis's first major commission in the tyle that first made him famous, the ieavy-masonry, Syrian-arched, richly ornamented Richardsonian, was in St. Paul, in 1885. Ellis had worked for Henry Hobson Richardson briefly in Albany, in 1878 or so, and returned to iis native Rochester, New York, where ie developed his own wild, romantic style. By the time he wandered westward to work for J. Walter Stevens in St. Paul, he was ready for a complex ob like the John Merriam house. It was of reddish Portage-entry sandstone and granite; its interior resonated with stained glass and brass, gilt leather, carved walnut and ivory. It had been sentenced to destruction eighty years later, when Fred Gould, a carpenter friend, and I invaded it with crowbars, screwdrivers, and pliers just before the wreckers arrived.

The Merriam house had served as a science museum, standing immediately behind the state capitol. It was the last of a group of wonderful Richardsonian houses in that neighborhood, most of them probably by Ellis. It should have become the governor's mansion, but in Minnesota the same taste still prevailed that ignored Wright's Francis W. Little house in Minneapolis.

Fred Gould and I were not alone that day. A young priest was there, and he did well by Harvey, as Billy Purcell had urged me to do. A goodly chunk of the front hall, a huge room crawling



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BREAKERS WEST

with carven ornament and opening upward with a broad, strutting staircase, can now be seen in a Roman Catholic retreat house in Buffalo, Minnesota. Fred and I rescued two of the clerestory horizontal panels, each about seven feet long, which merely suggest the enormous stained-glass wall below. They are now built into the south face of my study. A few fragments of the large window and a jar full of the golden "jewel glass" that was lying about on the ground after the wreckers had done their work are on my desk as I write.

I suppose Fred's services cost me twenty dollars, recovering a Sweetness and Light crystal cabinet, with curving glass doors, and a deeply cut tree-of-life serving table, which had been hidden behind plywood panels. At the last minute, we broke through a temporary wall of plywood and found a small ivory-and-gold room, from which we extricated another serving table, crawling with Celtic interlaces (its ivory paint was so battered that I later removed it, and it now serves in my study as a mahogany-and-gold library table).

Ellis's eclectic style showed how rapidly architectural commerce went across the Atlantic: Richardson's ideas were already much in vogue, at second-hand in Scandinavia and Britain. Ellis waited only a year after reading about a British sideboard to reproduce it, in his own way, in St. Paul. It is in our dining room, with its central mirror, surrounded by more tree-of-life ornament, reflecting a brass chandelier from St. Joseph, Missouri.

I was in Missouri on banking business, went to St. Joe on the strength of a little Ellis signature or two on the bottom of other people's winning drawings, and was able to sort out the chronology of his work there. Among his works was a remodeling job (we have been lucky with Ellis remodelings). I stopped at the now boarding house, noted his characteristic carved sandstone ornament, peered through the window, saw a huge brass chandelier with opalescent shades, knocked, and made a bid.

Though the golden glass with leafy-green striations and the brass with its Celtic interlaces glow cheerfully in candlelight, the chandelier is not a masterwork. But it is exuberant. We don't take it too seriously. But because of the skill of designer Ann Hartman, we do take seriously the dining room in which it reposes, along with the crystal cabinet and sideboard and other Ellis glass.

She showed us where to hang the cabinet and sideboard. She approved the St. Joe chandelier. She continued the rectilinear grid ordained by an Arts and Crafts living room of 1908 (which we will enter in a moment), but for the dining room she provided four shades of opulent blues and painted the grid a dull gold. It was no longer 1908; it was now, in feeling, considerably older, closer to, but not imitating, Harvey Ellis's earlier interiors.

Her challenge was to accommodate the best Ellis artifacts of the 1880s and early 1890s as well as an array of later Ellis stained glass of a quite different character. The glass comes from a remodeling performed by Ellis in 1897 for Junius Judson in Rochester, New York, after his return there from the West. I had found photographs of the glass *in situ* but could not be absolutely sure it was Ellis until, just a year or so ago, I saw the same grape clusters set against an abstracted vine as those inlaid on the front of a signed Ellis sideboard of the same period that appeared on the cover of an Ellis furniture catalogue.

When in Rochester to advise a client about a real-estate transaction, I had found the remodeled house, remodeled again, in the 1930s, perhaps. All the glass was gone, said the occupants, except for some pieces down in the jelly cellar—under the jelly. They were still there but, miraculously, in sections, not in pieces. I think they constitute Ellis's most beautiful surviving work. We wanted to build a room about the series, in the context of his earlier work. Thanks to Ann Hartman, we were able to do so. She designed light boxes for the glass, which contain short tube lights and have raked sides. The glass appears to float on the wall, setting the colors, in graduated blues and golds. Its rectilinear rhythms tie the dining room together with its neighbor, the living room, which had a grid of its own—Sears Roebuck Arts and Crafts.

So, in one room, Mrs. Hartman permits us to follow Harvey from Sweetness and Light in 1885 to wild Richardsonian Romanesque Romance in 1893 and on to the verge of Glasgow-school Art Nouveau in 1897. She did what we could never have done: take these disparate testimonials to genius and give them an appropriate setting in which they can speak to each other and to our guests.

There is an art in creation and a certain modest craft, or craftiness, in collecting. There is another art in presenting, a talent not frequently to be found in the same person who may be a historian or collector. To do honor to the creator, the collector is often well advised to make use of a good presenter. We did, and rejoice in the result.

I have suggested that the geometric grid of the Ellis windows in the dining room made the announcement of dinner and the opening of the doors into it from the living room a little less theatrical, a little less museumy than would have been the case had not another designer helped Frances Kennedy make the most of the grid Messrs. Sears and Roebuck provided at the front of the house. To those two merchants we added Purcell and Elmslie. Frances worked with Saskia Weinstein to give the bungalow a little of the sophistication of its contemporaries in Darmstadt. From European Arts and Crafts of 1910–20 came a set of subtle colors highly compatible both with bungalow architecture and with another set of rescued windows, this time by Elmslie, in cool pastels, inset with tiny cubes of jewel tones.

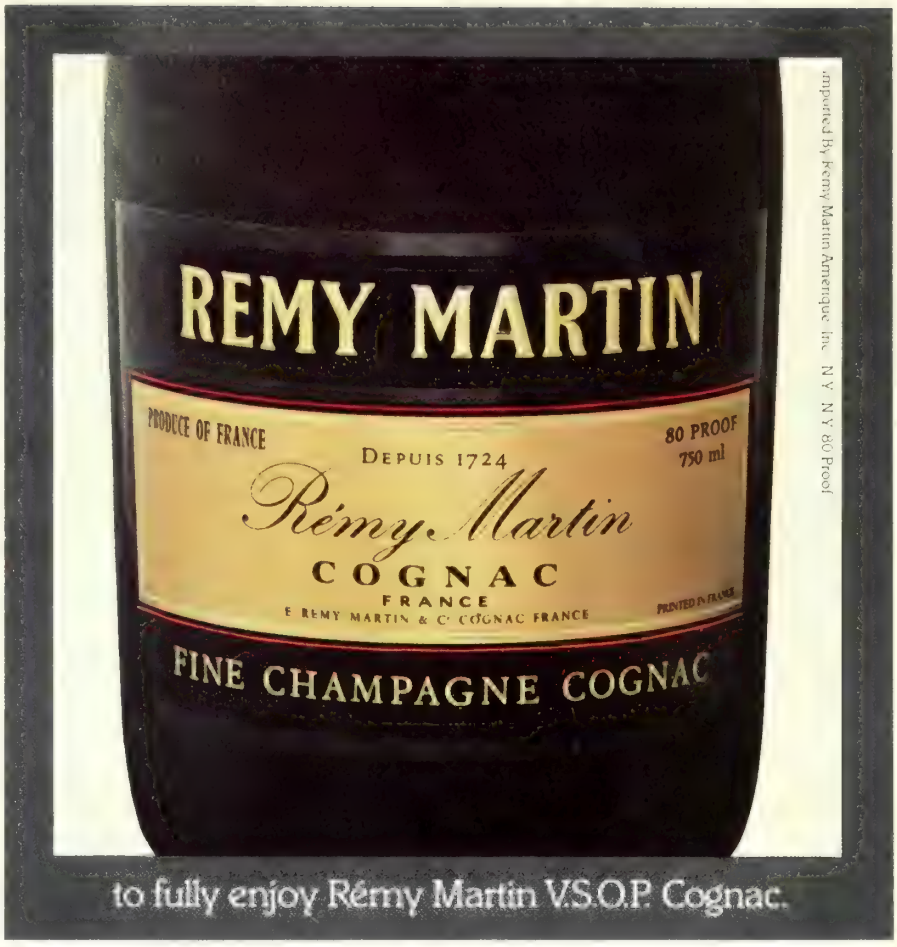
Most of the work of Purcell and Elmslie is still, happily, inhabited and requires no salvaging by us. But we did receive a shipment one bitterly cold January night of Purcell and Elmslie windows. They came in the back of a pickup all the way from Topeka, Kansas. I had heard that the natives were about to tear down one of the last artifacts of the Purcell and Elmslie collaboration, the Capitol Savings and Loan Association, of 1917–19. It was not their best building, but the officers' quarters had a set of Elmslie's cadenzas, in color, on the compass and T-square—seventeen small windows. They were the sort of things that art

storians might link to the De Stijl oup in Holland or to Wright's somehat earlier work at the Coonley playouse. They are, in a way, the ompletion of Ellis's progression toard greater and greater abstraction in ie severe Judson windows.

But even in the Judson windows iere is a black-and-gold-and-green ird flying across the geometric grid; nd so it is with the Topeka windows. lmslie cannot resist his own little blue ird among all those pastel circles and iose little cubes of accent glass. Saskia Veinstein designed the living room nd Frances Kennedy's study around ie windows. Sections of the walls ere painted with seventeen different olors before we found the cream, ray, and blue that pick up Elmslie's ubtle colors and make our bungalow ito a small Darmstadt, Glasgow, or ochester Arts and Crafts house where George Elmslie's windows can be omfortable. Over the fireplace is nounted, at its original height, a ronze (sand-cast) teller's wicket from he Owatonna bank of Sullivan and Elmslie. Richard Weinstein added two lmost invisibly etched glass panels, executed by Woodson Rainey, carrying two Sullivan designs of the early 1920s, after the great days of the Prairie School were over and after Billy Purcell went off to the West to die (he thought) and Sullivan was so weak that Wright could tolerate a reconciliation with him.

Frances Kennedy can look from her desk at a panel of six Elmslie windows mounted not horizontally, as he saw them in the officers' quarters of the Topeka Savings Bank, but vertically, as exercises. She can look past the Sullivan etched glass toward the full panoply of Elmslie's genius, the windows on parade. She and Mrs. Weinstein worked out the very quiet built-in furniture and designed the rugs, which were woven for the two rooms by Alice Pickett of Artisans Cooperative.

We tried to find an Ellis rug for the dining room. Though they may well exist somewhere, since he designed several, we had to settle for a blue-gray Prairie School rug woven in China for a house in Duluth in about 1909. It seems to work fairly well. It wound up in a sale in Bethesda, Maryland, where





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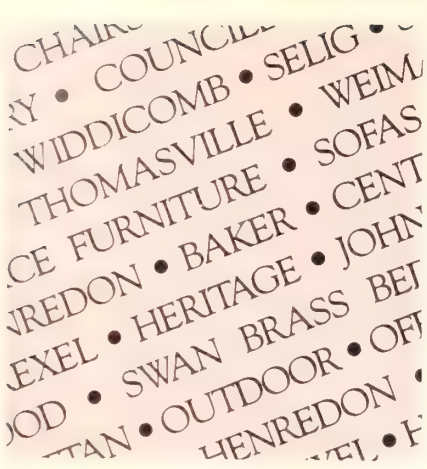
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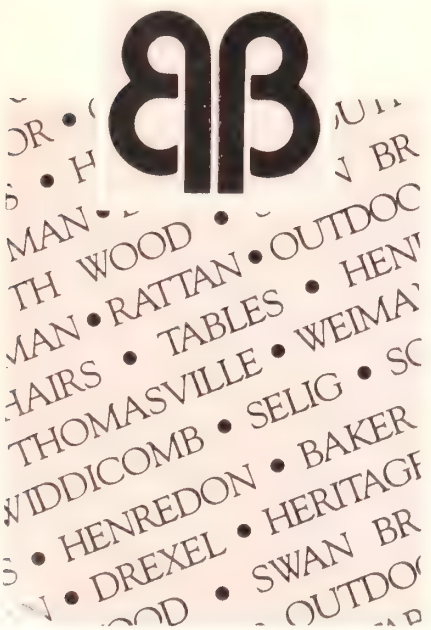


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LIVING WITH VIVID GHOSTS

the proprietors were somewhat bemused by our enthusiasm. They had never met Billy Purcell.

Purcell loved gardens and liked to link his houses to flowers and sitting places outside. We wanted to set three remaining pairs of Topeka windows where we could see them from our garden, so we asked Ann Hartman for help. She turned a rather limp dining ell off the kitchen into an octagon, making use of the three sides of a bay. Within the octagon she set an octagonal table of her own design painted white and gray, behind which the P & E windows lit from above shimmer against the white wall. We can see them while sitting on the terrace in the evening, breathing the scent of Virginia summer.

From time to time, as we have moved, we have given things away. Among them were three Elmslie windows. We were pleased and a little amused by the curatorial zeal with which their provenance was pursued. The three windows came from another remodeling, for Dr. J.R. Cross, a distant relative of Elmslie's. I spotted them, however, not knowing of that specific job but because they were so obviously Elmslie's work.

I was on my way to The Tyrone Guthrie Theater, of which I was then chairman, and was driving down a street in that forlorn condition in which streets await urban renewal as Chekhov heroines await a train for Moscow. There, in a house certainly not by Ellis or Elmslie or any competent architect, were three wonderful windows, through the central one of which a baseball had recently passed. It had missed the colored glass but had shivered the clear, central panel. I disembarked, made my offer, and came back later with good, solid, clear windows. In the process I also purchased some wooden cutouts with which Elmslie had given a little character to his cousin's porte cochere. They provided the models for the balustrade for the balcony of our Minnesota house.

The pleasure of seeing a few of these pieces in a museum is like the pleasure of sharing one's passions in a book: one hopes that visitors, like readers, will find unexpected joys in them, the joys we have found in living with Billy Purcell's passions, which have become our own. ◻ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

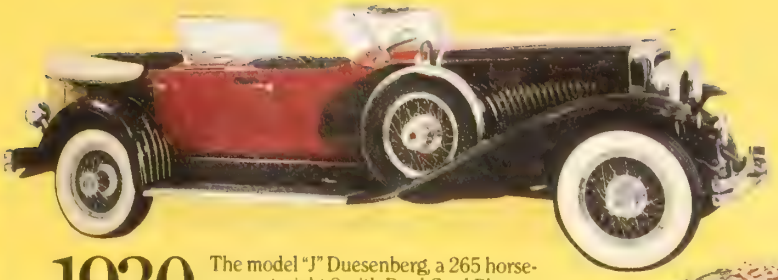
A VERY GRAND LITTLE HOUSE

(Continued from page 162) of his family. You don't have to be in charge of the decorative arts at a major museum to give a gasp of pleasure—and, in some cases, of recognition—when you walk into it. Already the Falconet figure of a *Baigneuse* at the bottom of the stairs tells us that someone with exceptional intelligence and sensibility has been at work.

But the story of that *Baigneuse* also tells us something about the owner of this house. Where other collectors would have fussed and fretted over every last detail of the transaction, he bought it sight unseen, from a photograph, in the belief that it was about twelve inches high and would look well on a table. When it turned out to be nearer life-size, he was delighted and had just the right place for it.

With the Falconet, as with everything else in the house, we realize at once that it was welcomed with love, not merely because it was "important." We are dealing with reflected love, not simply with a pedigree, maker's name, or a coveted reference in the standard histories. This is not a collection that was put together at second-hand, or even on best advice. It is a personal statement, to which the antiquaires, the auction catalogues, and the collections of like-minded others were incidental.

Everything in this house is meant to be used, to be shared with others, to be an integral part of high-spirited hospitality. Nothing is cordoned off. "Sit on me," the fine eighteenth-century fauteuil says. "Enjoy me," says the porcelain on the dining-room table. "Leave your watch upstairs," says the French eighteenth-century clock hanging on the wall next to a bird in Strasbourg faience that has come to perch in a deli-



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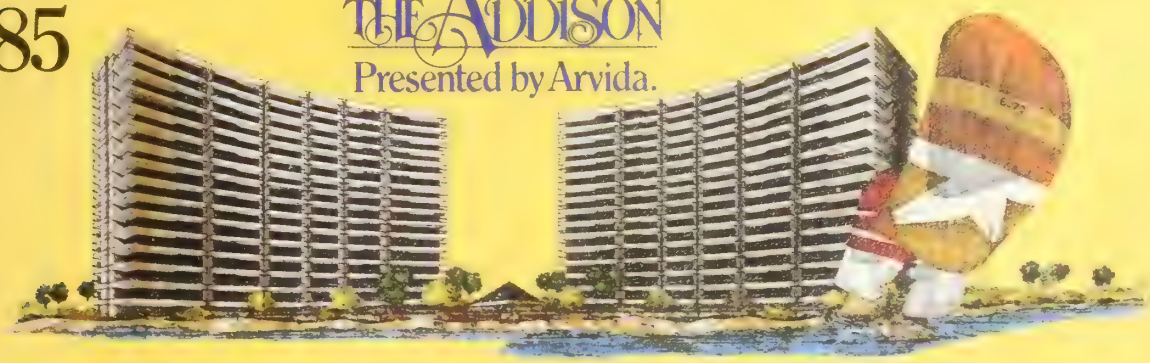
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due course she gave birth to a child, Perseus. Akrisios was unaware of this event, and only when the child Perseus was four years old did he first hear his voice. Thereupon Danaë and her son were thrown into the sea, to be rescued on the island of Seriphos where Perseus grew to manhood. At the behest of Zeus he was presented with gifts from the gods, a sickle-shaped sword or *harpe;* a shield, the gift of Athena; and a winged helmet and sandals, the gift of Hermes. Challenged to prove himself, he sought out and, with the aid of a reflection in the polished surface of his shield, slew the Medusa whose face turned men to stone, and then, in Ethiopia, came to the rescue of Andromeda, whose parents, obedient to an oracle, had exposed her on the seashore as a sacrifice. This is the legend illustrated in the niches on the base and on the relief beneath. They contain bronze statuettes of Zeus (on the front), Danaë and the child Perseus (on the back), and Athena and Mercury (at the sides), with inscriptions written by the historian and philologist Benedetto Varchi. Though not a figure of great intellectual distinction, Varchi was the head of the Accademia Fiorentina and enjoyed the confidence of the Duke, and the inscriptions went through a number of drafts. One, at the front, reads, "If anyone harms thee, my son, I will avenge thee," and could be read as extending the protection of Zeus from Perseus to the Duke, and in its first form offered protection against slander as well as assault ("Those who harm thee, Perseus, with their hand or insolent tongue, will feel the weapons of angry Jove").

When the bronze statuettes for the base were completed, the Duchess, Eleanora of Toledo, tried to prevent their installation and keep them in her own apartments. Looking at the bronzes in the Bargello, one must have some sympathy with her reaction. In the Earth and Ocean of the Saltcellar of Francis I (now in Vienna) Cellini had produced two of the most beautiful figures of the sixteenth century, and in the bronzes on the Perseus base the same instincts are once more at work. Though the splendid Jupiter is shown today without a background, it still registers with great force, with its head in profile to the right and a thunderbolt held in the raised hand, while the lithe and brilliant Mercury, supporting itself like a dancer on the front of its left foot, is one of the supreme achievements of Mannerist sculpture. These are the greatest small bronzes produced in Florence in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the reason for their preeminence is not far to seek. Cellini in his *Life* insists repeatedly on the necessity of study from the life. "The only books which teach this art," he says, "are the natural human body." In France he employed life models even for works on a miniscule scale, and he did so again in Florence. We know indeed from his autobiography that the model for the *Danaë* and the *Minerva* was a sixteen-year-old girl from the Florentine suburb of Doccia, Dorotea, and that a boy recruited on the Ponte Vecchio pranced about in the studio when Cellini was modeling and chasing the Mercury.

There are two models for the figure of Perseus, and when the first of them, a wax model in the Bargello, was made the change from the Duke's concept of "solo un Perseo" to the concept of Perseus with the body of Medusa beneath his feet had already occurred. Whereas the Duke's concern was with symbolism, Cellini's was with symmetry. In Donatello's *Judith* the body of Holofernes was shown at the heroine's feet, and with the Perseus the body of the Medusa had also to be portrayed. The base of the *Judith* was planned as a sequence of superimposed geometrical forms. Under her feet is a rectangular wineskin, under the wineskin is a triangular plinth, and under the plinth is a circular base. In Cellini's first model, in wax, the triangular plinth is omitted, and the group rests on a column with a heavy capital, with the body of Medusa disposed round it as a rectangle, of which the front is established by the left forearm, the right side by the torso and the left side by the left lower leg held in place by the left hand. In the second model, in bronze, also in the Bargello, the cushion was reintroduced, and the main feature of the front became the Medusa's neck pouring blood. In the finished statue, however, Cellini returned to a scheme closely akin to that of the wax model. Once more it was rectangular, and the body when seen from the top, as Cellini would have seen it after it was cast, bears more than a casual resemblance to the scheme of the painting of the Exposure of Luxury in the National Gallery in London, on which Bronzino was working at this time. Our only clue to the meaning of this extraordinary pose is provided by a poem—it is really a letter in rhyme—written in August 1546 by an acquaintance of Cellini's, Niccolò Martelli. It explains that the Medusa was taken unawares by Perseus while sleeping on her right side. In a defensive move, she rolled on her back in order to gaze into his face, but since he was looking not at her but at her reflection she was immediately decapitated. Whatever its motivation, this was a highly artificial pose, and close life study was required if it was to take on some validity. Its most awkward aspect must have been the left buttock, thigh, and leg, but in the final resolution these were successfully negotiated, as was the tormented upturned foot on the left side and the dangling hand on the side opposite. The model once more was Cellini's mistress Dorotea, who must have posed not only for the gesso model but again (as seems to have been Cellini's invariable practice) during the chasing of the figure.

The problem of the Perseus was more straightforward. In the wax model the body is modeled with exemplary delicacy, evidently from a living model; the face is shown gazing down at the decapitated body and the Medusa head is raised, well above shoulder height, in the outstretched left hand. The stance of Perseus is less stable in the bronze model than in the wax. The head is again depicted looking down, but the effect it makes is weaker partly because the helmet is elaborated with two wings and partly because the angle of the left forearm and the attachment of the hand holding the Medusa's head are not properly worked out. Cellini was preoccupied, as we know from a letter written by him to Benedetto Varchi at this time, with developing it as a multifacial figure with eight valid views, and in the finished statue this was successfully accomplished. The effect of the figure in the models is imma-

ure and rather trivial, but for his final esolution Cellini turned to Michelangelo, and especially to the portrait statues in the Medici Chapel, which were nstalled in 1546 over the two tombs on hich we see them now. The means by hich Michelangelo translated what as ostensibly a portrait into an ideal mage were directly relevant to the Perseus. The noble features with their ide-spread, reflective eyes, their firm, ensual mouths, their high cheekones, and smooth cheeks were imitaole, and in the Perseus they were mitated. In the Medici Chapel the lassical austerity of the two portrait igures is redeemed by detail of a highly maginative, sometimes fantastic kind. On the front and back of the corselet of ne figure are grotesque male masks, nd beneath the elbow of the other here protrudes what is generally hought to be a money box with on the nd a batlike head. This aspect of the sculptures was also imitated by Cellini. On the hilt of Perseus's sword is a fanastic animal mask, and on the helmet s another grotesque animal. These form a lifeline whereby what might otherwise have been a frigid figure of a youth triumphant over a decapitated monster was transformed into an irrational godlike figure on a higher imaginative plane.

The most celebrated passage in Cellini's *Life* is the description of the casting of the Perseus figure. The problems it presented arose first from its open pose, second from its elaborate detail, third from its exceptional size. There was nothing unorthodox about the casting method Cellini used. He tells us, however, that the casting was on the point of failing when "I sent for all my pewter plates, basins and dishes. . .had part of them thrown, one by one, into the channels and part of them into the furnace. In this way the bronze liquified splendidly." This romantic scene forms the climax of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*. Here, as elsewhere, Cellini spoke nothing but the simple truth. This can be established first from technical examination of the bronze, which contains a percentage of tin adequate for liquefaction but well below that of the bronze used for the Medusa, and second in the fact that the accounts he submitted to the

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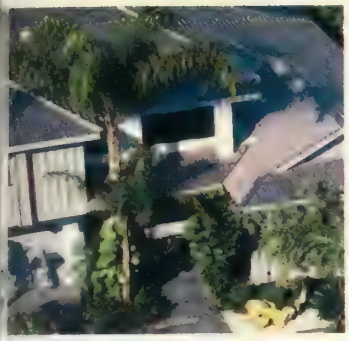
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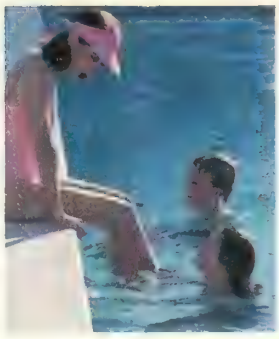
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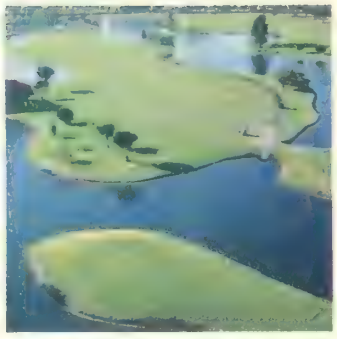
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CELLINI'S PASSION

Duke contain a claim for the "*piatti inghlesi*" he had sacrificed.

The novelty of great works of art is often sensed by contemporaries more clearly than by posterity. When the statue was erected on its base in the garden of Cellini's house, it was seen by the Bishop of Arezzo, Bernardetto Minerbetti, who describes the pride expressed in Perseus's face and the rhetoric of his left arm, displaying the head of the Medusa to the whole world. As for the Medusa mask, death could be seen performing its cruel office in the eyes and mouth. The body of the Medusa, Minerbetti tells us, defied description, and especially the blood pouring from the neck. Though metal, it seemed like human blood, and one shrunk back for fear of being splashed by it. Cellini's illusionistic intentions were also responsible for another aspect of the statue to which no attention has been paid. The bronze sword now held in Perseus's right hand is a twentieth-century replacement, but the original sword is stored in the Bargello, and it is made not of bronze but of iron or corroded steel. It may originally have been silvered, and when one handles it, its forward weight is that of a weapon with which a human body could be decapitated.

The Duke, though he seems to have admired the statue, was suspicious as to how the public would respond to it. When it was exhibited in 1554, however, it was generally acclaimed, and Cellini was asked how much he expected to receive for it. "If the Duke gave me ten thousand scudi," he replied, "I should not be paid enough." He was, however, ready to receive half the sum in cash and half in kind. After discussions the Duke told him he "had let himself be blinded by mere cupidity," and the value of the statue was assessed at 3,500 scudi, "not as my proper recompense for such a masterpiece, but as a kind of gratuity." The sum was to be paid in monthly installments, and a substantial part of it was still due in 1566. The fact nonetheless remains that Cellini, through imaginative effort and creative intelligence, had produced a work which, in the pantheon of Renaissance sculpture, still stands in terms of popular appeal second only to the *David* of Michelangelo. □

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CELLINI, BY JOHN POPE-HENNESSY. 1985 © ABBEVILLE PRESS, INC.

RENOIR'S FLOWERS

(Continued from page 181) his heroes Rubens and Fragonard.

In the fine catalogue accompanying the current Renoir retrospective on view until January 5, 1986, at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, John House, who helped organize the milestone show (seen first in London and Paris), writes that Renoir's role in Paris salon society was "like that of the eccentric artistic genius at the cultivated court." For all his aspirations toward simplicity, normality, tranquility, and joy in life, he was actually a nervous nomad, "the most changeable of men," according to his friend, fellow Impressionist Camille Pissarro. Given Renoir's attachment to the decorative and his dislike of anything associated with mechanization or change, it was only logical that one of the themes he excelled in was painting flowers. However, in his usually contradictory way, he usually chose not to paint flowers growing in a garden like his friend Monet, but to depict cut flowers artistically arranged in decorative bouquets, and often displayed in porcelain vases recalling his own artisanal production.

When easel painting replaced wall painting, floral still lifes continued to be a popular decorative theme throughout Europe. In some countries, although rarely in France, these pictures were meant to convey the religious idea of the fugitiveness of life. Renoir's flower paintings have none of this Gothic moralizing. Among his favorite flowers were tightly closed rosebuds, "young" flowers, which like his children had no sense of mortality about them. Indeed, youth in general continued to captivate the painter, even as he himself aged, becoming arthritic and losing his sight. Renoir was totally uninterested in the darker side of life. He wanted his art to remain eternally in bloom, to serve as a distraction and a consolation from the world of pain and transitoriness. His floral pieces convey no sense of decay: we are sure that the perfume of his rosebuds, geraniums, chrysanthemums, and gladioli is delightfully fresh and untainted.

Not only did Renoir paint still lifes of flowers, he also included flowers in many of his paintings of interiors, revealing how important he thought their presence was to the good life he portrayed. For even a poor man can afford flowers to make the home more beautiful. Renoir's particular affection for flower painting thus had several sources: it was a continuation of his work as an artisan, and it claimed that the decorative luxurious function of art was its true value. Even after he had become a successful salon painter, Renoir took the time to decorate the doorway and fireplace of the living room of a château belonging to friends with charming floral bouquets. Moreover, flowers were among the most saleable subjects the Impressionists could paint because they represented a genre both familiar and intrinsically seductive. Also during Renoir's lifetime, the vogue for all things Japanese made flower arranging a fashionable activity, even for the stylish wealthy women Renoir cultivated as patrons.

Most of all, however, flower painting was a paradigm for Renoir: the painted bouquet represented all he believed that art should be. It appealed to several of the senses simultaneously; it signified nature not imitated but idealized and improved on by art. Bringing

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the garden into the studio, as opposed to turning the garden into a studio as Monet had, Renoir, who painted cultivated rather than wild flowers, saw floral still life as a form of high civilization. He liked cut flowers precisely because they were *still,* although clearly alive and not dead or decaying. More than once Renoir stated his abhorrence of narrative painting.

He associated narrative art with the unpleasantness of history, which was inevitably a bloody battle that disturbed the peace he sought so earnestly. He once compared a Delacroix battle scene as "like a bunch of roses." To make his point that great painting could have simple pretty subjects, Renoir once juxtaposed a bouquet of yellow and red rosebuds with an etching by Manet based on a painting of swashbuckling cavaliers. It is obvious from the composition of the work, in which the flowers have all the glamour, passion, and allure, that for Renoir at least a bunch of pretty fresh flowers was worth more than all the swordsmen in the world.

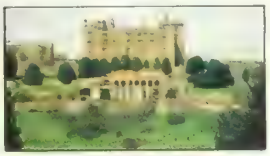
As much as he complained of the stupidity of women and his need for the company of men, the world he chose to live in and paint was the charming, peaceful, bucolic world of feminine pleasure, grace, and warm affection. Renoir's personal quest, John House writes in the exhibition catalogue, was "for a surface beauty which transcended human suffering." In this world, women, flowers, and fruit were passive objects to be visually enjoyed by men, who were driven to action. A surprisingly tormented self-critic, Renoir claimed he loved women because they doubt nothing. Women, like flowers, for Renoir, simply *are.* They express their essence in their mere existence, which is sufficient to make them delightful. For a major painter, Renoir was a modest man. "When I look at the old masters I feel a simple little man," he said to his son and biographer Jean Renoir, the great film director. "Yet I believe that among my works there will be enough to assure me a place in the French School, that school which I love so much, which is so pretty, so clear, such good company. And with nothing rowdy about it" Since Matisse, no major painter has held such views. Perhaps that is why it is so refreshing and pleasurable to look at Renoir today. □

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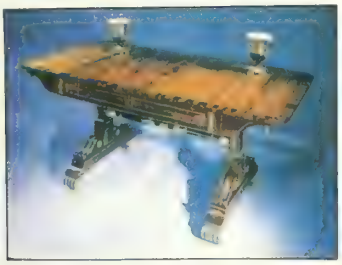
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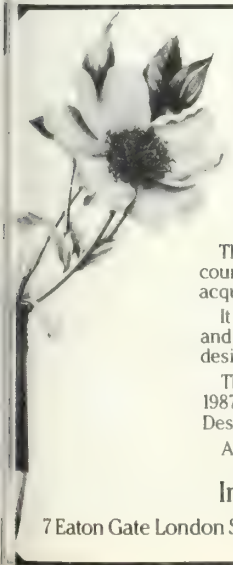


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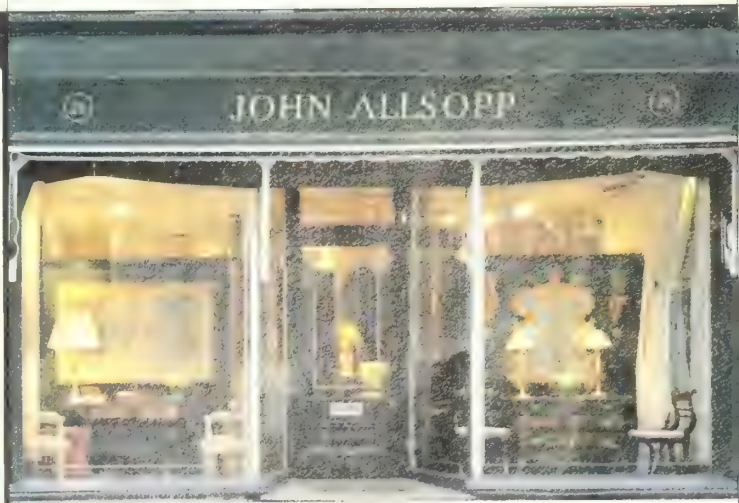
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18TH AND 19TH CENTURY DECORATIVE FURNITURE AND OBJECTS



(Continued from page 126) lost its fountain, and on its site is a vast central living room where much entertaining is done, for breeders come from all over the country to visit and buy. Also DeLongpré lives here. When Nichols comes to town he stays in one of the old bungalows, probably built in the thirties, which is fronted by a veranda overgrown with grapevines. In these bungalows, which run down one side of the central quadrangle, as it were, between the Stallion Barn at one end and the main house at the other, the U.S. Equestrian Team was housed at one time, invited there to train by John Galvin.

Everywhere there are clusters of olive trees. Nichols and DeLongpré have planted hundreds and hundreds of trees—peppers, olives, maples, and even an orchard. On any given day you will find DeLongpré taking time off from the horses to don his gardening gloves and clip the beds of periwinkles or trim back the fifty-year-old rosebushes or tend his herbs and boysenberries. He even brought all his iris bulbs from the house in Connecticut where he spent the first five years of his partnership with Nichols. DeLongpré, aside from being a great horseman, breeder, and trainer, is clearly a man of the land. He has ended up quite happily where he started out: in Santa Ynez. Tall, lean, laconic, DeLongpré embodies all of those qualities we like to associate with the archetypal Western rancher. Moving with the incessant grace of a large cat, he gets the job done. There is no time to be wasted. He chooses not to talk unless he can simultaneously create a chore for himself, because the chore will interest him at least as much as anything he might say. As is often the case with people who have spent a lifetime around animals and love them DeLongpré runs the place with a gentle but subtly persuasive manner.

Actually he likes to think of it as a family operation; his sister, Pamela, shoulders a lot of the work, as do their mother and father and children. In addition there are thirty-five employees—twenty-five of them residents—working in the office or with the horses—and there are four hundred horses on the premises, of which the partnership owns one hundred and fifty; the rest are there to be bred or trained. There are three full-time gardeners and three acres of manicured lawn sustained by a vast network of ever-humming sprinklers which keeps the ranch an oasis of green even after June when the surrounding hills have all turned to dun. Nor is there stinting on the facilities: where four years ago there were twenty stalls, there are now one hundred and fifteen. (Nine full-time stall cleaners are employed to muck out and bed the stalls daily.) Where there were two barns, there are now seven (including a conditioning barn, a breeding barn, and a foaling barn—all equipped with "Bye Fly" automatic fly-spray systems). An immense sales center where the famous auctions are held seats three thousand people; it also doubles as an indoor riding arena, its floor perpetually covered with a foot of wood chips from the local tanbark tree.

One of the most appealing structures is another holdover from the past: the old adobe brick farrier's shed with a built-in forge that is still used for shoeing. As for the pastures, there are by my reckoning six, all surrounded with rubber fencing, and feeders plumb full of alfalfa stationed every fifteen feet so that there is plenty of food for everyone and no squabble over meals. In the spring (when I was there), the mares and their foals are highly visible, residing in several pastures by the entrance. Every day when the sun climbs to its highest point, all the foals lie down on their sides with their skinny little legs pointing in the same direction, like a shoal of dolphins, to take a noontide nap. Then there are special areas like the private paddocks, the preview arena, the performance arena, and the bull pen (where the horses are broken) and a space equipped with hot-walkers, which automatically walk the tethered horses around and around, thereby eliminating the good old-fashioned groom. The logistics of managing this empire boggles the mind; merely to keep track of all the animals (including humans) must be dizzying. Yet one is constantly impressed with the sweetness and the friendliness that characterizes everyone's behavior even in the hectic days before a major sale. Everything, everybody seem to exist in harmony.

Nevertheless, Nichols is thinking about scaling down this vast operation

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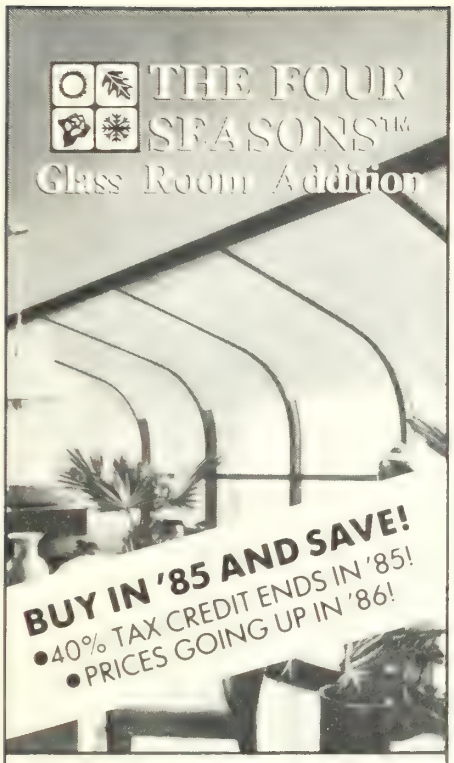


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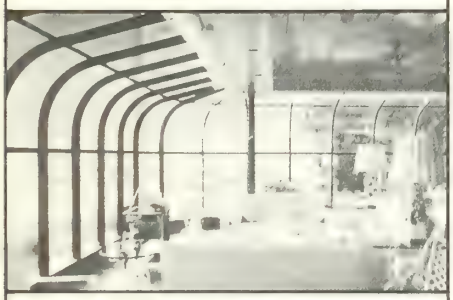
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COMMERCIAL & RESIDENTIAL ENCLOSURES

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH

both in horses and land, and at a time when prices seem to have gone over the top. There are several reasons for this. In his own words:

"The ranch is paradise. But I don't live there, and I'll always live here. My work is here ninety-five percent of the time. The Arabian horse business is the only business in the world where the big people envy the small people—my dream is to get it back down to a smaller operation, one that's mainly for pleasure. Horses are for riding and I want to have them closer to home.

"In Berlin, when I was two years old, I would run to the window to see the horses going by," murmurs Nichols, still gazing out over the Manhattan skyline. "Any old horses, cops going by on horses, parades, I loved everything about them; the way they looked and smelled. . . ."

In 1960, the photographer Richard Avedon gave Nichols *The Authentic Arabian Horse,* Lady Wentworth's definitive book on the subject, for his birthday. Shortly thereafter, Nichols found himself at Crabbet, Lady Wentworth's stable. There, fatally hooked, he bought his first Arabian, a chestnut colt, which he shipped back to the United States and rode on weekends. A quarter of a century has passed since then, with Nichols's passion unabated.

"I loved the idea that Arabians were the original horse, that all other breeds were based on them. . . . It never occurred to me that prices would go up and up—synergize, as they say in Hollywood. Nowadays it's 1.6 or 2.5 million dollars for Arabian horses that fifteen years ago you could have had for $4,500. But who knew? It never occurred to me. . . . I never did it for the investment; it was just something I wanted to do. . . ." □

IN THE DE LA RENTA FASHION

(Continued from page 118) capacity for taking pains. Above all, she had developed an extraordinary ability to bring out the best in her friends. Like Miss Jean Brody, Françoise was forever challenging us to be worthy of the pride she took in us, the time and trouble and thought she had invested in our potential. She was passionately loyal and supportive, but she also put us on our mettle, and woe betide anyone who flopped or let her down. Françoise did not permit anyone she loved to fail.

And then we should not leave out of account Françoise's consummate gifts as an editor of magazines—as witness the great contribution she made to French and American *Vogue* and the new look of House & Garden—but also in other directions. She was, for instance, a brilliant editor of her husband's career; also of the collection of furniture and *objets d'art* which she and Oscar chose together. She was also an editor of her friends' often complicated, untidy lives. And if her dinners were more successful than anyone else's, it was largely thanks to Françoise's editorial gifts. You only had to watch her in action: as a hostess, she managed to keep her eye on everyone and everything. Were we pulling our weight? Were we living up to her encomiums and keeping our neighbors amused or attracted? What did we think of the new paintings, the Braquenié moquette or the Clodion terra cotta which she and Oscar had just acquired, for, make no mistake—the look of this apartment was very much a joint operation, although the execution of everything was entrusted to the de la Renta's great friend, Vincent Fourcade.

In the unlikely event of things flagging, the right word of encouragement or reproach was offered. Meanwhile Françoise would be extolling a suitable property to Henry Kissinger on one side, planning a gala with Zubin Mehta on the other, exchanging quips with John Fairchild across the table and checking that everybody else was not so much on their best behavior—Françoise was the least stuffy of hostesses—but enjoying themselves and each other. No wonder we called her—with utmost affection—"*La Générale.*"

For devotees of "*La Générale*" life will never run as smoothly as it did under her auspices. Even when she was terminally ill and in great pain she continued to mastermind the lives of her

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IN THE DE LA RENTA FASHION

friends on both sides of the Atlantic via telephone, courageously planning ahead as if nothing were the matter. And posthumously she continues to be a source of inspiration, not least to her husband, who goes from strength to strength in large part by living up to her formidable standards. In the aftermath of Françoise's death, Oscar devoted much of his time to planning a magnificent garden in Connecticut—all avenues and borders—in her memory. The New York apartment is also a memorial to her taste. Apart from adapting it to bachelorhood, Oscar has made no major changes to the overall look. The principal transformation has been to knock the library and living room into one so as to have more space. Space for what? "Entertaining, I suppose," Oscar replies with his sheepish grin. But he also cherishes his privacy and has turned his bedroom, which is tucked away behind velvet portieres and French doors from a study and dressing room, into a quiet refuge.

Thanks to James, the butler, and a staff of Dominican servants trained by Françoise to the pitch of French perfectionism, everything runs as smoothly as ever it did. There is only one slight change of emphasis. Although the cast is the same in most respects, there has been a greater influx of Spaniards—a reflection of Oscar's pride in his Hispanic heritage—than there was when the French-oriented Françoise presided. Last year Oscar was even tempted to buy an Andalusian *pavillon de chasse* surrounded by orange groves, but he ultimately decided—to the disappointment of his friends—that he would never have the time to fix it up, let alone go and live there.

Although Oscar makes a great point of keeping his professional life separate from his private life, this apartment constitutes a link between the two, in that the designer's eye for the romantic in décor tends to reflect the designer's eye for the romantic in clothes. Witness his passion for the opera. In the country the voice of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf singing Viennese operetta rings out over his spread in the Connecticut highlands; in New York the designer's taste turns more to Verdi. It is no coincidence that Oscar's living room, with its banquettes and *dos-à-dos* sofas, its passementerie and Austrian blinds, would make a perfect setting for *La Traviata*. Only here there is more refinement and sophistication and Oscar's guests are, for the most part, more respectable than Violetta's. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

VICE-PRESIDENT AND MRS. BUSH AT HOME IN WASHINGTON

1606

(Continued from page 140) At the hall's left is the windowed dining room, its Frederick Carl Frieseke painting a loan and its antique table a Rockefeller legacy. To the right of the hall is the creamy off-white drawing room with its corner fireplace, sofas, and peach, green, and cream chintz. "I've always had a chintz," Mrs. Bush said, and she chose this one because the colors were warm and welcoming, and blended so well with the greenery of the outdoor landscaping.

All three big downstairs rooms are hung with brass chandeliers Mrs. Bush would like to see replaced with appropriate crystal chandeliers. The library, which opens on both the reception hall and the drawing room, is behind the hall and, off it, a small enclosed and windowed porch where the Bushes put a television set.

"Victorian architects must have figured sameness was boring," Mrs. Bush said, apparently her way of accepting the incongruities of size and shape. "This house has a sense of humor. I toured the place as a Congressional wife and I thought it was so inadequate. Now I think it's wonderful."

When the Algerian president came to visit, lunch was served on the spacious outdoor veranda. Spring was in the air. The topiary elephant was freshly green. The pink and white dogwood were in bloom. The guests watched a bird build a nest. For President and Mrs. Reagan, the Bushes hoped to have a cozy dinner in the library. But they tried a meal there and, just remembering, she shivered, "We froze. It was just too cold." So they dined instead beside the drawing-room fireplace.

If in real life the tabletops seem remarkably free of the bits and pieces a well-heeled lifetime usually produces, it's because Mrs. Bush took Mrs. Mondale's advice. "She said, 'Be careful. People "borrow" things.' They think if it belongs to the Government it's okay to take. It's our horrible American Way."

The pair of Steuben dolphins in the drawing room are the Bushes' own, loaned to them in their United Nations days and bought for them by Mr. Bush's brother. They bought and had the gold-and-blue Imperial Chinese robe framed. It hangs, the front on one side, the back on the other, in the dining room. And they bought the ancient Chinese hall chest for six dollars and paid forty to have it restored. They stack cans of tennis balls in one of its closets. A modern Chinese pottery horse stands atop the chest and above the lot hangs Ernest Martin Hennings's stunning painting of Indians on horseback.

"People think Texas is all cowboys and Indians," said Mrs. Bush, a native of suburban New York. "When I lived there, I never saw a cowboy or an Indian." Others have, of course, and why not? But the Bushes lived in Midland and Houston, and the painting, borrowed from The Museum of Fine Arts in Houston and in no way reminiscent of a Remington, has the power of Gauguin. If you didn't know better, you'd swear the French painter passed through nineteenth-century Taos on his way to Tahiti.

"I'd love to say this house looks like me," Mrs. Bush said simply. "But I'm never going to have a Childe Hassam or a Hennings." Perhaps not, but her houses are famous for their warmth, their comfort, their dog, her needlepoint, and the owners' hospitality. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis